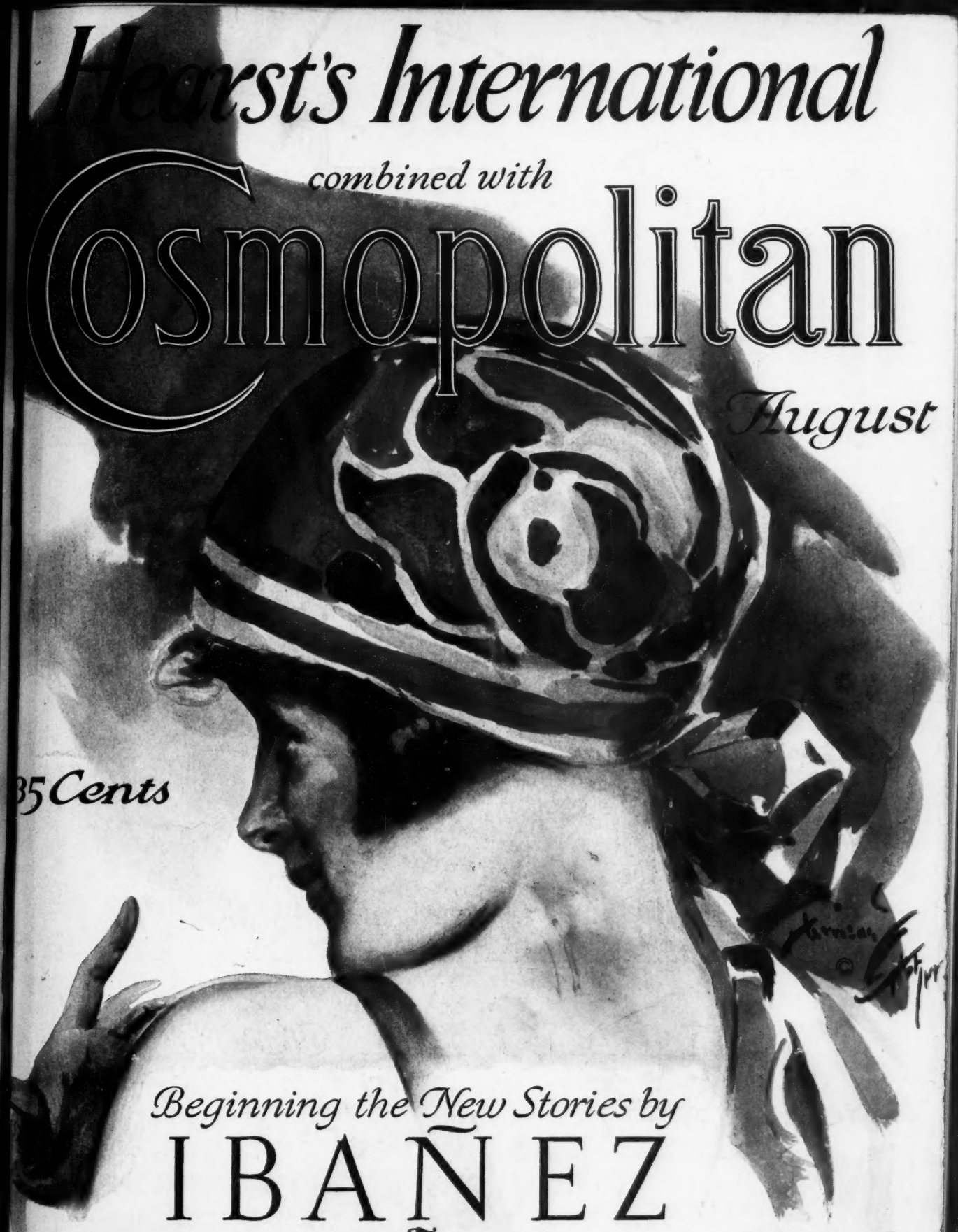
Hearst's International

combined with

Cosmopolitan

August

35 Cents



Beginning the New Stories by

IBAÑEZ

A Love Story by the Author of "HOUNDS of SPRING"

CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON'S Latest Adventure of the Marines

"There Are Too Many BEAUTIFUL WOMEN," by H.G. WELLS

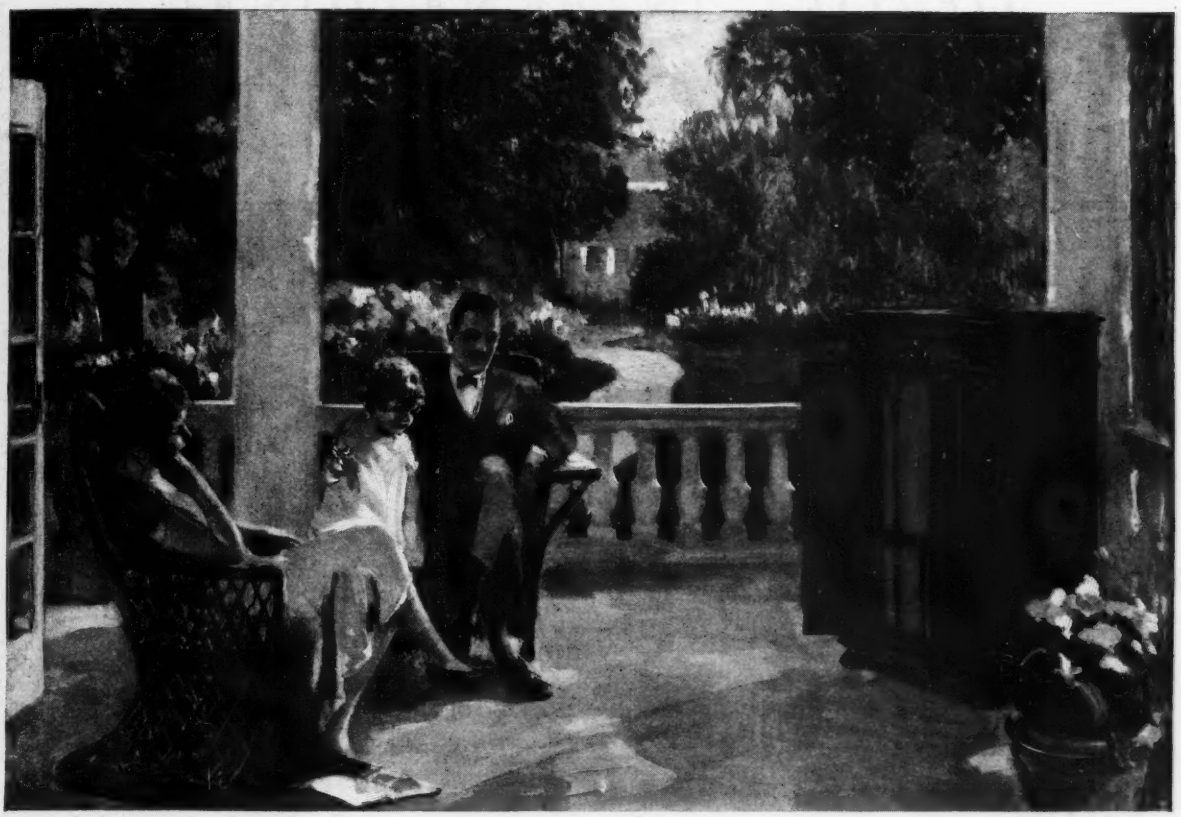


The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Coca-Cola's popularity rests upon the free consent of the thirsty. A drink of natural flavors, its purity and wholesomeness is sought for 7 million times a day.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS — 7 MILLION A DAY



In the evening

AT THE close of day, when you seek a chair in a spot where breezes blow . . . let there be *music!* Glorious music, reproduced as you have never heard it before. Restful music, furnished by that incomparable instrument—the new Orthophonic Victrola. A soothing symphony, a dreamy waltz, a peaceful ballad—as you wish.

The Orthophonic Victrola is waiting to play for you always. Without effort on your part. The record stops automatically. One Tungstone needle plays for hours. Equipped with the new, concealed electric motor ($35 extra), there is nothing to wind. A pleasure to play it. A delight to hear it.

In no other way *can* you hear all the music of all the world, reproduced with such marvelous realism. For the new Orthophonic Victrola is based upon the new, scientific, Victor-controlled principle of "matched impedance," which guarantees a smooth, uninterrupted flow of sound. Flawless reproduction!

Don't be without this great entertainer in your home . . . this congenial companion which gives so much and asks so little. Hear it today. Judge it, in your most critical mood. There are many beautiful models, from $300 to as low as $85. See the Victor dealer . . . *now!*

The New Orthophonic **Victrola**

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

VOL. LXXXI NO. 2

Hearst's INTERNATIONAL
Combined with
COSMOPOLITAN
for **August,** *1926*



Next Month

A FREE SOUL

An Outspoken *Novel of a*
Modern Young Woman
By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
Author of "The Skyrocket"

This Month

4 Serials

The Necklace of Marie Antoinette *by* **E. Barrington** 44
Illustrations by **Walt Louderback**

Dark Dawn *by* **Martha Ostenso** 64
Illustrations by **W. Smithson Broadhead**

Wolf's Clothing *by* **Arthur Somers Roche** 84
Illustrations by **John LaGatta**

The Understanding Heart *by* **Peter B. Kyne** 100
Illustrations by **Herbert M. Stoops**

13 Short Stories

A Romantic Past *by* **Blasco Ibañez** 28
Illustrations by **Pruett Carter**

Too Much Money *by* **Sylvia Thompson** 34
Illustrations by **W. E. Heitland**

A Dog Worth Fighting For *by* **Capt. J. W. Thomason, Jr.** 38
Illustrations by **the Author**

Well, Why Not? *by* **Montague Glass** 50
Illustrations by **J. W. McGurk**

Touching up Married Life *by* **Corra Harris** 56
Illustrations by **Edward Ryan**

Only 50 Years Ago *by* **Ida M. Evans** 62
Illustration by **Forrest C. Crooks**

4 Aces *by* **Opie Read** 70
Illustration by **Worth Brehm**

Finding Work for Walter *by* **Meredith Nicholson** 72
Illustrations by **W. D. Stevens**

The House of His Heart *by* **Sir Philip Gibbs** 78
Illustrations by **Corinne Dillon**

Here's Howe *by* **H. C. Witwer** 90
Illustrations by **Charles D. Mitchell**

The God of Women *by* **Kathleen Norris** 96
Illustrations by **Marshall Frantz**

7 Bad Men Ride into Town *by* **Frederick R. Bechdolt** 106
Illustrations by **Forrest C. Crooks**

Little Ledna *by* **Wallace Smith** 112
Illustrations by **the Author**

10 Features

The Tiger and the Bulldog *by* **Winston S. Churchill** 25

High Spots in American Scenery *by* **Charles Dana Gibson** 26

I Could Make This Country Bone-Dry in 6 Months *by* **Pussyfoot Johnson** 42

Carry Me Back to Old Virginia *by* **Irvin S. Cobb** 54
Cartoons by **John T. McCutcheon**

I Won Success in Boys' Clothes *by* **Mlle. Fano Messan** 60

There Are too Many Beautiful Women *by* **H. G. Wells** 76
Illustration by **Harrison Fisher**

The Dark Ages *by* **George Ade** 82

Luck Hunts with Us *by* **Theodore Roosevelt** 94

I Enjoy Being a Hick *by* **O. O. McIntyre** 104
Illustration by **Tony Sarg**

At 91, the Father of a 5-year-old Son *by* **J. Bell Woodside** 110

Cover Design *by* **Harrison Fisher**

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL and COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission.

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President. C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President RAY LONG, Vice-President
ARTHUR S. MOORE, Treasurer AUSTIN W. CLARK, Secretary
Copyright 1926, by International Magazine Company, Inc. (Hearst's International and Cosmopolitan Magazine). All rights reserved under terms of the Fourth American International Convention of Artistic and Literary Copyright. 35 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, $3.00 a year; Canada, $3.50; Foreign, $4.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal, please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, New York, New York; under the act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Atlanta, Ga.; Boston, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; Columbus, O.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Kansas City, Mo.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Minneapolis, Minn.; San Francisco, Cal.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Lynchburg, Va.; Seattle, Wash.; Pittsburg, Pa.
Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by return postage. They will be handled with care, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

Hearst's INTERNATIONAL
Combined with
COSMOPOLITAN

AUGUST
1926

By *the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill*

The Tiger *and the* Bulldog



General Foch

IN THE days after the Germans broke our front on March 21, 1918, I used to sleep in my office at the Ministry of Munitions, so that work could go forward at all times when I was awake. Early on the morning of the 28th the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, sent for me to come to Downing Street. I found him in bed, a gray figure amid a litter of reports and telegrams.

"I cannot make out what the French are doing," he said. "Are they going to make a great effort to stop the German inrush? Can't you go over and find out? Use my authority. See Foch. See Clemenceau. Find out for yourself whether they are making a really big move or not."

I started about eleven o'clock with the Duke of Westminster as my sole companion. We crossed the Channel in a destroyer, at midnight reached Paris, and slept in the luxuries of an almost empty Ritz. Early the next morning Monsieur Clemenceau had been approached and made plans to take me to the front himself.

At eight o'clock the following morning, March 30, five military motor-cars, all decorated with the small satin tricolors of the highest authority, filled the courtyard of the rue St. Dominic. Monsieur Clemenceau, punctual to the second, descended the broad staircase of the Ministry, accompanied by his personal General and two or three other superior officers. He greeted me most cordially in his fluent English and then we started.

In rather less than two hours the spires of Beauvais Cathedral hove in sight, and we presently pulled up at the Town Hall. We marched quickly up the steps of a stone staircase to a big room on the first floor.

The double doors were opened, and before us was Foch, newly created Generalissimo of all the Allied Armies on the western front. After brief greetings we entered the room. The doors were shut.

On the wall was a map about two yards square. General Foch seized a large pencil as if it was a weapon, and, without the slightest preliminary, advanced upon the map and proceeded to describe the situation. He spoke so quickly and jumped from point to point by such large and irregular loops that I could not make any exact translation of his words, but this was his theme. "Following the fighting of the twenty-first, the Germans broke through on the twenty-second. See where they went. First stage of the invasion. Oh! Oh! Oh! How big!" He pointed to a line on the map.

"On the twenty-third they advanced again. *Deuxième journée d'invasion.* Ah! Ah! Another enormous stride. On the twenty-fourth. *Troisième journée. Aié! Aié!*"

But the fourth day there was a change. The lines on the map showed that the amount of territory gained by the enemy on the fourth day was less than that which they had gained on the third day. The famous Commander turned towards us and swayed from side to side, using his hands as if they were the scales of a balance.

"Oho!" he said. "*Quatrième journée.* Oho! Oho!"

We all knew that something had happened to the advancing flood. When he came to the fifth day, the zone was distinctly smaller.



© Keystone View Co.

Georges Clemenceau

The sixth and the seventh zones were progressively smaller still. Foch's voice had dropped almost to a whisper. It was sufficient for him to convey with a wave of the hand the meaning which he intended.

Until finally, "*Hier, dernière journée d'invasion,*" and his whole attitude and manner flowed out in pity for this poor, weak, miserable little zone of invasion which was all that had been achieved by the enemy on the last day. One felt what a wretched, petty compass it was compared to the mighty strides of the opening days. The mighty onset was coming to a standstill.

And then suddenly in a loud voice, "Stabilization. Sure, certain, soon. And afterwards! That is my affair." He stopped.

Then Clemenceau, advancing, "*Alors, Général, il faut que je vous embrasse.*"

They both clasped each other tightly, without even their English companions being conscious of anything in the slightest degree incongruous or inappropriate. Both these men had had fierce passages in the weeks immediately preceding these events.

They had quarreled before; they were destined to quarrel again. But, thank God, at that moment the two greatest Frenchmen of this awful age were supreme and were friends.

No more was said. We all trooped down the stairs, bundled into our cars, and roared and rattled off again to the north.

By CHARLES

The Gibson Girls of Midsummer 1926



High Spots in

DANA GIBSON



American *Scenery*

The First *of His New* Stories *of* Life & Love

A Romantic Past



¶ *"At last I know love," said Fedor. "Were it not necessary to be rich in order to be happy," said Vera, "I would get a divorce and marry you."*

HE USUALLY appeared on the *Promenade des Anglais* at eleven in the morning. Those who had lived long in Nice and felt it their duty to know something about everything said he was a Russian—one of those ruined by the revolution. Society took no interest in him—Russians were no longer the fashion.

Just after the rise of Lenin the unfortunate subjects of the ex-Tsar had excited a great deal of public sympathy in France; no distinguished salon, no smart entertainment had been complete without its quota of Russian refugees. But nothing new had transpired in Russia for a long time and the drama of Russian exile had become an old story. Grand duchesses now keeping boarding-houses or millinery shops; officials of the Tsar's court now professional dancers in cabarets or restaurants; generals and colonels of the army now employed as chauffeurs—such vicissitudes of fortune might hold interest for a few weeks or even months, but not for four years in a gay city like Nice!

His real name was Fedor Ipatieff. The "oldest inhabitants" along the Promenade put his age as sixty—not so old for an "old man" in a legend. And in fact, prior to the war he had looked quite young. In those days he had gone regularly for his morning plunge in the sea, smart, sprightly, with the artificial youth of late middle age. But then suddenly the hand of time, which had hitherto touched him lightly, fell heavily upon him, marking his face with deep furrows, sinking his eyes in a mass of wrinkles, leaving his muscles loose and flabby, while his hair, once a reddish blond, turned frankly white. Old now in appearance as well as in years, Fedor Ipatieff still retained the strength of will to retard his final rout from the scene of life. But it was the desperate effort of a shipwrecked sailor who clings to a spar in the middle of the ocean to hold death at bay for one hour more.

The "Old Man of the Promenade" was greeted by many people whenever he passed on his morning walks. Most of the elderly dowagers of the aristocracy, who sat on the benches subjecting their rheumatic joints to the thermic influence of the Mediterranean sunlight, smiled at him affably. "Poor Ipatieff," they would sigh. "He was the most famous dancer of his time. No one could waltz, or lead a cotillion, as he could." And stern-faced gentlemen with ribbons of the Legion in their buttonholes would explain to their companions in comment on the old man's distant greeting: "He was rich before the war. His brother owned large manufacturing plants in Russia, and used to send him hundreds of thousands yearly. But the factories are no longer in the family—the brother was murdered by the Bolsheviki, and poor Ipatieff is at his wits' end to get a living."

Those more intimately acquainted with Fedor Ipatieff's affairs knew that at the time when his remittances from Russia ceased, he was occupying a luxuriously furnished apartment on a street adjacent to the Promenade. By renting his *garçonnière* to certain *nouveaux riches*, who had come to Nice to taste the pleasures of the *anciens riches*, he had been able to continue in comparative comfort during the first years of the war. This resource, however, soon gave out. The landlord little by little raised the rent till it was impossible for Ipatieff to profit by subletting. Thereupon he sold the furniture and with the proceeds had been able to live for three years more. Now everything was gone and he was practising the most rigorous economy.

Fortunately he did not have to worry about his lodgings. The landlord, or rather the *concierge*, who remembered Ipatieff's generosity in his days of affluence, took pity on him and offered, rent free, a basement room used formerly for storage. It was a cold and damp place, where only at noon a few rays of sunshine filtered through a little window close to the ceiling on a level with the street. In this underground cave Fedor Ipatieff kept what was left of his belongings—in addition to a pair of tiny Pomeranian dogs.

These furry little creatures, with pointed upstanding ears, were the delight of everybody. And Ipatieff drew a modest income from the sale of their puppies. He still maintained connections with a number of rich Americans and titled Europeans who lived in the suburban villas. These old friends would sometimes invite him to luncheon or dinner and on such occasions the poor Russian tasted again the sweetness of his old life. None of his hostesses would dare offer him money as either loan or gift, but a lady might beg him as a great favor to "give" her one of his dogs. With the

by BLASCO IBAÑEZ

author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"



Illustrations by Pruett Carter

air of conferring a boon Ipatieff would consent to do so. A few days later he would approach the lady on the Promenade with the formality of an ambassador delivering a message of grave importance.

"Madame la Marquise, next week I shall have the pleasure of presenting 'the little one' in your salon. I cannot part with him till he is trained and I am satisfied with his good behavior."

On "meeting" the little one Madame la Marquise would hand Ipatieff an envelop containing five hundred francs—money which in his better days he would scornfully have refused.

When the cannon at the barracks boomed the hour of noon, Ipatieff, if he "had no invitation," would repair for a meager luncheon to some eating-house in the older section of the city. Then early in the afternoon he would return to his basement to take "the family" for a walk. The family consisted of the dogs—the mother dog surrounded by her pups, which yelped and jumped for joy at their freedom. Ipatieff was like a shepherd followed by his flock as he strolled along over the asphalt of the Promenade, deserted at that hour.

While his four-footed comrades capered about, Ipatieff would seat himself on a bench and gaze thoughtfully out to sea. Yes, his imagination carried him far beyond that blue horizon. It carried him to a far-off country—Russia, which lingered in his imagination like a dismantled house, desolate and cold. And in it a woman, a woman he could not forget. For the Old Man of the Promenade carried a romance in his heart.

The Russian exiles who sought asylum on the Mediterranean coast could hardly be called his compatriots. Educated in France, Ipatieff had spent the greater part of his life in one capital or another of western Europe, visiting his native land only at such times as his friendship for some titled Russian encountered abroad would call him thither to spend a month in the aristocratic circles of St. Petersburg.

Had Fedor Ipatieff remained at home, those circles would have been closed to him as merely the son of a rich manufacturer. But in the cosmopolitan cities of the West he was a "distinguished foreigner" and met his noble countrymen on a more or less equal footing. To Fedor, as he looked down the vista of many years, his youth seemed like a fairy-tale that had really happened. Surely life under the Tsar's government had been the sweetest form of existence ever known. Glorious St. Petersburg! A pageant more glittering, more gorgeous, than any Russian ballet! What brilliant performances at the Maria and the Michael! Audiences overwhelming in their display of barbaric splendor—women with noble profiles and the air of empresses, and jewels, the worth of a king's ransom! Illustrious gentlemen, their chests covered with decorations and ribbons!



Vera who formerly wore the most costly gowns was now dressed in cast-off clothes. Into Fedor's

Sumptuous suppers in palatial restaurants! Rides in elegant carriages along the Neva! Costly furs for the winter's cold!

All for a privileged few, to be sure, for people who held lucrative positions in the government or high commands in the army, or had princely incomes from vast domains. Alas, the Bolsheviki had changed all that in a few months! The mighty ones of the former days had been killed; or else they were beggars suffering actual hunger. The great beauties of the Imperial Court were now just shadows of their former selves, gaunt forms shivering from cold in the streets of the Russian towns, selling newspapers, their hands chapped and bleeding from the icy wind, or offering withered flowers in exchange for bread that was more chaff than flour. Was there no justice in the world?

As for himself, Ipatieff had been a familiar figure in the brilliant society that met at the winter resorts of Switzerland, where he had won laurels on the ice as a skater. In the ballrooms of Biarritz, Nice, Deauville he had been much sought by the beauties of the time, hobnobbing with royalty and counting many celebrities among his friends. His brother, the manufacturer, was a vain man. Reading of these social triumphs, which reflected glory on the family name, he considered them an asset to his factories, and decided that his younger brother should have ample means to continue his butterfly career abroad.

The romance of Fedor's life began when he was forty-five. Until then his love-affairs had been of a light and frivolous character. His many activities as man of fashion had left him no time to consider the more serious phases of love. Love? Most often he smiled skeptically at the word. However, Vera Alexandrovna, wife of one Velinsky, a Siberian mine owner, awakened in him a feeling which he soon came to recognize as a real passion.

They had met in St. Petersburg. Daughter of a certain General Bodkin whose military service had been performed wholly at court, she had craved greater luxuries in life than her father's pittance as a soldier allowed, and had accepted the mine



bewilderment rushed a feeling of tenderness and pity.

owner though professing for him and his kind an aversion that merely increased after her marriage.

Several years of domestic strife had wearied the rich Siberian of her arrogant and cruel disposition, and he had agreed to a separation. Satisfied with his prestige as husband of a celebrated beauty and as the son-in-law of a "man at court," he had elected to live in Siberia, where he was worshiped as a superior being by his miners, leaving Vera to live wherever she pleased, since his gold and platinum mines produced more than enough to satisfy her.

Censorship and gossip did not fail to mark Vera's unconventional mode of living at home, so she had left Russia to take up her residence in Paris. There she had been for ten years when Fedor Ipatieff first was caught in her orbit. They had often met in the theaters, on the bridle-paths of the *Bois*, at receptions and other social functions in town. At that time they had merely greeted one another as passing acquaintances. But one winter in Nice they had been brought much into each other's company. Living at the same hotel, they had gone on excursions together and spent the small hours of many a night at the same gambling tables at Monte Carlo. This proximity had resulted in greater intimacy.

Fedor's vanity was gratified by the envious admiration which that tall, elegant woman on his arm excited among the men. Her skin was white as marble, her eyes green like the waters of the deep sea; a mass of red hair arched her small head like an aureole of flame. Her gowns, her jewels, her furs were noticed for their elegance and richness even in that environment of wealth and elegance. On his part, at first, it had been only admiration. It was natural for him to admire a thing so rich and beautiful. Later on an admixture of gratitude made its way into this feeling; intimacy with this extraordinary woman had "helped him on" in the world. Then one day Vera Alexandrovna suddenly threw herself into his arms and the real meaning of the word love dawned upon him. Oh, yes, he knew her faults! He knew that she was domineering, vain, capricious. But he loved her. He loved her better than he had ever thought it possible to love.

"At last I know love," said Fedor Ipatieff to her with serene resignation; and in a moment of sweet abandonment she said to him:

"Were it not necessary to be rich in order to be happy—do you know, I would get a divorce and marry you!"

A woman like Vera Alexandrovna could not say more.

And so five years passed. They sojourned in various parts of Europe according to fashion and season—winter on the Mediterranean, spring in Paris, summer on the Atlantic coast, with an occasional "rest" at some famous cure in central Europe, or at the winter sports in Switzerland.

Then the war came. The two lovers did not at first suffer any particular privations. To be sure, money reached them at more irregular intervals, since the Tsar's government was putting limits on funds sent out of Russia. But for the first time in her life Vera Alexandrovna began to feel a sort of repentant love for the country and for the family which she had hitherto ignored. Her father was a general and her brothers too were fighting at the front. What right had she to remain in idleness in Paris? She was a Russian and it was her duty to serve her country in its hour of need.

Fedor Ipatieff had been anxious to accompany her, but Vera, though willing to sacrifice her own life for her country, refused, with the inconsistency of her character, to allow the man she loved to brave the dangers of the North Sea. Or was it after all a desire to break with him? At any rate, she embarked one morning on an English ship for Norway, and Fedor next heard of her at Archangel. He stayed in Paris—he was past military age and, as he thought, could serve his country better by remaining with his many friends in the western part of Europe.

The years of the war passed—years eventful as centuries. In Russia the throne of the Tsars fell and was replaced by a republic, and on the republic followed the Red Terror. But whatever happened in that far-off land was of no interest to Fedor Ipatieff save as it bore on his own welfare and on the safety of those he loved.

Whenever news came from Russia the same questions formed in his mind: "What has become of Vera Alexandrovna? What has become of my brother?"

From Vera he received two letters at long intervals. The first said that her brothers had been killed at the front; the second, that her father was dead also, a victim, probably, of the revolution.

From his own home he heard nothing, perhaps because the letters had been lost. Finally Fedor learned from refugees that his brother had been shot together with other prominent men of the Russian *bourgeoisie*. The Ipatieff factories existed no more.

But with his brother dead, Fedor scarcely thought of his lost fortune, or cared that "capitalism" had been overthrown in his country. To him only one human being mattered now. What had been the fate of Vera Alexandrovna?

Fedor Ipatieff questioned all the Russian exiles he met or heard of in Nice. Into the eyes of many of them came a look of terror as they related their harrowing experiences; but he would wait impatiently till they had finished, that he might express his own interest: "What has become of Vera?"

Longingly he thought of her during his walks in the sunshine on the *Promenade des Anglais*. Looking out over the calm, smiling bay, a picture would rise before his mind's eye, the picture of a snow-covered street in St. Petersburg, and advancing over the white snow between lines of ruined palaces, a woman, shivering from cold. In comparison with what he heard of Russia, his own basement quarters seemed like a paradise. He and his dogs had, after all, enough to eat and a warm place to sleep in. He could even turn on the electric light if he needed to. While she, unhappy woman, was suffering, cold, hungry, homeless in the dark!

"Times have changed!" thought Fedor Ipatieff, and he would gaze around with a strange, absent-minded look.

Everything about him in Nice evoked an image of Vera Alexandrovna. The dogs on whose offspring he lived were descendants of a pair that she had entrusted to him on departing for Russia. The Casino made him think of the balls that her presence once had graced. Reminiscently he studied the big white hotels where she had occupied the choicest suites. Palatial restaurants, into which he now gazed through the windows like a beggar, had seen him seated at her side, partaking of rare viands and costly wines paid for with a lavishness and a disregard of values that had always characterized the Muscovite before the war. Vera Alexandrovna, wife of the wealthy Siberian, Velinsky, had spent eighty thousand francs a year on clothes alone. And her jewels had been of such fabulous price that the hotels did not dare to keep them in their safes. On her costly and extravagant caprices, Fedor's memory liked most to dwell, perhaps for the contrast they offered to what he feared for her now. What a contrast indeed! Yet he could not picture her filthy and in rags. Rather than that he preferred almost to imagine that she had perished from sheer misery like so many others.

But one day when he had almost given up hope his question was answered.

He did not often seek the society of the other Russian residents of Nice or enter into their noisy arguments, which, as he believed, never led anywhere. They all cursed the tyranny of the Reds, but could never agree on any policy regarding it. Fedor Ipatieff, a man of western education, considered that his compatriots all had a strain of madness in them, that they were all "just talkers," so enmeshed in the subtleties of debate as to be incapable of action.

They, in their turn, looked upon Ipatieff as an idler who had never done anything useful, and who, at best, was little more than a stranger to them. Yet in spite of this lack of congeniality and understanding, Fedor did at times attend their gatherings.

At one of these he chanced to meet a woman whom all addressed by her first name, Tatiana. She had recently escaped from Russia and, in the course of her narrative, she happened quite casually to mention the name of Vera Alexandrovna.



Fedor was startled. His cheeks lost every vestige of color. He began to tremble like a leaf.

"Vera Alexandrovna?" he murmured. "Vera Alexandrovna? How was she when you saw her last?"

In reality on that occasion Tatiana had little to tell, beyond the fact that Vera had been alive three months before. They had met while Tatiana was preparing for her flight. And she began to relate the details of her escape and could not easily be distracted from it. But from that day, the Old Man of the Promenade had things to do which made him forget even the care of his dogs. He began calling on Tatiana with the assiduousness of a lover.

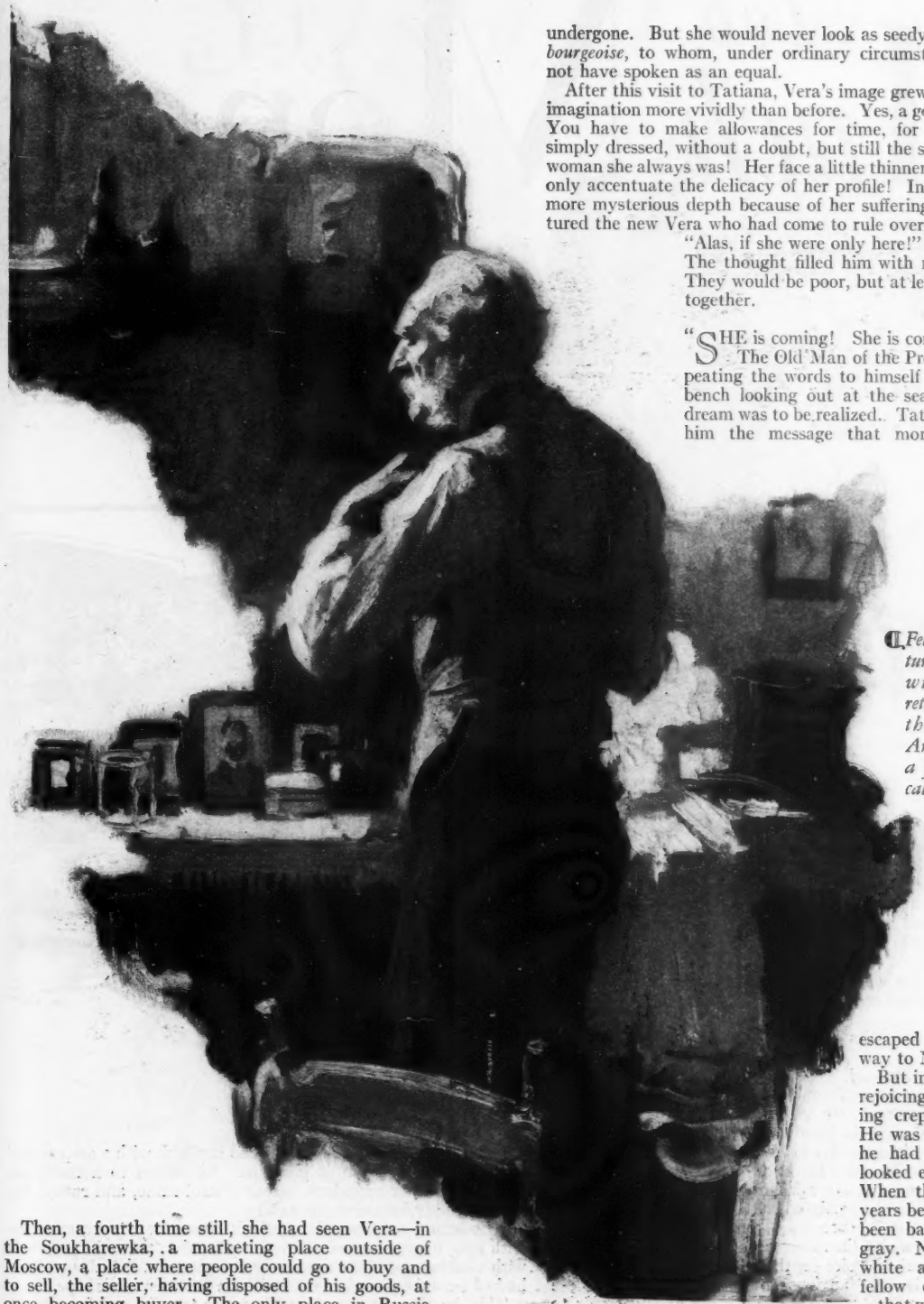
She lived, with other Russians like herself, in a *pension*, where the furniture had the same down-at-the-heel appearance as the inmates. But the old beau had no eye for the slovenliness of these people who after three years of privations under Soviet rule had difficulty in reaccustoming themselves to the delicacies of life. He waved aside the frugal cup of tea that Tatiana offered him, to have all his ears for the chatter wherein she described in pettiest detail the circumstances under which she had met and last seen Vera. An extremely sentimental woman, Tatiana divined at once that her visitor's amorous interest was not in her but in her friend, and taking the cue in sheer pity on him, she dwelt at length on her meetings with "the Velinsky"—even exaggerating a little, perhaps.

The first time they had met, let's see—in St. Petersburg. Yes, and it was on the street. Vera had just come out of a pawn-shop where she had disposed of the last remnants of her finery, and she stood looking sadly at a roll of dirty rubles which the pawnbroker had given her. The money was no good, of course. The government portioned out the food and only by one trick or another could one buy more—secretly, you understand—and if you were caught at it, well—prison or death.

A year later she had seen Vera again. "The Velinsky" was doing business in partnership with one or two other ladies of the former Imperial Court, making chocolate bonbons—without chocolate—for sale. A dangerous undertaking, since those who sold anything in Russia ran the risk of jail. Vera's old fame as a beauty, however, enabled her to dispose of her sweets to women "companions" of the revolutionary chiefs.

As her listener grew impatient, Tatiana cut short her mournful description of the great changes that had taken place in the new Russia; she was aware that Fedor was concerned only with Vera Alexandrovna.

The two women had met again—this time in Moscow. What had brought Vera there? Tatiana did not know. Perhaps an errand—to solicit some favor of the new rulers. It was all very well to be proud and independent when one had enough to eat. But alas—when you are hungry! Nothing kills self-respect like an empty stomach.



¶ *Fedor had often pictured his reunion with Vera, her return heralded by the newspapers. And now, instead, a female chatterbox called, "She is here!"*

Then, a fourth time still, she had seen Vera—in the Soukharewka, a marketing place outside of Moscow, a place where people could go to buy and to sell, the seller, having disposed of his goods, at once becoming buyer. The only place in Russia where money still had something of its old power—but you needed a lot of it to get things that a decent person would have scorned in the old days . . . "We barely exchanged greetings and then went our separate ways. When you're hungry, friendship doesn't count for much."

"Is she still beautiful?" asked Fedor anxiously.

Tatiana looked at him in pitying amazement. "Beautiful? Who thinks of looks in Russia? I don't remember how she looked. My mind was on my next meal. Look at me! Before this cursed revolution I was called beautiful, wasn't I?—but now!"

Fedor studied her with the cruelty of a lover who can see only defects in any lady but his own. Tatiana was an old woman—twelve or fifteen years older than Vera, at least. Undoubtedly Vera had changed—run down a bit from the privations she had undergone. But she would never look as seedy as this unkempt *bourgeoise*, to whom, under ordinary circumstances, she could not have spoken as an equal.

After this visit to Tatiana, Vera's image grew in the old man's imagination more vividly than before. Yes, a good deal changed! You have to make allowances for time, for instance! More simply dressed, without a doubt, but still the smart and elegant woman she always was! Her face a little thinner—but that would only accentuate the delicacy of her profile! In her green eyes a more mysterious depth because of her sufferings! Thus he pictured the new Vera who had come to rule over his life.

"Alas, if she were only here!" he sighed.
The thought filled him with new vigor.
They would be poor, but at least they would be together.

"SHE is coming! She is coming!"

The Old Man of the Promenade kept repeating the words to himself as he sat on his bench looking out at the sea. His beautiful dream was to be realized. Tatiana had brought him the message that morning—Vera had escaped and was on her way to Nice.

But in the midst of his rejoicing a dark foreboding crept into his soul. He was not so young as he had been. And he looked every bit his age. When they parted eight years before, his hair had been barely tinged with gray. Now it was white, white as snow, and a fellow couldn't dye it—that would only attract attention to the wrinkles that lined his face.

She was younger than he. When she left for Russia she had been in the full splendor of life's summer, her regal beauty at its height. Besides, women knew ways to retain their looks—artificial ways; and a painted face is often more seductive to men than the ungarnished freshness of youth.

One morning as he stood comparing his own withered features with the beautiful Vera he saw in his mind, there was a knock at his door.

"She is here!" Tatiana's voice called. "She came last night!"

Fedor could not grasp the words. Impossible! Vera Alexandrovna never came to Nice without being duly heralded by the newspapers in advance. In fact, he had often pictured the event to himself—he pacing up and down the (*Continued on page 131*)

Too Much Money

Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland



GREVILLE FANE was awakened by the telephone bell ringing next to his bed. His consciousness fumbled among the vague, thick fringes of dreams and he lay still, resisting the reality of the ringing, piercing and gradually more and more insistent. His hand groped out for the receiver almost before his mind had acknowledged he was awake; he found himself saying "Hello" in muffled tones; he cleared his throat and repeated "Hello!"

A mild voice with a strong American accent answered his. "Is that Mr. Greville Fane?"

"Yes."

"I am speaking for Miss Irene Neilson. I am her secretary-companion."

"Oh—yes," Greville said, wondering whether mere sleepiness were rendering his memory so unresponsive to this introduction. Neilson? Irene Neilson? He hadn't, he was sure, during the three weeks he had spent in New York, ever heard the name.

"Miss Neilson visited the Art Exhibition of Young Painters at Rosenbaum's Galleries yesterday and was very much charmed with the two pictures you are exhibiting there."

"Oh, yes," Greville interpolated with a new eagerness. He began to envisage Miss Neilson now—a rich, capricious old lady. He sat up in bed, grasping the receiver more firmly. The tranquil but so vividly American voice continued:

"Miss Neilson is very anxious to purchase both of those pictures, if you have not already made other arrangements to dispose of them."

Greville grinned ironically to himself and thought, with less disquiet than would have been possible for him five minutes before, of his unpaid hotel bill.

"No! As a matter of fact those two *are* for sale."

"That's good. Now, Miss Neilson would like to see you about the purchase and she wanted to have you lunch with her today if that's convenient."

"I should be delighted."

"*Very* well. Now, will you be here at one o'clock! The address is 6406 Park Avenue."

"Will you thank Miss Neilson very much and tell her I will appear at one o'clock, then?"

"I will. Good-by, Mr. Fane."

Greville put down the receiver and lay back with a gasp which dissolved into a yawn of pleasure. He smiled to himself, his flickering, rather impudent, rather wistful smile, and ruffled his mop of ruddy hair with his hands.

(His hands were peculiarly of his character; strong and fine with long fingers stained all over with paint, the nails yellowed with nicotine and broken in one or two places at the edges, where he had been too casual to remember to file them into shape.)

This, he thought, was how life ought to work out for one; in picturesque coincidences like this; in terms of strange voices announcing the dawn of fortune to one on the telephone; waking one out of sleep—a sleep which had been welcome as an oblivion of various nagging anxieties as to ways and means. He saw it all now, all the pleasant, fantastic working out of this first incident; himself being ushered—by the secretary-companion—into the presence of his aged but possibly humorous and certainly eccentric patroness. He could see her, white-haired and upright, the real American type of grand old lady, with perhaps something of a fanatical glitter in her clear eyes and an enigmatic twist to her lips. He could hear her voice, very authoritative, with a Bostonian inflection, greeting him and telling him in profuse detail just what she felt about his work. He hoped, he believed she'd be exceptional—perhaps quite oddly delightful.

By Sylvia Thompson

that Remarkable 24-year-old Girl who wrote "Hounds of Spring"



¶ *"You live in a kind of golden tower, shut away like a Princess in a fairy story," said Greville. "Oh," Irene breathed quickly, "how queer!"*

Greville shuddered in one final luxurious yawn and then sprang out of bed as if the tides of sleep had receded, leaving him in a strong, brilliant air of vitality.

This new zest in his veins was reflected for him in the whole quality of the day which he beheld from his window, seventeen giddy stories above the street. The sunlight gave a pure, vibrating, glittering quality to the November air, spread a bright cosmic splendor over the façades of the buildings opposite. Looking far down, the street seemed to run straight and hard in a ravine of shadow, an incessant orderly traffic of cars and wagons and vans and humanity moving in those cold architectural depths. It gave Greville a sense of delighted exhilaration to be up at his window in the sun, lazy and aloof and curious, and glance down at this intense world at work in the shadow-blotted ravine.

He turned away from gazing, and going to his dressing-table, took out his note-case and dared—what he had avoided for the last week—to see how much money he had left. The notes were limp in his hand. One, two, three, four, seven, nine dollars and—sixty-seven cents—and three francs and an English sixpence. He looked up and laughed at his own whimsical reflection in the glass. "Probably the sixpence is lucky," he thought, and determined to take it with him to luncheon.

"Miss Neilson," he said to the man in the elevator. The man made a noise in the top of his nose to show he had heard but didn't intend to give himself the trouble of answering. The elevator sprang up ten flights, and Greville felt as though his stomach had bounced away from him into the unknown. The elevator gates clanged back and he faced what seemed to him obviously the manner of dark, discreet door which should seclude the apartment of a remarkable woman from the outer world. He rang a minute bell; the butler must have been on the other side of the door, for he appeared, with all that air of dyspeptic distinction worn by powdered footmen in musical comedy, almost as soon as Greville's finger left the bell.

"Is Miss Neilson in?"

"Yes, sir."

The man took his hat and coat and stick. Greville had wondered whether he ought to have come in a cloak and sombrero, such as he had observed passing for "artistic temperament" in Greenwich Village—described to him as the Latin Quarter of New York—but had finally given his patroness, since she was so perceptive as to *be* his patroness, credit for more subtlety.

He was shown into a room of rich quiet, vaguely fragrant of books and roses and the logs burning in the big Italian fireplace—a room so deep and elaborate in its perfection, in the dimness of

its tapestries and the glimmer of ornaments and polished wood, in the blendings of luxuries and beauties, that his consciousness of it, though it came over him like a wave as he entered, was less from his vision than from a sense of atmosphere so lovely and intense as to be almost a physical pain pressing against his throat and eyelids. He stood still in the middle of the room, leaning against a sofa. The sunshine, which had been crystalline out-of-doors, permeated here through filmy curtains and was diffused in a deep sweet radiance—a subduing and enrichment of nature curiously in harmony with the whole unconscious intention of the setting.

He heard a quick step on the parquet out in the hall. A woman entered and greeted him in the voice he had already encountered on the telephone. She seemed to be of no particular age or coloring, seeming to be made up of efficient qualities and expensive, serviceable clothes. She was, Greville observed, well-manicured and smartly shod, and her hair, like her voice, was set in crisp, regular waves. She "took him in," with a sufficient appearance of not doing so, and urged him to sit down. He momentarily suspected that *her* conventions, anyway, demanded at least a flaming necktie from him. Her second remark confirmed this suspicion.

"You're wonderfully on time—for an artist, Mr. Fane!"

"I'm very glad, Miss——"

"Miss Shelley," she said.

"Miss Shelley," he continued with as little of his involuntary and really absurd amusement as possible in his look. "Punctuality isn't, as a matter of fact, one of my talents."

She gave him what was, he felt sure, ticketed among her social intuitions as an "understanding" smile.

"It really is," he ventured, "amazingly good of Miss Neilson." He wanted to make quite sure that he really was so miraculously expected.

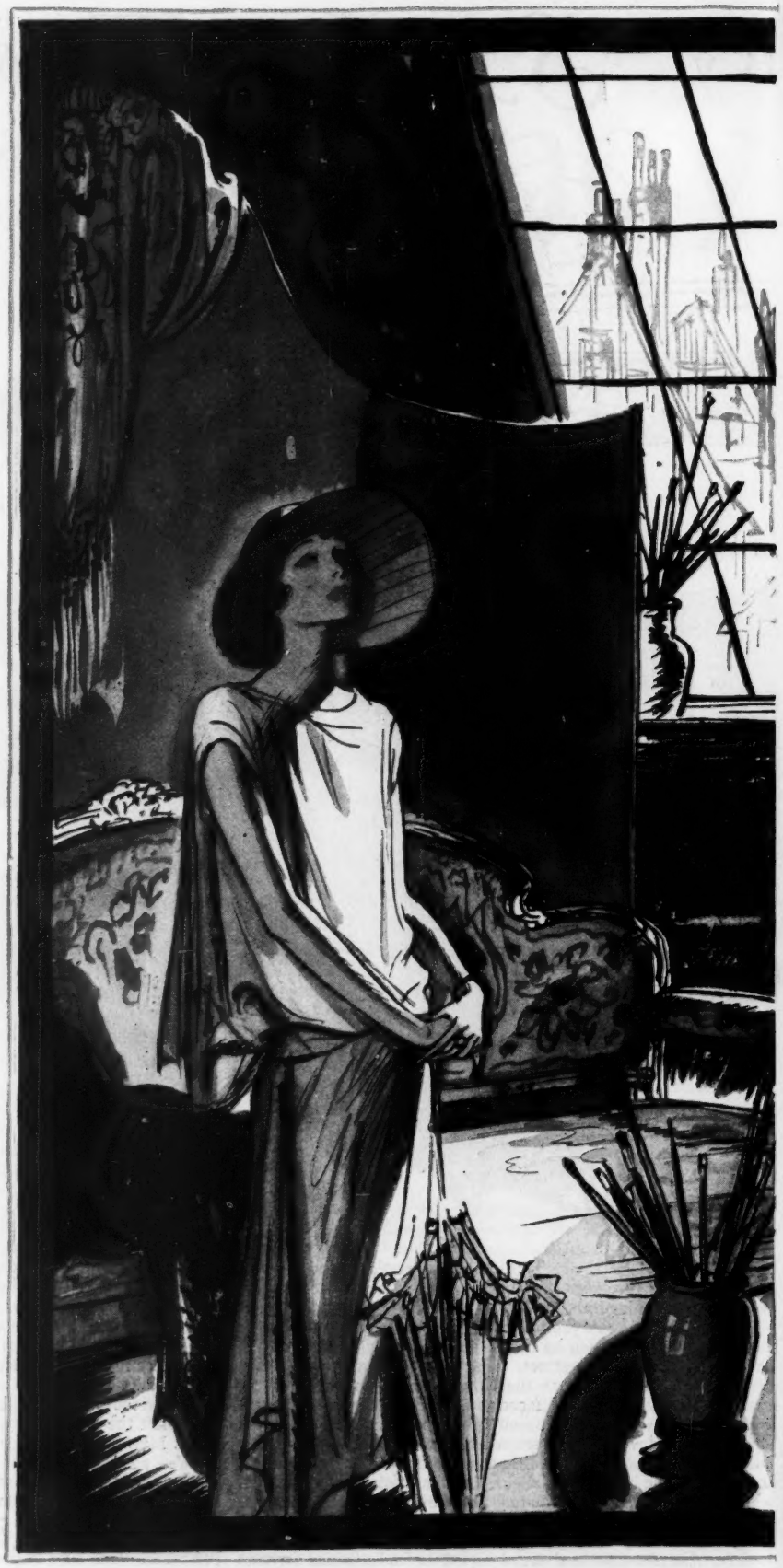
"Not at all. She'll be here in a moment. She's just changing her clothes. She's been out horseback riding all morning."

"Really," Greville murmured. "Miss Neilson horseback riding," as it was so oddly designated over here! "That's wonderfully energetic of her," he said.

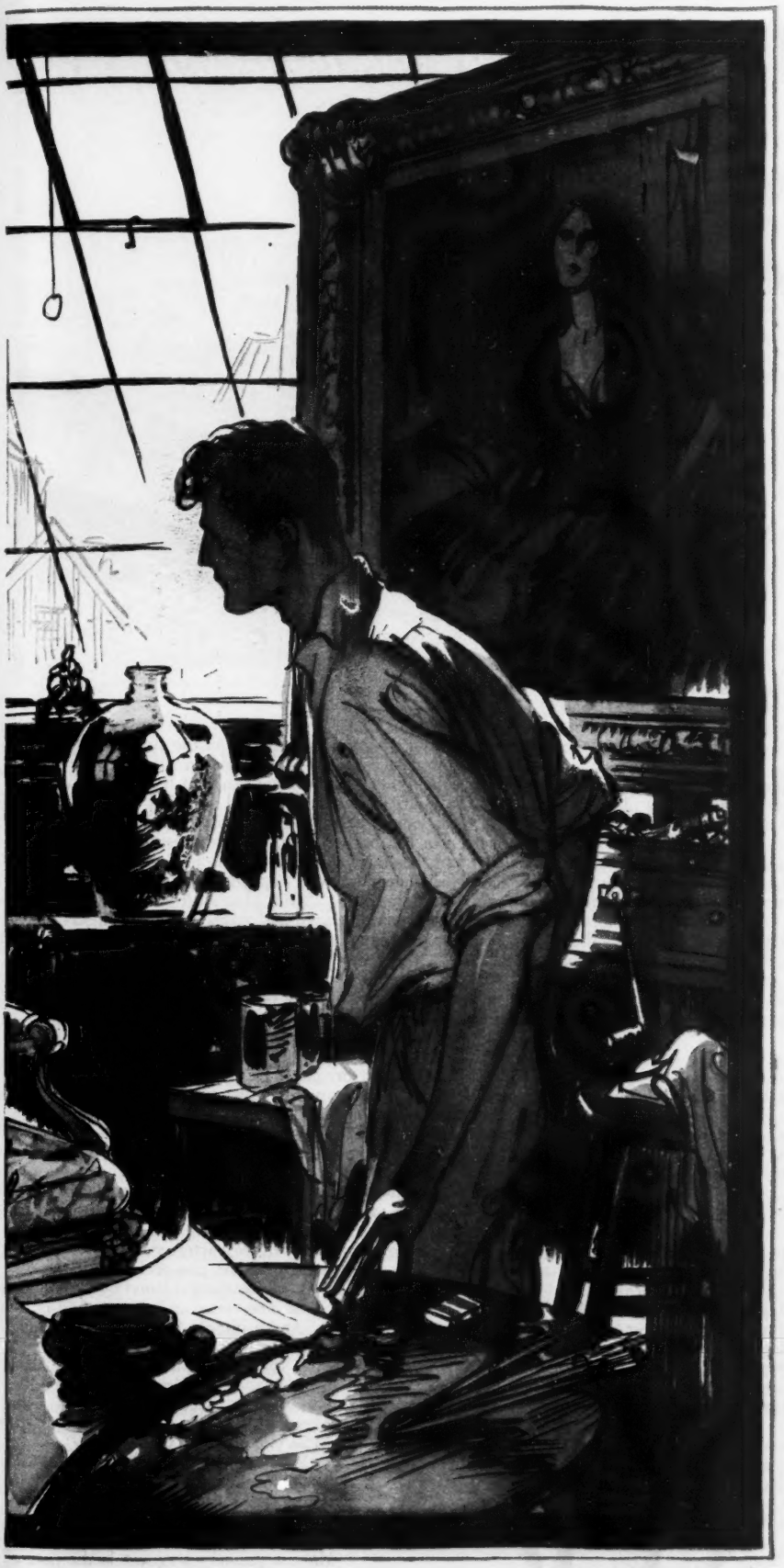
"Oh—do you think so? At her age I think it's quite natural to want a great deal of expression of physical energy."

Certainly, Greville thought, there must be, then, all that buoyancy one heard of in the climate here—old ladies like valkyries——

"Though I do sometimes think," Miss Shelley added, "that in her case, she does too much. She's not terribly strong——"



¶ *"You said I didn't know anything what you meant—about my life*



about reality, Mr. Fane," said Irene. "I think I've come to understand being so different. I see it over here in England very much more."

A sedate step sounded across the hall.

"Ah, *here* she is."

Greville looked round as he rose. A slender, grave child of not more than thirteen years stood in the doorway. She wore a black dress with white collars and cuffs, whose severity accentuated the seriousness of her expression. Her dark hair was bobbed and cut in a heavy fringe across her brow; she had a curiously square, pale little face whose beauty existed elusively in the shape of her eyes, dark, steadily gazing eyes under dusky eyelashes and long, fine eyelids; her nose was childish still, her mouth oddly blunt and wide, yet with a sensitive, indeterminate line where the lips met. She came forward to meet her guest with a manner that held condescension and shyness, and yet was too assured to be dominated by either element. Her heelless slippers sounded quaintly on the carpet.

"How do you do, Mr. Fane. I'm Irene Neilson."

Greville summoned all his powers of composure to steady him. "I'm—extraordinarily glad to meet you," he said.

The flicker of laughter in his eyes must have puzzled her, for she hesitated before her next remark and he had the sense that she might, with a shade more intensity of whatever her feeling was, be disconcerted to standing on one foot. But she had swiftly checked even the tendency to lose any kind of balance, and bade him be seated again with a mild precision. She sat down in an armchair opposite him and crossed her long, black-stockinged legs with all the incidental dignity of a woman sinking down in sweeping brocaded skirts.

"I was very glad you could come—when I asked Miss Shelley to call you up." She turned to Miss Shelley. "Dear, would you mind saying we'll have luncheon immediately?"

Miss Shelley paced off.

"I confess," Greville said, "that I was immensely thrilled at being rung up at dawn to say an unknown lady wanted to buy my pictures."

"At dawn?" she queried politely.

Greville's faun-like smile came and went. "That was—figurative—a joke—more or less."

Her eyes never faltered from his: "Oh, I see." She absolved him gravely. It touched him with amusement, and then pity, that she wasn't on any terms of intimacy with "jokes."

"I liked your pictures," she added, "very, very much."

For the first time their minds flashed and met in an impact of mutual understanding. He had a brief and luminous conviction that (*Continued on page 190*)

By *Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.*

A Dog Worth Fighting For



THE cruiser's yearly overhaul in New York Yard was finished, and she cast off her lines. The deck trembled to the beat of the main engines and a tug nosed alongside to take hold. Up forward, a bugle went, one strong high note. The ensign at the stern came down and steaming colors ran up to the main gaff. Pier 8 slid from her, and the cruiser was under way.

The port quarter, where the marines muster, was cluttered with wet manila lines, and pools of water froze on the planking. Also, there was miscellaneous gear, last-minute matters pertaining to the harassed paymaster, boxes and bales and crates; and bluejackets scuttled to and fro among them on various small jobs. Further, the saluting battery crew on the boat deck just above was whipping the canvas covers from their little guns; so the captain of Marines led his tall fellows across the quarter-deck and formed the guard to starboard, facing the dock; they stood at ease, a hundred men in long gray-green overcoats. On the pier, there were no sweethearts or wives or such, for it's bad luck to watch your man's ship sail, but a few yard workmen waved, as somebody always waves to men who go down to the sea.

The marine captain said to his junior by the life-line: "Look—ain't that our former gunnery sergeant retirin' up the dock yonder? The scoundrel shoved off without sayin' *bon voyage* or anything. See him?"

"Yes, sir; I was talking to him below. Said he had a week-end liberty from Quantico; said he just stood by to see us off. I didn't see him go over the side, though—oh, forward gangway, of course."

"Well, he was a good man. Wish him joy. Still, we'll get along with this new bird they sent us. Seems to know his profession. You know, I kinder thought old Murph would get off with Mike, havin' him up with his folks to live since that last blizzard. Told me his mother was crazy about him—Mike, I mean. But a couple of the young men went up an' got him last night. They knew Mike's routine—watched for him on his little run-around before taps an' shanghaied him in a taxi right under the nose of Murph's old man, who was convoyin' him. Reported him aboard just now, an' accounted for expense money that I advanced."

"Yes, sir. Murph did say, when he was transferred, that Mike would go with him—bet he was wild this morning! Murph always claimed Mike was his dog—but the guard wouldn't be the guard without Mike."

A bugle blew "Attention!" They rounded into the stream, and the saluting guns rendered the prescribed honors to the Commandant's flag. Manhattan Bridge and Brooklyn Bridge loomed over the cruiser's housed topmasts. On the starboard hand the fabulous towers of New York, whitened a little by last night's snow, receded under a pale winter sun that had no heat or color in it. The guard, standing easy and shuffling their feet in the bitter wind, looked briefly on the Statue of Liberty that was silhouetted in the harbor haze, and turned their faces towards the bow and the sea in waiting outside the Narrows.

"Darn foolishness, standin' top-side in this breeze," grumbled the captain of marines. "Old Man's all for dog, regardless. Rest!" and the guard relaxed and talked among themselves.

"Fourteen thousand miles last cruise—wonder what we log, this."

"Well—be back next year."

"Yeh, an' it's time to shove off now—money's all spent; girls all kissed—an' there's better likker in Panama!"

"An' she says to me, she says, 'My beautiful blue-eyed bozo, you goin' off for a year on that fool ship, an' if you think this baby will wait that long on any guy, you're all wet—I'll say you are.' "

"Naw—it don't cost any more down there than it does up here, an' you know what you're gettin'."

"Tell you about this broad I fell in wit' last night——"

"Belay! there's retreat."

The line stiffened.

"Guard—'tention! First Sergeant—dismiss the guard."

Returning the salute, the Captain ran a practical eye down the line. "Hi—Bogert! where's Mike?"

"Sir, he was right here jus' before quarters went."

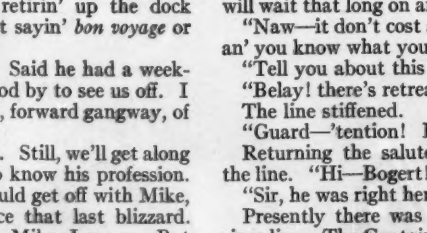
Presently there was dismay on the gun-deck where the marines live. The Captain and the Lieutenant stood by Gun 7, and they were angry men. The non-coms and the second-cruise fellows raged all together. And a pimply-faced recruit who had toted his sea bag aboard an hour before sailing said helpfully:

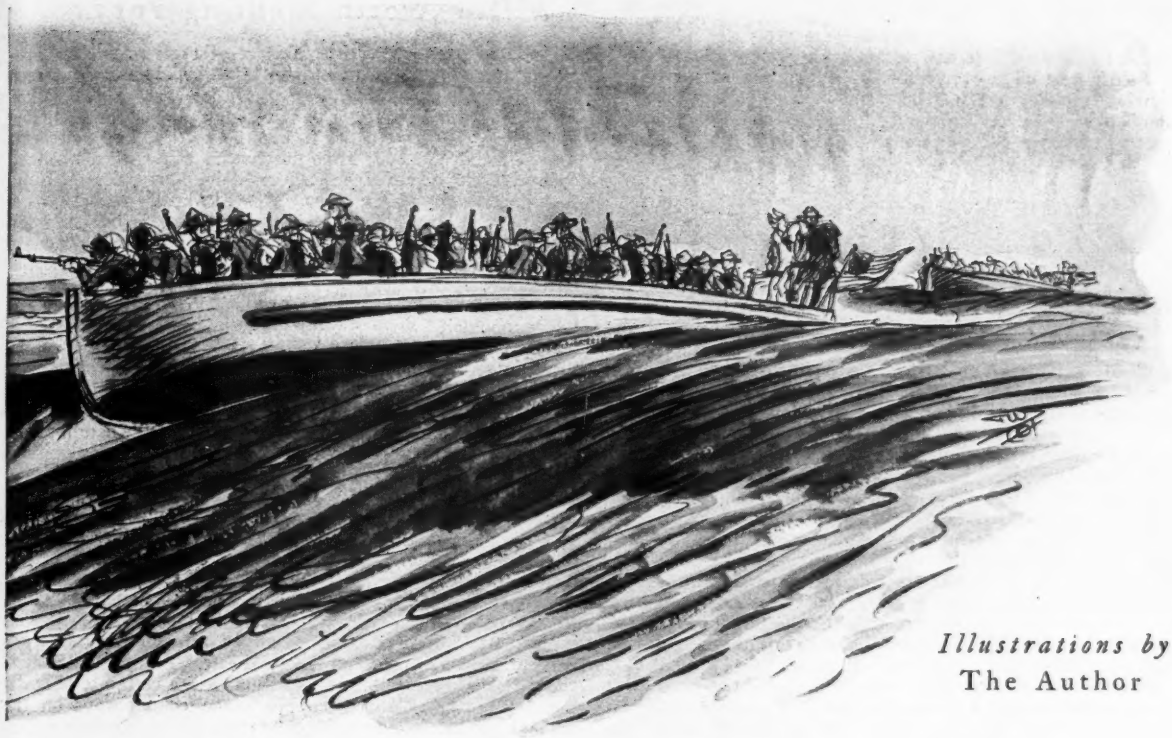
"If you-all's lookin' for that little black dawg, I saw a gunn'ry sergeant stick him in his overcoat just when we-all went upstairs."

"So you did, hey, you——"

"Well, seh, I never knowed—he said it was all right when he seen me lookin' at him, an' he told me to go fall in; besides, he was a gunn'ry sergeant"—for the recruit was just from Parris Island, where a gunnery sergeant is the peer of kings . . .

"And," concluded the captain of marines, when he could think of no more words, "old Murph put it over. The





Illustrations by
The Author

lousy scalawag! An' I make you my compliments, you bladder-headed animals, you, that let one man come aboard in the daytime an' get what he wants and walk off with it—thank the Lord he didn't happen to want one of my five-inch guns or something, besides Mike. Police Sergeant—take this—this—this critter here"—indicating the distressed recruit—"an' instruct him about ladders an' hatches an' so forth. Up stairs, good Lawd! Have I got a flagship guard or a bad dream?" And the cruiser went out into winter weather on the Western Ocean at its worst.

The destroyer people, whose little tin boats run up and down continually on all the seas, say that the Atlantic, between Bar Harbor and Crooked Island Channel, is the worst water you'll find. This day there were hurricane signals up from Barnegat to Palm Beach, and the cruiser bucketed south through all of it. Her new drafts were a moaning tangle of misery on gun-deck and berth-deck and every place a man might lie; and not until she raised Cat Island Light and saw a great golden dawn break over the white beaches of San Salvador did things abate enough to open the gun shutters. She anchored in Guantanamo Bay with salt crusted to her stacks, and her bluejackets swarmed at once over the side and all about to scrub her clean again, and the marines went off as soon as her boats were in the water, to make a camp for rifle practise.

Guantanamo is where the ships do their annual small-arms training. It is a hot and windy dent on the south coast of Cuba, towards the eastern end, where barren hills come down to water incredibly blue, and mirages flicker and dance across the rifle-ranges so that your target, at five hundred yards, appears to be doing a shimmy over your sights.



The marines are always delighted, in their wrong-headed way, to get ashore on their own; besides, rifles are their mission in life, and a man gets five dollars a month extra for expert rifleman qualification and three dollars for sharpshooter. The bluejackets fire also, and have inducements to excel, but they hate stretching their duck-legs on the beach, and they abhor standing in ranks with leggings on, and they despise rifles.

"Damn!" said the files in the first motor launch, shoving off. " 'Member how proud Mike was to get ashore las' cruise? Up in the bow wit' the automatic rifles he was."

The croakers of the guard harped on the theme. They were frank: Mike was the luck of the outfit; look at the weather we've had. An' how slow the new replacements are, snappin' into it—every one of them wit' two left feet. Gonna be some cruise!

"Aw—knock it off!" growled the hard-headed lieutenant of marines. "Murph and some of you crooks stole Mike year before last from Fish Point yonder—go steal his brother. And you will pipe down that croaking, or——"

But the guard was in no mood for dog-stealing. Another dog in Mike's place would be worse than no dog at all. Mike had come aboard a small and impudent puppy. He had taken amazingly to seagoing—more apt in learning, said his messmates, than the smartest marine. Knew all the drills, had his station, billet number and rating.

And after that affair at Puerto Dios his proper seniors elevated him to the rank of sergeant, and he patrolled the streets of South American capitals in a tailored overcoat of fine blue cloth, adorned with brass buttons and collar ornaments and bearing sergeant's chevrons of golden silk. All this was set forth in his service record.

No other dog would live in Spartan simplicity on the gun-deck, scorning ward-room comforts and snubbing all officers save his own. No other dog would ever learn to present arms with the guard.

Even the Captain said, when the first sergeant brought Mike's staff returns to be closed out for desertion: "No—we'll just carry him as a straggler. He'll join up again, maybe." And they missed him in the evenings, after chow, when the men sang in front of their tents, and the quick West Indian dark gathered, and the stars blazed blue-white in a velvet sky, brighter than the harbor lights.

For the appointed time the cruiser's people toiled, burning to saddle color in the fierce West Indian sun, and firing prodigious amounts of .30-caliber ammunition. And the cruiser ran southwest across the Caribbean, coaled at Cristobal, visited briefly her base port on the Pacific side, and departed on affairs of state up the south coast of Central America, over a sea where a sleepy wind moans and water spouts run restlessly to and fro between squalls.

Meantime, Mike lived in a flat up beyond the Bronx with the parents of the gunnery sergeant, until that merry fellow should consider the winter sufficiently spent for Mike to stand the drafty temperatures of Quantico Barracks. For Mike was a warm-weather critter, born close under the Line, and his friends feared pneumonia or something. Living so, he grew fat to a disgusting degree. Spoiled like a grandchild by two elderly people who had nobody else to play with, his figure lost its lean, efficient lines, and he came in from his turn around the block with his red tongue slavering out and his wind quite gone.

This was the only exercise he took. He had been accustomed to twenty-mile hikes over tropic trails, finishing strong on his own legs, unlike that fox-terrier of U. S. S. Austin's guard, who had to be toted after the third hour ashore. He had been wont to carry out all evolutions aboard ship at the double, as regulations provide; now he always waited at the foot of the stairs—it being a walk-up place—for transportation. Like many seafaring people who come ashore, he at once became soft and extremely lazy.

Such a life was pleasant in the winter-time. Snow was not 'n Mike's previous experience, and he hated it. His blanket-coat barely kept him warm, and his toes, spread by habit to grip a smooth deck, had a way of picking up slush that distressed him. It was infinitely more comfortable to doze in front of the fire, and partake languidly of elegant rations, brought him on a plate. It is doubtful that, through cold February and March and the raw, wet April of the Bronx, he gave a thought to his shipmates of the flagship guard.

MAY, after a brutal winter, was lovely in the North that year. To Mike, drowsing grossly before a dead fireplace one morning, over a terrific breakfast of pork-chops, came a breath of perfumed air, a hint of growing things. Something forgotten stirred in him; his nostrils twitched. He remembered the green that follows the first of the rains, and seas of turquoise-blue, and the white decks and the brightwork in the tropic sun, and all the color and ardor of the Southern Seas. He remembered the guard, drawn up in starched khaki at the quarter for ceremonies, with parade polish on belts and rifles; and he saw himself, groomed until he was shining ebony, by the left guide.

He remembered runs ashore, over trails cool in the dawn, with the guard swinging at adventure behind him, and something interesting ahead. He remembered the fascinating alleys you poked into, and the odd folks you met, ashore with the beach patrol. And he raised his head and felt again salt spray on a little dog's tongue, and the steady heave of the fo'c's'le when you put to sea; and he saw the rainbow that runs in the spray off the bow, when the wind is on the quarter and the bow wave breaks in foam. And he remembered his marines, and he thought he would go and look for them.

Mike rose and yawned and stretched himself. The door was open, and he went below. On the street, he twisted his nose into the moist air and turned down-town, for spring comes up from the south. He had tremendous adventures at street crossings, and some brutal treatment at the hands of an elderly gentlewoman who was walking out with a little lady-dog of high degree; she—the elderly gentlewoman—smote him with an umbrella. In the afternoon, he found salt water. He was all in when he found it, and his tail was dragging, for he was appallingly out of condition from his winter of soft living. He limped up the first gangway he came to and looked around hopefully. Remembered things had driven him all day; he noted sadly that there were no navy uniforms on deck, and he further observed that this was not, by navy standards, a clean ship. But he was very tired, and it was a ship, and that was what he wanted.

It was a busy ship; winches were squeaing and cargo hoists clattering, and nobody paid him any attention. His stomach sounded a persistent mess-call, and his instincts took him to the crew's galley, forward.



He entered this place with confidence—there was, in his experience, no unkindliness; when a little dog was hungry between meals, they always found something for you in the galley. In a dark place full of smells he came upon a greasy cook, cutting up dubious meats and casting them into a pot. Mike loved meat. The man did not look; Mike nuzzled his calf. Then he stood on his hind legs and barked once, politely, deferentially: "I say, Jack, how's it for a piece of chow?" And Alfred Tupper, fo'c's'le cook on S. S. Benlothian, whirled with a twitter, for the condition of his nerves was deplorable—that Yankee gin he'd been so incautious as to drink last evening, with certain American chaps.

He was not an attractive person, this Alfred Tupper. He was bottle-shouldered, with a pendulous stomach and a pasty face, and his long nose overhung a mean little mouth. For the rest, he was smothered in hair; an unpleasant mass of it grew to his eyes, and bristled in his ears, and showed startlingly black against the fish-belly white of his forearms. He was the sort of fellow who always has a woman or a dog attached somewhere for mistreatment—a woman usually, for dogs have a surer instinct about such things. Mike would have cut him dead anywhere else, not caring much for the run of sailors and civilians under the happiest circumstances; but just now he was hungry, and he was a dog of practical mind. He barked again, with a note of impatience. Manners are manners, but this egg had no call to stare at him so pop-eyed like.

"Cripes," said Alfred Tupper, and worse than that. "Strike me blind if it ain't a tyke. Now, wot the bloody——"

His first idea was to kick the tyke through the bulkhead; Mike was a small dog, and it looked safe. Then he noted that the tyke stood on his hind legs with an air, a certainty that denoted education. Alfred Tupper was a chap always on the make; he had known good things to come out of dogs before this. He gave Mike a piece of meat, and he took advantage of Mike's interest in this victual to make him fast to a stanchion. Then he appraised his capture

No visible marks of ownership—Mike's neck had grown too fat ashore for the ornamental collar, suitably engraved with his name, rate and ship, that the black gang had made for him and a new one had not been supplied. Smart-lookin' tyke, with a bright eye to him. Belonged to somebody, surely. Question was, would they come lookin' for him? In view of the fact that S. S. Benlothian was a mean ship, on the back side of an obscure dock, Alfred Tupper didn't think so. Sailing in an hour, anyhow. Just take him along; Alfred Tupper was for the moment without a pet. They presently dropped down East River with Mike still fast to the stanchion.

S. S. Benlothian was a ship of no special character. She carried the flag of a little house, on leisurely runs between Liverpool, New York, Havana, Panama and Valparaiso, with intermediate stops. One degree above a tramp, she took freight and such passengers as were not particular. What happened on her fo'c's'le was no concern of any person's, and being reasonably fond of dogs, I will not dwell upon it. Alfred Tupper, in the course of a misspent life, had served with an American dog and pony show, and he knew the mysteries of that trade.

He started out with the lavishing of a new collar on Mike, which was very fine to see, if you didn't know what the inside of the collar was like. Mike, even after he joined up with his own folks again, never carried his head quite the same. For Alfred Tupper took up his education in a serious way. There was nothing gentle about his methods, but they were effective.



The first officer, who was a hard man, with no sweetness in him, observed them one afternoon on the well-deck forward, and kicked Alfred into the runways by way of showing how he felt about it.

From a sleek, arrogant fellow, looking every man in the eye, Mike was transformed into a wretched, cringing little brute. All the curl went out of his tail, and the look of him was pitiful. But he knew what he must do when Alfred Tupper played "God Save the King" on a mouth-organ, and he knew how to sit up and ask for a drink, and jump through arms, held so, and balance Alfred's cap on his nose, and to die for his country, and a lot of other pretty capers. By the time S. S. Benlothian made Port Limon, Mike was a success in every *cantina* Alfred Tupper visited. A man can pick up a flock of free gin from the slightly boiled if he can inject some small entertainment, like a performing tyke, into an evening, and Alfred considered that Mike was worth all the trouble he caused him.

S. S. BENLOTHIAN transited the Canal and ran down the Rainless Coast, following her occasions in and out of roadsteads like Mollendo and Arica and Iquique and Antofagasta, all the way to Valpo; and came back north again. She had much business, including coal, at Balboa, and she tied up to Pier 16, just inshore of the American Squadron anchorage by the canal mouth. This day the flagship and a gunboat were riding to their buoys there, and S. S. Benlothian swung across them, dipping her red ensign to the Stars and Stripes.

Alfred Tupper, on the fo'c's'le, was giving Mike a bath preparatory to a run ashore. He looked briefly at the gray ships and swore at Mike, who for some reason was all worked up. A bugle sounded on the flagship, and Mike barked furiously. This was insubordinate, and Alfred wrung his slim muzzle. Mike, with a flash of his old spirit, slashed savagely at his hand, and Alfred, inexpressibly shocked at such baseness, took steps. The bout ended with Mike properly subdued and half drowned. "Tike the bloody starch out uv any uv 'em if y'hold they heads under water a bit," observed Alfred genially, and he presently went ashore with Mike under his arm and laid a course for the flesh-pots of Panama.

He noted incuriously that Mike was restless and contrary beyond his wont, but he was not the sort of trainer that tries to figure what a dog is thinking about; he had never given a thought to Mike's background. As they passed, in a jitney, the landing at Pier 18, two motor launches full of sailors and marines, a liberty party, were standing in.

For the flagship's guard was going to have a party, with a month's pay in their pockets. It was a sort of occasion; they had done a good job up the south coast of Central America, and they felt high. All hands except the guard of the day, from the top sergeant down, were present. Even the junior music, miraculously unrestricted for misdemeanor, was along, and they all assembled at Billie Bean's place. Each man had chipped in according to his rank, and Billie Bean was furnishing sandwiches and the use of the arbor back of his dance-hall, for he esteemed the guard. There was any amount of beer, and the ship's band had been invited, so that music would not be lacking.

In this squadron, they take the liquor question calmly. It is always available, and astonishingly little drinking is done, considering. Lots of files, these days, honestly prefer ice-cream. For the rest, they make it a point of honor to carry their drinks; a man who came back from the beach out of control would be effectively dealt with by his messmates, even if his officers failed to observe and take steps. And it was the pleasant custom of the guard to throw parties as a unit when suitable occasion offered. They invited the ship's cook, who accompanied the marines on shore details, and their special hospital corpsman, and the band, and there was beer or what you liked.



Unofficially, and in cits, their officers might drop in during the evening, to hear a song and wish them well and see how things were going. Patrol officers were tranquil on party nights, because they knew where all the marines were, and they knew that any possible disorder would be suppressed by particularly heavy-handed sergeants who were zealous not to abuse privileges. And the arbor behind Billie

(*Cont. on page 172*)

By PUSSYFOOT

I Could Make This Country *Bone-DRY* in 6 months



¶ *Pussyfoot Johnson twenty years ago when as Chief Prohibition Agent he made all Indian Territory so bone-dry that in the words of Billy Sunday "you had to prime a man to make him spit."*

AMERICA can be made bone-dry—and in six months' time. With the power and the money, I would undertake to enforce the Volstead Act in 99 percent of the country. And any man with ability, determination and "guts" could accomplish the same thing.

Twenty years ago I made the Indian Territory dry with only the shadow of a law to back me. I did the same throughout the whole Indian country. With a force of a couple of dozen men, I convicted in the courts more than 4,400 offenders. I secured convictions, under wild frontier conditions, of 97 percent of the cases that came to an issue.

What has been done with ridiculously small appropriations can be done again with the millions of dollars and thousands of men available.

I repeat with emphasis that America can be made adequately dry with the existing equipment.

How would I do it?

First. I would deal drastically with judges who turn chronic liquor offenders loose with ten-dollar fines.

Second. I would stop the criminal distribution of alcohol, denatured or otherwise, which can be done by purely administrative measures.

Third. I would attack the turning loose of tens of thousands of chronic offenders through the parole and pardoning system that has become a scandal in so many states.

Fourth. If necessary, I would make *full use* of the army and navy.

Fifth. I would make the fullest possible use of what is known as "double jeopardy." Where the federal court would not function, I would call on the state courts, and where the state would not function, I would make use of municipal courts. *I have done these things before and I could do them again.*

Sixth. I would throw down the stairs or out the window any departmental official who would issue permits for the re easing of liquor for sacramental purposes *without first ascertaining if the liquor was to be used for those purposes.*

Seventh. When any public official charged with the enforcement of the law made public declarations that the law could not be enforced, I would demand that he immediately get out of the way and make room for someone who had the ability and the faith in himself to make good.

Eighth. I WOULD SHOOT TO KILL; by that, I mean that I would *mean business.* I would, in other words, enforce the law up to the hilt.

The only way to enforce a prohibition law or any other law is to enforce it—not to sit down and look at it. Nobody ever solved a problem by sitting down and looking at it. Things are not accomplished in any such way. One must earnestly grapple with the problems at hand in order to get anywhere.

Clamoring for new laws will not excuse officials from enforcing the laws they already have. There is no perfect law and there never will be such a law. This world is made up of imperfections. The official who waits for perfect laws before doing anything will die of old age before he does anything.

That does not mean that our enforcement officials should abstain from seeking better laws. But it does mean that they should make full use of what they have while engaged in seeking better ones. With the reorganization of the dry force and the codification of existing laws now proposed by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, much better enforcement equipment will be available, if they are adopted by Congress. But that is no justification for officials sitting around in swivel chairs waiting for something to turn up.

JOHNSON

who 20 years ago was America's most active Dry Agent



¶ *Pussyfoot Johnson—the bald-headed man in the back row—with seven of his deputies just after they had dumped 25,000 bottles of illegal beer in the Arkansas River at Tulsa, Oklahoma, in May, 1906. "Federal prohibition agents today don't know what tough going really is," Mr. Johnson declares. "In the old days in Indian Territory and Oklahoma it was no unusual occurrence for me alone to arrest a bootlegger, tie him to a tree, ride off, make a second arrest, rope the two together, and then take the pair sixty miles to a jail. And then, with only the shadow of a law to back me up, I would convict 97 percent of the men I arrested."*

If the job of making America dry were in my hands, I would start right in working on the judges. Today we have a few judges addicted to the practise of "punishing" offenders against the dry laws with a ten-dollar fine, even after repeated convictions. It is not infrequent that a judge will turn a prisoner loose with a suspended sentence after the third or fourth offense. A judge who will do that sort of thing ought to be in jail himself.

Usually a man commits a crime under pressure or some stress of passion or sudden impulse. There may be some excuse for this. But there is no possible mitigation for a man who will deliberately, intentionally and purposely commit a crime solely for the profit that he can make out of the transaction. There is no possible opening for the injection of "mitigating circumstances" in the case of a bootlegger. There is no reason why a deliberate offender should not receive the limit that the law allows. And when a judge turns such a man loose upon society with a trivial fine, he is simply inviting the offender to do it again.

Such a judge simply cuts the heart out of the prohibition agent who tries to do his duty. It brings a sneer from the honest jurymen who returned the verdict and brings contempt upon the bench itself. Such a judge is an enemy of the law that he swore to enforce; he should himself take his place in the dock.

The disposition of such judges is a matter of administration, wholly within the power of the President of the United States and the Department of Justice. No additional laws are necessary to correct that sort of nuisance. Even if the law were made perfect, faithless judges could continue such practises.

If I were on the Prohibition Enforcement job I would raise such a fuss over this whole judicial scandal—over the judges who are making a laughing-stock out of the laws they are supposed to dignify—that they would be forced to do their duty.

Next I'd try to stop some of this silly and disheartening parole business. The only possible justification for inflicting a penalty upon an offender is the protection of society. Laws cannot make men moral. No law prohibiting stealing ever made an honest man out of a thief. Punishment as a matter of vengeance in modern society is unthinkable. Punishment for the mere purpose of punishment never got anybody anywhere. Punishment as a deterrent only can be justified.

What society can do and must do is to regulate the behavior of individuals for the protection of society itself. When organized society lays down rules for its own protection, *it must either enforce those rules or abdicate.*

When a man or woman violates the (*Continued on page 195*)

A New Romance

by *E. Barrington*

The Necklace of



The Story So Far:

INDIA, Brazil, all the markets of the world yielded their radiant jewels that they might flash in the most famous necklace of history—a royal necklace designed for a king's mistress, refused by a queen!

To the king's jewelers, Boehmer and Bassange, the Queen's refusal meant—ruin. And yet to all their pleadings the young Queen Marie Antoinette turned a deaf ear, hearing instead the sullen rumblings of a dissatisfied multitude—with her people starving, could she spend a hundred thousand pounds for a bauble? The King—who could deny her nothing—insisted that it must be hers.

But even with its rainbow lights illuminating her beauty, the young Queen said, "I will not have it, Sire," and placed the sparkling jewels in their case.

To Boehmer the Queen's words were a fiat of doom and he left the royal presence with a face white and drawn. As he stumbled down the corridor past the apartments of the Queen's waiting women he attracted the attention of Madame Lamotte, priestess of beauty among the women of the court, whose quick wits more than her lotions were her stock in trade.

As a child pretty Jeanne Lamotte, daughter of a peasant of Auteuil who called himself by the royal name Valois, had found favor with a court lady and was taken into her service. Jeanne had married a private in the body-guard of the Comte de Provence and when her benefactress died, describing herself as the Comtesse de Lamotte-Valois, had made her way with her creams and lotions into the boudoirs of the great.

The quick-witted adventuress had even achieved a high and august friendship with his Eminence the Cardinal de Rohan, by reason of her pretty face and glib tongue. And the very evening of Boehmer's downfall found her in conference with his Highness. The Cardinal, long in disfavor at court because of an indiscreet remark concerning the Queen's mother, Maria Theresa of Austria, still cherished dreams of the high place that might have been his—and nourished a secret passion for the Queen herself. How radiant was he, therefore, when Madame Lamotte gave him hope that he might melt the Queen's coldness! What was he to do to restore himself to favor? his Eminence asked.

The necklace, Madame Lamotte confided to him, the diamond necklace for which the Queen longs but which she dare not buy—the Queen will withhold nothing from the man who will procure it for her!

Still the Cardinal hesitated, wanting to believe yet not daring to trust the word of one who could not, surely, be in the Queen's confidence. But the Lamotte was prepared for his distrust. Let

Illustrations by
Walt
Louderback



¶ *"You may lead us to the scaffold if there is a single false step," said Jeanne. "I take the risks," answered Villette. "Am I likely to forget the dangers?"*

Marie Antoinette

him go to Cagliostro, the great prophet! Cagliostro could not err! And at length the Cardinal agreed.

"But be guarded even with him!" cried Jeanne. "Remember, we have the reputation of the Queen in our hands!"

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO, the Grand Cophta (which being interpreted means the Founder or Restorer of the lost Egyptian Freemasonry) claimed for himself the most extraordinary powers in virtue of his office, and appearing from nowhere in particular, had succeeded in getting them acknowledged by a larger number of true believers than the King of France could then command, belief in powers and authorities being at a pretty low ebb. But the best proof is that the believers in the Grand Cophta were sufficiently under his influence to part freely with their cash—in which they did most truly and devoutly believe.

And if there still be those who disbelieve in the miracles of the Grand Cophta (which history has used rather cruelly, on the whole), none can deny one miracle, surprising to stupefaction—namely, that he converted Prince Louis de Rohan to steadfast belief in something and someone outside his own indulgences, namely, his Grand Cophtaship and himself, a feat hitherto impossible to the Holy Father and Sacred College. In Cagliostro the Cardinal did most devoutly and utterly believe, and it was with a feeling of true awe and suspense that he presented himself next evening at the holy portals of the Grand Cophta, bearing the Countess de Lamotte-Valois in the great chariot with him, masked and hooded. But the darkness and the hour really made both precautions unnecessary, even supposing the lady or the Cardinal had had any reputations to lose.

"It will be the stronger test because you have given our great friend no idea of our errand, Highness!" said the Countess in soft flute tones a little tremulous with feeling. "I almost wish you could have been masked—not that it matters much, however, for if you were masked a hundred times I would engage to detect you anywhere by your stately and distinguished way of entering a room. That is where race can never be denied. The Valois, the Rohan blood stamps its own through life and death."

His Eminence agreed with the utmost politeness. Only two days ago that consummate reference to the Valois blood would have sent him into shrieks of delighted laughter, for nothing in this world amused him more than to see Madame Jeanne on her high horse and caracoling with the best of them. But today all was changed; could she be less than a Valois whose happy fortune it was to build up the fortunes of the Rohans in their latest and worthiest representative? She who was distinguished by the proudest of Queens and Austrian Archduchesses?

He could have kissed the pretty hand that lay like a snowflake on the black satin domino—kissed it with heartfelt devotion. As a matter of fact he did.

They descended carefully on the steps the senior footman let down, and madame sighed a long soft sigh as she unmasked. That, that indeed was the life she relished, the life that claimed her as its own. She saw herself riding always in magnificent coaches with obsequious peers beside her—cold as marble to others not of their world, but warm and fruitful of good as summer rain to her. Dream diamonds sparkled in her powdered hair, dream toilettes by the Queen's own milliner, Mademoiselle Bertin, graced her elegant little person. Whether Madame de Lamotte-Valois reverenced the Grand Cophta in her inmost soul was known only to herself—but her reverence for Mademoiselle Bertin he who ran might read with never a fear of error.

She tripped as lightly up the stairs now as if Grand Cophtas were matters of every-day experience, his Eminence following, somewhat tremulous about the knees under his deep sense of the unspeakable importance of the oracle he was about to consult.

"Madame, I beg you won't hurry and flurry me after this fashion. You are aware we are enjoined to approach the Grand Cophta with minds and persons in a state of complete tranquillity. Where is the sense of racing upstairs at this breakneck helter-skelter?"

"True, most true," murmured the devotee, gently slackening her pace. "The truth is, Highness, I am so eager for the glorious news which I dare swear awaits us that I feel as if wings sprouted out at my ankles. Forgive me, but *I* know what has happened. You only receive it on my poor hearsay! Until you have my certainty we cannot feel alike."

It was a nice distinction, cleverly drawn, and calmed the princely indignation. With measured steps they completed the next flight of stairs and stood at length before the veiled and solemn portal which concealed the mysteries.

It was a singular fact that though the Cardinal had often met Cagliostro in private life, where he unbent to some purpose, he was as deeply impressed as ever when the Grand Cophta pontificated in his robes and mysteries. At this very instant his heart danced like an autumn leaf.

Soft strains of distant music welled from within, faint and delicious odors of strangely scented incense wafted through unseen crevices. To the highest in the land it was forbidden to knock. The acolyte stood without until the Grand Cophta became mysteriously conscious of his or her presence and then——

The door, touched by unseen ministrants, opened noiselessly on darkness—darkness illuminated only by two trembling stars at what seemed an immeasurable height and distance before them. Nothing else was perceptible but the dim sighing of music and the heavy, pungent scent of the unknown incense—extremely unlike what the Cardinal was necessarily familiar with, and imported as was known from the Fan Lung Mountains in the northern extremity of China, probably by obedient spirits. It had at all events this much of mystery about it that its fumes mounted to the brain like alcohol. The Cardinal experienced an effect as of many glasses of the Empress's Tokay before he had gone far, and clutched the cool firm hand of his companion, with a feeling that the ground under him was insubstantial as cloudland.

"We cannot stop here. It would be dangerous," she said in a hurrying whisper. "You know the rules. This is the Entry of Probation. Let me lead you. You are anxious, and no wonder, but advance fearlessly. It is only the evil-minded who have cause to fear!"



¶ *"I was sure there would be an accident sooner or later,"*



Jeanne cried to Cagliostro. "Marie, get back! The Cardinal may open his eyes."

They went on with reverent steps in so far as the Cardinal's vertigo permitted reverence, and passed through another portal, as could be told by the falling curtains, and there were suddenly arrested. A cold clear breath blew on their brows, and a voice from a seemingly immense distance, low yet distinct in every letter, pronounced these words:

"I give you this breath to cause to germinate and become alive in your heart the Truth which we possess—to fortify in you the means whereby you may receive our immortal and mysterious knowledge. In the sacred names of Helios, Mene, Tetragrammaton."

As the last words were pronounced the two distant stars appeared to fade and recede in the faint dawn of a rosy light, stealing from unknown heights and suffusing the air by slow degrees. As it strengthened and grew a very singular sight was revealed.

They stood alone in a spacious hall octagonally shaped, of startling height—the roof lost in darkness, the walls and floor covered with black cloth painted with flames and menacing serpents. And in the midst of this sea of midnight a small couch startlingly white in the blackness and on it a girl asleep or dead, in motionless quiet. This was the Columb, the innocent means of approach to the Invisible. The Grand Cophta buried in profound meditation, his eyes fixed on a great open volume, sat at a small table beside her. He was robed in purest white and at his elbow was a small ebony stand supporting a crystal ball at the angle of the earth in its revolution about the sun.

They stood silently awaiting his pleasure as he turned a leaf and yet another, then placing a marker in the page, clasped the book and raised his head.

"Seekers after truth!" he began, his really beautiful voice pealing organ-noted along the hall. "You are welcome. What is so dear to Truth as her own element in faithful hearts? Here lies the dumb oracle that shall answer all your doubts. Her spirit wanders at this moment in the formless world of luminous verity. Standing in veneration of that immortal presence, ask what you will!"

At that moment the Cardinal was so flurried that all presence of mind deserted him and not a question could he recall or articulate. The oracle lay still as marble, black lashes sealed on a cheek pallid as death. There was no smile upon her lips, nothing but a solemn stillness which forbade the thoughts of human beauty to which he was peculiarly accessible.

"You first!" he whispered hurriedly to his companion, slightly urging her forward.

With a deep reverence to the Grand Cophta she knelt, covering her eyes with her hands, at the foot of the couch and spoke in trembling accents.

"Sacred Lord of the Dawn-Star, since I dare not address myself to the Purity before me, I beseech you to be the intermediary. Let her declare to me through your great self whether the cloud of misfortune which has shadowed my life is about to break in sunshine at last."



Madame Lamotte might have served for a walking illustration of what was worn in court circles for an expedition so important as meeting one's jewelers.

A moment's silence and the Grand Cophta drew the ebony stand with the crystal towards him and gazed steadily into its lucent depths. The girl on the couch lay motionless. Her lips were rigid, but from his broke suddenly a girl's voice, clear, confident as a linnet's in the morning. The effect was really terrifying in its strangeness.

"It will break. It will break! I see in the crystal which represents the rolling world a woman honored as she deserves by the Greatest. Secretly that favor has been showered upon her. The day is at hand when openly, before all eyes, she shall be known as the friend of kings."

The silence that followed vibrated with triumph. For a moment the Lamotte did not speak. She knelt still with bowed head. At last, scarcely stronger than a whisper, words came.

"And how, by what means shall this miracle happen to one who has only faith and humility to offer?"

Again the musical answer. "In the crystal that cannot err I see an act of devotion involving great danger, great misunderstanding. I behold the gratitude of a Queen. More it is not lawful to reveal."

Silence again. The Grand Cophta sat absorbed in profound thought, gazing steadfastly into the crystal. At last without raising his eyes he made a commanding gesture to Louis de Rohan, who fell immediately on his knees beside the Countess.

"Ask!" cried another voice, pealing through the hall like a trumpet.

Stuttering, stammering, de Rohan put his question. "For me also is the cloud lifting? What is my future?"

The linnet voice took up the story. "Success, honor, glory. A deed of courage and self-sacrifice. Royal favor rightly earned. And—love."

The blood beat in the Cardinal's temples—his throat and eyes were charged with it. It hammered in his pulses and almost choked his utterance. "Highest, enlighten me. What am I to do? How shall I know the way?"

"Accept the guide so strangely sent, and go forward in confidence. Fear nothing. A glorious success is within reach. Take it and be glad!"

There was a profound, a terrifying silence, and the minutes glided by. The Cardinal would have asked another question but the pressure on his brain prevented it. The fumes of incense grew sickening, overwhelming. He swayed sideways on his knees and lurched to the ground unconscious.

IN A moment Cagliostro had pushed the crystal aside and was beside him, the girl on the couch sat up in terrified astonishment, and horror distorted the face of the Lamotte. If a Prince of the Church were found dead *there*, and in their company—heavens, what an appalling contretemps!

The Grand Cophta seized a carafe of water and discharged it over the Cardinal's face while Jeanne held a vinaigrette to his nostrils and the Columb, an extremely handsome girl, chafed his hands.

But the face of the Lamotte! No life in all the world could be so precious to her at that moment as his Eminence's. She was the only one of the party who kept her wits about her, and she was furious. She turned on Cagliostro like a tigress.

"It's that horrible incense. There's too much of the narcotic in it tonight for a man of full habit like this. I was sure there would be an accident sooner or later. Marie, get back to the couch! He may open his eyes at any moment!"

His eyelids twitched at last as she fanned him. Swiftly and silently the girl glided back to the couch; the Grand Cophta composed himself by the crystal. The scene was set. Madame de Lamotte-Valois knelt, the picture of gentle anxiety, by her patient.

"What has happened?" he muttered thickly. "Did I faint? What was it?"

"A wonderful thing!" she assured him. "As the Columb warned you to accept the guide so strangely sent——"

"Yes, I heard that. Go on!"

"You cried out that you saw a glorious light, and appeared to swoon with excess of joy. Tell me—if you can—— But not here! We must not disturb this holy atmosphere. We should go now."

He raised himself gradually to his feet, and gradually his full senses returned and the sacred stillness restored him. The fumes of incense were dissipated by a cool air blowing from unseen heights.

The girl still lay quiet as death. The Grand Cophta rose with majesty and approached them.

"Monseigneur!" he said gravely. "It is by the direction of the High Powers that a glorious destiny is reserved for you. I have nothing to add to what the pure tones of the Columb speaking through me have revealed. Go on with confidence. Fear nothing. And when you stand in full sunshine I ask but one reward. Come then and assure me that my teachings were a lamp to your footsteps."

De Rohan bowed with as much veneration as he would have offered to the King, and even while he did so the rosy light began to fade and surrounding objects grew indistinct. As they groped toward the door the two trembling stars reappeared in utter darkness and a cold breath like the dawn was about them.

They were in the Cardinal's coach before either spoke again, and by that time the Cardinal had completely recovered.

"I regard it as providential that Boehmer paid me that visit yesterday. Not that the way is clear as yet, but the mist is gradually lifting. The next step must be for yourself and me, madame, to see the diamond necklace, and then, through you, I must have clear and definite assurance of her Majesty's pleasure in the matter. Without that I dare not move a step."

"Nor I, Highness. If not you—how much less the poor de Lamotte-Valois. No, if she wishes faithful service her Majesty must be explicit, and then—devotion to the death!"

"Devotion to the death!" repeated the Cardinal solemnly. "But the next step is that you and I should see the necklace—separately of course—and that I should ascertain Boehmer's exact views with regard to price, payments, deductions and so forth. I will arrange that you should see it later. And remember, I state no intentions. I regard this merely as a survey of possibilities which pledges me to nothing. I have yours and Boehmer's assurance that the Queen longs for the necklace, but I know nothing more."

"Nothing. And every step must be taken with the profoundest caution. If the Queen were compromised by so much as a breath—frightful! Indeed, in spite of the august encouragement we have just received, my strength fails so far that I think myself unworthy to proceed."

"But no!" said the Cardinal, pressing her hand. "That must not be. Yet, being in spite of your talents a woman, let me impress upon you what awful secrecy is needed in this affair. Not a word, not a breath to a human being besides myself. Can you be trusted?"

The Countess's "I can" was so simply and gravely said that it reassured him more than many protestations. Besides, as he reflected, the Queen's confidante could never dare to break secrecy and destroy all her own hopes of advancement. More—the penalty would be dreadful. There was still the Bastile for those who offended the ruling powers. He dropped a hint to that effect which she received with a melancholy smile that compelled him to instant apology.

"I did not need that reminder, Monseigneur. If you can trust me on no other grounds than fear, do not trust me at all, I beg of you. But before we part on this wonderful night let me recur to one thing I mentioned yesterday. I would not mention it now but that I think it may lead up to matters more important. When last I saw her, the Queen lamented to me in the most touching way that she had no money to relieve a case of wretchedness brought before her by the Princess de Lamballe. She cannot bring herself to touch the public funds for such things, and you know how small her private income is for what she must do. Little more than twenty thousand pounds a year."

He did not know, but shook his head pathetically.

"Imagine such a position for the most generous of queens!" cried the eloquent Lamotte. "It brought the tears to my eyes. It is an officer's mother, with a large family, and she dares not see the poor woman because her hand is empty. Need I tell you my thought?"

"My good angel need tell me nothing. I can divine for myself. Her Majesty has but to write me a line and all I have is at her service in so sacred a cause. Here, my friend, is an earnest. Carry it yourself to the poor mother, and tell the Queen that my heart bled for her. The rest may follow."

"Generous and noble heart!" she said as she dropped the rouleaus of gold into her bag. "She shall know, and oh, the contrast it will form to the niggardly avarice of de Breteuil, the present Minister of the King's Household. *That* is the office I covet for you. That is where you would shine—where you would be in closest contact—for that position gives every opportunity for conferring favors which your noble heart could wish. The Queen said—but no, no! I dare not tell even you yet all I have heard and know. I am indiscreet. Do not tempt me. I should never have said as much as this but for the miracles of tonight."

IN VAIN he entreated. She laughed, all arch and pretty malice, teased him divinely, raised every hope and expectation to burning point, called herself his fairy godmother, then, as the clock struck twelve, vanished with her little curtsy. They parted the best of friends and confidants.

Yet there were matters of which she kept her friend in ignorance. Why mention to him, for instance, that the pure, the chaste Columb was her own niece, the daughter of her sister? That fact surely could not affect the sanctity of her message? Nor was it needful that his Eminence should know that her day's work was by no means concluded when she stepped from her modest fiacre at the door of the little apartment she occupied when on business in Paris. It might have surprised him, for instance, to learn that the owner of it was an old admirer, a very capable and stirring gentleman known by the (*Continued on page 136*)

By MONTAGUE GLASS

The Love Story of a Singer Without a Voice

Well, *Why Not?*



¶ *"What am I?" Goldie demanded.*

"THE fact is that you've got old-fashioned ideas, Spirinova," said the impresario Spirinoff to his wife Madame Spirinova, the distinguished ex-prima donna of the Harkow opera. "You still consider that with a beautiful face and a fine figure, you understand, a singer should ought to have a voice. This is a big mistake and could cost us already money."

"Sdetzo!" Spirinova exclaimed, and her lip would have curled contemptuously except that several years before, when the beauty parlor business was as much in its infancy as motion-pictures are today, she had been unsuccessfully treated by the electric needle for a black mustache. Hence her lip could no longer curl even though her mustache could. However, she possessed large, black and expressive eyes, and with these she contrived to wither her husband with one indignant glare. "What *you* know about singing!" she said.

Spirinoff shrugged his shoulders. "And also you told *doch* the father that in six months I could make her fit to give already an appearance at the Metropolitan," she continued.

"Well, what would I tell him?" Spirinoff protested. "Ain't he got a big garment business, and believe me, Spirinova, there's singers at the Metropolitan which sound like they was trained by much worser teachers than you."

"Sdetzo!" Spirinova exclaimed again. "Well, if I am such a rotten teacher, Spirinoff, maybe you would like to pay from your own pocket we should hire it one of them fakers from up-town he should give the girl lessons. Send her also candy and flowers, Spirinoff, and take her by high-priced restaurants to lunch also. What do I care?"

Spirinoff raised his right hand in the gesture of a toastmaster requesting silence for the speaker of the evening. He failed to obtain it, however, and it was not until Madame Spirinova had recited what might have been a new and unexpurgated edition of "The Affairs of Anatol" with just a suggestion of Casanova, that the hero of her absorbing narrative could obtain a hearing.

"Spirinova, listen to me," he said earnestly. "My interest in the daughter of this here Mr. Gollub the garment manufacturer is strictly business."

"Sdetzo!" Spirinova cried again.

"Yes, that is so," he assured her, "and I'll tell you right now, Spirinova, if you are going to say *is that so* every time I am trying to give you an advice which would put us on easy street for anyhow a year or two, y'understand, there's a lot of managers like Behrensohn and Gitlitz which would run away with this here proposition."

"Sdetzo!" Spirinova exclaimed finally. "Well, the trouble with you is you are a visionary, Spirinoff. You see the girl's father paying two thousand dollars for an appearance at Carnegie Hall or something. These are high ideals which you've got it, Spirinoff. They are too high by fifteen hundred dollars. He told me himself he is willing to go five hundred dollars that the girl should become a finished artist and not a cent more. Also he expects that with five hundred dollars a musical education, right away she should get an engagement to sing by anyhow three hundred and fifty dollars a week. He says he figures that for fifty dollars she could learn it stenography and make a minimum of thirty-five dollars a week and for ten times that much education she should ought to draw down ten times so much wages. This here Gollub, he ain't an artist like you and me. He is a business man, a shopkeeper. All he thinks of is money—money. What does he care about art?"

Spirinova drew the folds of what had once been a bright-colored kimono around her.

"Three hundred and fifty a week," she repeated, "and for this I should charge only five hundred dollars. Money! That is the whole thing in America!"

She sat down heavily and rested her forehead on her clenched fist in a posture appropriate to the third act of "*Pique-Dame*" by Tschaikovsky, from which she was aroused by the entrance of Lou Spear, for his age—nineteen going on twenty—one of the best eccentric dancers in small time vaudeville.

"Howdy, folks," he said, and then observing that his mother was plunged in heavy third-act gloom, he raised his eyebrows at his father and nodded sideways in the direction of his mother. "What's biting her?" he asked, and Madame Spirinova's head began to nod slowly.

"America!" she exclaimed. "That's a country! Respect for parents, there is none. Earnestness, art, study, what *is* it?" She brought her hands together in a gesture of despair, and then pressed them both to where an operatic convention has localized the human heart, at the point where the descending colon leaves the transverse colon. " 'What's biting me?' says my only son, and the father stands by yet!" she exclaimed bitterly.

"Well, what *is* biting you?" Lou Spear insisted.

"The boy's got right, Spirinova," Spirinoff said. "You're making a big fuss over nothing. Anybody coming in here right

Illustrations by J. W. McGurk



"A dummy? Do you think I care what anybody says around here—except maybe this boy?"

now would think the way you look that we've just got a dispossess or something."

"Well, if that's what's eating her," Lou Spear interrupted, "she can make her mind easy. I'm to sign up today with Al Zinberg for a hundred and fifty per."

"A hundred and fifty per!" Spirinova shrieked. "And this is my reward that from ten years old I got him lessons from Lebedeff what taught already Pavlowa, and from Rezwetzoff which he give Mordkin all *he* knew. A hundred and fifty per! *Vsyo otnyal oo minya!*"

"Whatever that may mean!" Lou added. "And whatever it does mean, a hundred and fifty per ain't to be sneezed at."

"Ach!" Spirinoff cried, flipping his right hand at his son. "Don't pay no attention to her, Louis. Everybody should have such a misfortune that their son makes a hundred and fifty dollars a week at nineteen."

"For a single it ain't bad," Lou admitted modestly, "and Al Zinberg says if I could find someone as snappy and good-looking as me to team up with, he could get four hundred like that."

That was expressed by snapping his fingers lightly, but Spirinova snapped her fingers with the greater force of a long experience in the rôle of Carmen.

"You should ought to get six hundred, seven hundred," cried the champion of art in its struggle with money. "My old confrère Bielawsky has got his boy Gregor by a musical show which opens next week seven hundred and fifty per with a dancing partner which I give you my word, Spirinoff, if they would understand in this country what the art of dancing really is, y'understand, she couldn't be not even a figurante or coryphée."

"You mean Biel and Moran?" Lou asked, and Spirinova nodded. "Well, let me tell you something, mommer," he continued. "I don't know what them two things is she couldn't be, but she could be my dancing partner tomorrow and I could draw down a thousand per for the double with any show, because with her face and shape she could fall over her feet every ten seconds and still get notices above Will Rogers."

"That's what I am telling your mother," Spirinoff said. "Last night there comes here a Mr. Max Gollub and his daughter which he wants her she should be a singer. In fifteen minutes they would come back for mommer's decision is she going to train her!"

"Will I train a voice so big that it wouldn't fill already a telephone booth?" Spirinova demanded.

"Let it *not* fill a telephone booth," Spirinoff retorted. "With her face and shape she couldn't sing above a whisper, and the audience would think they'd been listening to Schumann-Heink or anyhow Galli-Curci."

"Before your own son you ain't ashamed to say this," Spirinova cried, her jealousy flaming up anew.

Lou whistled significantly. "So *that's* it, is it?" he said.

"Louis!" Spirinova cried. "You've got business to attend to by your contract, ain't it? I must get dressed if I am to see this here Gollub and his daughter."

"I don't sign no contracts till this afternoon," Lou said, taking off his overcoat, "so I guess I'll look 'em over too."

Spirinova raised both her arms in the traditional grand opera appeal to high heaven.

"The apples don't fall far from the tree," she said and swept angrily from the room.

"This young girl must be a humdinger," Lou remarked after his mother had slammed her bedroom door behind her.

Spirinoff lighted a cigaret. "It ain't proper I should discuss such things with you, Louis," he said, "but she is peaches and cream, Louis, and if I could make a contract with her like Gitlitz and Behrenson has made with one or two singers I could tell you about, I would get a commission on her salary for life, Louis. And it won't be a small salary neither."

"But if she ain't got no voice——" Louis began.

Spirinoff waved the index finger of his right hand. "That's what your mommer says," he interrupted, "but she's got a voice, all right. It's a small voice and it needs training; that's all." He puffed seriously at his cigaret. "Also she's got stage presence and temperament too, but your mommer can't see it," he concluded. "She's crazy with jealousy."

"She *is* crazy," the nineteen-year-old Louis declared, "to be jealous of you at your age."

Spirinoff nodded. "I'm an old man, Louis," he said bitterly. "I'm pretty near forty-three."

As a matter of fact, Louis thought his father was only forty-one, and it came to him as quite a shock that he must cherish the old folks while he still had them with him. He therefore proffered Spirinoff the cigar which Al Zinberg had handed out to bind the contract he had verbally made with Louis, and supplemented this gift by patting his old or at least rapidly aging father on the shoulder.

"No one would guess it of you at that," he said encouragingly.

The elder Spirinoff murmured his thanks. "You're a big comfort to your mommer and me in our old age, Louis," he said, "in particular your mommer, which she will be forty-two next Monday, Louis, and if this here Miss Gollub has got only half her pep and ambition, y'understand, she would be already a sensation."

Here Spirinoff heaved a profound sigh.

"If only your mommer was a little more *simpatica*, Louis!" he said. "What couldn't she have been in Riga if she hadn't thrown the piano *partitur* of '*Forza del Destino*' at the *régisseur?* It was the same way in Nijni. 'Spirinova,' I says, 'you are going too far,' I says. 'You cannot call a *maestro d'orchestra* a dirty dog,' I says, 'not in the middle of a performance anyhow,' and the results was they didn't renew her contract."

WHAT further details of Spirinova's career he could have disclosed, were interrupted by a ring at the door-bell.

"Here they are now, Louis," he said, rising wearily, but when a moment later he opened the door leading into the hallway of the sixth floor in the Second Avenue apartment building in which the Spirinoff family housed its artistic pursuits, including its cuisine and laundry work, there stood revealed not the fascinating Miss Gollub and her father, but a figure much less decorative than either. It was that of Sergei Bielawsky, formerly basso profundo of the Harkow Opera, later proprietor of the defunct Bielawsky Conservatory of Music on East Fourth Street and finally the occupant of the table nearest the stove in the Café de la Paix, corner of Twelfth Street and Second Avenue.

"*Strasvouitie! Strasvouitie!*" he cried in a voice whose resonance had at one time cracked the filaments in the electric light bulbs of the Harkow Opera. It had been in no wise impaired by American cigarets and it had even been intensified by a long indulgence in post-war whisky, fumes of which blended with the odor of fried onions—always the harbinger of meal-time in a Second Avenue apartment-house.

"Bielawsky," Spirinoff said, "we are busy and you must excuse us this morning."

It was a warm day in April. Nevertheless Bielawsky was wrapped in a fur-lined overcoat, buttoned to the neck, and his gray and matted hair brushed the top of his astrakhan collar, which in twenty years had in fact known no other brush and looked it.

"One moment!" he said. "Only one moment I'll detain you."

He edged past Spirinoff and entered the large living-room where Louis stood to greet the feminine object of his mother's jealousy. That he was disappointed would go without saying, but Louis said it notwithstanding.

"What's *he* butting in for?" he exclaimed.

"Louis," Bielawsky said, "you're in luck that I find you here."

"In rotten luck," Louis added. "Which if you want to make a touch, Mr. Bielawsky, why don't you go to your boy George?"

Bielawsky drew himself up so indignantly that the button flew off the neck of his fur overcoat and revealed the absence of a necktie underneath.

"Spirinoff," he said, "if your son has no respect for you, let him have respect at least for your friends."

Spirinoff shrugged. "If you've got something to say to the boy, go ahead."

"I've got nothing to say to him," Bielawsky announced with dignity. "I would never lower myself I should speak to him at all, but Gregor says if he wants a job to support him and Miss Moran by their new show 'Be Careful, Girly,' he would give him seventy-five a week and eighty-five on the road."

Louis broke into a mirthless and to Bielawsky a most offensive laugh.

"The word *support* you can't stand, I suppose," he said to Louis, "but believe me, Spirinoff, your boy could support worser dancers than Gregor, and as for Miss Moran——" He broke off suddenly and kissed the tips of his fingers with a loud smack.

"Moran's all right," Louis said. "Moran don't have to move a toe. She's there without it, but why a nice girl like that should team up with your George, that's beyond me."

"Why not?" Bielawsky demanded.

"Because he's no good, see?" Louis cried. "And so are you."

"Louis! Louis!" Spirinoff protested.

Louis jerked his thumb toward the door. "Go on!" he said. "Get out of here!" He turned his back on Bielawsky and sat down just as Spirinova entered.

"Louis!" she exclaimed. "How dare you talk this way?" She turned to Bielawsky and held out her right hand in a well-schooled gesture of compassion. "My poor friend!" she almost sang. "From my heart, I apologize." She was expanding her lungs so as not to interrupt a long speech with pauses for air when the door-bell rang and this time Louis was not disappointed.

"Come right in, Mr. Gollub *and* Miss Gollub," Spirinoff cried as he opened the door.

He led the way into the living-room, closely followed by Mr. Gollub, a short, slight person with a close-clipped mustache, who possessed all the outward appearance of forcefulness which characterizes an *A* to *K* bookkeeper in a small commercial bank, combined with bow legs. What really impressed people who were acquainted with Mr. Gollub and his family, however, was the complete omission from Mr. Gollub's personality of any clue by which one could deduce the existence of an only daughter with the perfection of form and feature of Miss Goldie Gollub.

AT FORTY-ONE years of age, Madame Spirinova's eyes were of a size and brilliancy to be envied by a Spanish dancer and *copleta* singer, whose eyes are so much more important to her career than her legs or her voice. Compared to Miss Gollub's eyes, however, Spirinova's were as twopenny tallow dips to the large chandelier in the Paris Opera. And these eyes of Miss Gollub were set in a face so beautiful that even Bielawsky felt the influence of it. To conceal the absence of collar and necktie, he held his fur coat tight round his neck with his trembling right hand while his left felt unconsciously for the monocle that at one time dangled at his waist; but monocle and waist had both disappeared years ago.

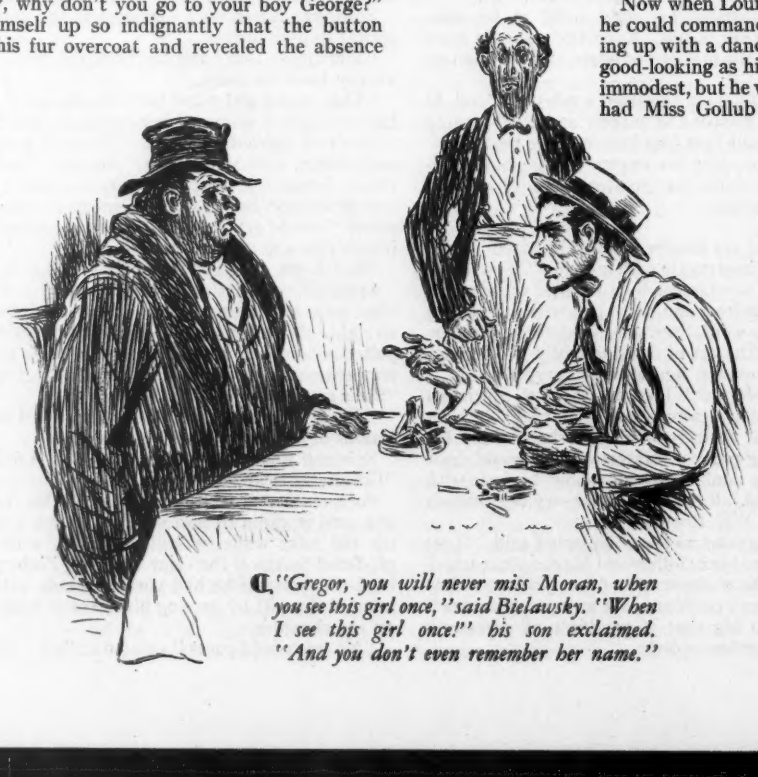
"She is like your wife twenty years ago," he murmured in Russian to Spirinoff, but the impresario was too busy to pay any attention to him.

"You have an audience today, Miss Gollub," he said, nodding toward Louis—"my son Louis."

Now when Louis had told his parents that he could command a higher salary by teaming up with a dancing partner as snappy and good-looking as himself, he might have been immodest, but he was not untruthful. In fact, had Miss Gollub been consulted about it, after Louis had acknowledged the introduction with his best audience bow, she would have declared that Louis had understated the matter. At any rate she blushed vividly, and when the tide of admiring color had retreated, her cheeks so vividly contrasted with the pure whiteness of her neck and forehead that Madame Spirinova was compelled to nudge her husband from a rapt contemplation of Miss Gollub into professional activity.

"Spirinoff," she said, "what are you standing? Get from the music cabinet '*Deh Vieni, Non Tardar.*'"

A frightened look came into Miss Gollub's brown



¶ *"Gregor, you will never miss Moran, when you see this girl once," said Bielawsky. "When I see this girl once!" his son exclaimed. "And you don't even remember her name."*



¶ *"Think, popper," Mme. Spirinova was saying, "what it means to your son and this sweet girl." "It means fifteen hundred a week," said Al Zinberg.*

eyes. "I can't sing that in front of all these people," she protested.

"You sang it very nice yesterday," Spirinoff assured her.

"And as you sang yesterday, so you will sing again today," Spirinova said with an equivocal smile. "And this gentleman here will listen to you."

Here Mr. Gollub for the first time asserted himself. "Where does he come in?" he inquired. "I thought this morning we would fix up the terms and so forth, Mr. and Mrs. Spirinoff and myself together without family or friends—ain't it?"

Spirinova swept back her wavy hair with a heavily but not expensively jeweled hand. "It don't go so quick, Mr. Gollub," she said. "I want this gentleman he should also express an opinion on your daughter's voice. He's an expert."

Bielawsky, still clutching his coat, bowed impressively.

"One expert at a time, Mrs. Spirinoff," Gollub said. "I am hiring you as an expert, ain't I, Mrs. Spirinoff?"

Bielawsky cleared his throat but without materially decreasing the rasping quality of his voice. "Madame Spirinova and I have been for years fellow artists," he explained. "As her friend, I give my services for nothing. You are welcome to my opinion of your daughter's voice."

Gollub nodded. "I'm satisfied," he said; "only one thing I must got to tell you. This thing has got to be settled right here and now. I've wasted enough time away from the store, Mrs. Spirinoff."

Spirinova winced at this repeated Americanization of her surname, but she smiled amiably at Mr. Gollub nevertheless.

"It will be settled quickly now," she declared, and seating herself at the ancient concert grand piano which filled a good quarter of the room, she played in perfunctory fashion the opening measures of the Mozart aria.

Miss Gollub stood with her arm outstretched on the side of the piano, and with her beautiful head bent as though collecting herself for a splendid piece of artistry. At the end of the brief piano introduction, she lifted her face, flushed and animated, and as her lips parted, she exposed a perfect set of teeth.

If, Bielawsky reflected, she produced a tone one-tenth as grateful to the ear as the picture she presented was to the eye, nothing could prevent the eclipse of Jeritza. With an encouraging nod, however, Spirinova signaled Miss Gollub to begin singing, and at the first note Jeritza was safe. Moreover, in the present state of Miss Gollub's vocal development, not only was Jeritza safe but the lowliest chorus lady of the Metropolitan ensemble had nothing to fear from Miss Gollub's competition either.

Indeed, as the aria proceeded, such was the effect of Miss Gollub's crude singing on Bielawsky that he released his grasp on the neck of his overcoat and shamelessly revealed his soiled and collarless shirt.

"Well, you can't have everything," he said at the conclusion of the song, "so I will say good morning to you, Mr. Gollub." He rose to his feet and started from the room.

"Wait a minute," Louis cried. "You ain't said what you think of this lady's voice."

"What voice?" he said. "Was there (*Continued on page 132*)

Carry ME Back *to* *Old* *Virginia*



A native son touching on the glories of Virginia.

"Of all the states, but three will live in story:
Old Massachusetts with her Plymouth Rock,
And old Virginia, with her noble stock,
And Sunny Kansas, with her woes and glory;
These three will live in song and oratory,
While all the others, with their idle claims,
Will only be remembered as mere names."

AT A GLANCE one knows it must have been a Kansan who wrote this verse. It was—the late Eugene Ware, whose pen-name was "Ironquill."

A son of Massachusetts would leave out Kansas and include Massachusetts and Virginia. A Virginian would leave out both the other two and confine his complimentary remarks to Virginia. Somebody once said that Massachusetts was a state of mind. But Virginia is a state of ecstasy.

There was once upon a time a lady who was a Virginian. I know about her because she was an ancestor of mine. She was born in Virginia, but when she was a small child—a child of only seven or eight—her parents moved across the mountains to Kentucky, and for the rest of her life she lived in Kentucky. She married there and raised crops of children and grandchildren. She never went back to Virginia, excepting for short visits; but to the day of her death she always referred to Virginia as "home," and if some stranger asked her where she hailed from the invariable reply was: "I'm a Virginian—at present stopping out in Kentucky."

She stopped out there for nearly seventy years, too, but she never got over being a Virginian. And if she'd lived to be a hundred and seventy she wouldn't have got over it.

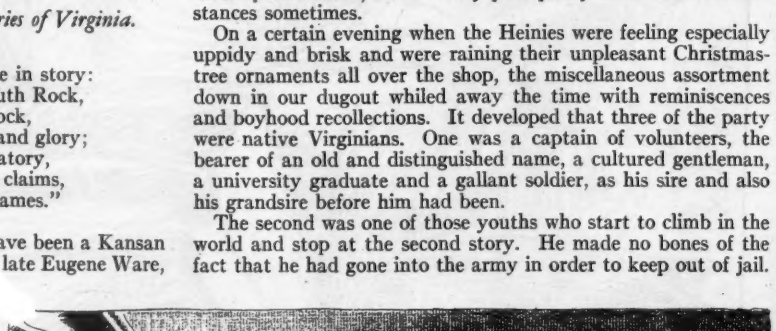
She wasn't a freak Virginian, either; she was an average type.

Out of my own experience I shall cite a second example in illustration of the point I am trying to make. It happened over in France in 1918 when we were helping to make things safe for democracy and the raincoat manufacturers. In the dugout behind a front-line trench a miscellaneous company had denned in. There was a correspondent or so, an officer or so, a couple of non-coms., several private soldiers and a stray member of a colored labor battalion. On the whole, it was not a very healthy place for anybody to be in because at intervals the Germans fired off everything they had in stock and sprinkled the vicinity with gas bombs and shrapnel and raked it with machine guns, and about once in so often they sent across a raiding party with hand-grenades for free distribution among the American forces.

So for the time being discipline was rather slack and the color line was not drawn very closely; the rules of etiquette, both military and social, relaxed very perceptibly under such circumstances sometimes.

On a certain evening when the Heinies were feeling especially uppidy and brisk and were raining their unpleasant Christmas-tree ornaments all over the shop, the miscellaneous assortment down in our dugout whiled away the time with reminiscences and boyhood recollections. It developed that three of the party were native Virginians. One was a captain of volunteers, the bearer of an old and distinguished name, a cultured gentleman, a university graduate and a gallant soldier, as his sire and also his grandsire before him had been.

The second was one of those youths who start to climb in the world and stop at the second story. He made no bones of the fact that he had gone into the army in order to keep out of jail.



Hasn't Virginia been the Mother of Presidents?

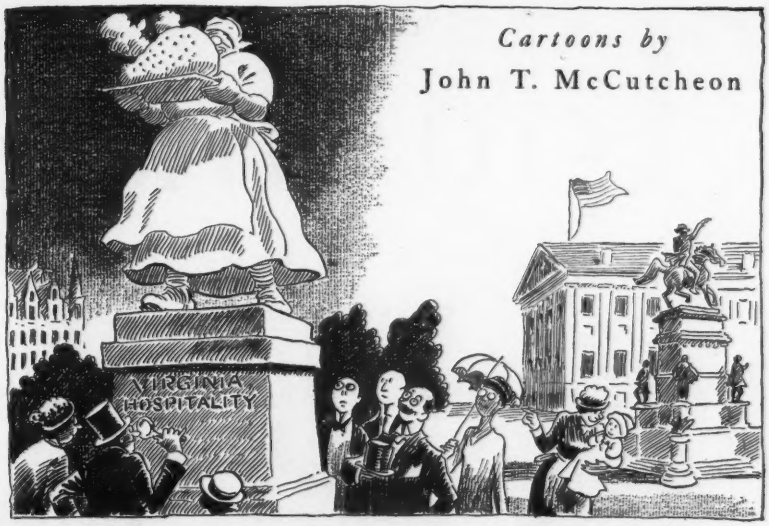
His photograph and an accurate if somewhat uncomplimentary description were on file at New York police headquarters.

And the third member of the Virginia delegation was the colored person already referred to—the draft had scooped him up from the Norfolk water-front.

Now offhand, an outsider—one who knew nothing of the Virginia traditions—would have figured that as among these three—the gentleman born, the city gangster with a criminal record and the black roustabout—there would be nothing in common. But there was. And so they held a sort of tribal reunion, the two white men doing the bulk of the speechmaking and then the colored man coming in strong with the applause. And the burden of their joint song was that there never had

By Irvin S. Cobb

Cartoons by John T. McCutcheon



¶ *Most Southerners have it; its highest development is in Virginia.*

been and never would be in America or anywhere else a spot to equal Virginia; and that from the standpoints of climate, natural beauty, past and present history, courage, patriotism, statesmanship, scholarship, moral grandeur, good cooking, good breeding, good manners and good fellowship, Virginia stood alone on a pinnacle a thousand miles high; and that she was altogether lovely and superior and splendid, and anybody who didn't agree with them on all these counts was just a plain derned fool. They weren't bragging either; anyhow, they didn't think they were. They merely were stating a few indisputable facts.

Your true Virginian rarely is at a loss for a way of spending the long winter evenings. When less congenial topics begin to pall he just falls back on Ole Virginny Never Tire. And neither will he! At fifty, pyorrhea will have claimed four out of five of us, or else the tooth-paste people have the alarming figures wrong. But every true Virginian is born with an incurable case of Virginiatis.

By other signs you may know him no matter in what environment you find him. There's his manner of accenting, for example. It is a general assumption among Northerners—and an utterly erroneous one—that all Southerners employ the same idioms, use the same inflections, the same twists and turnings of the commoner words. Nothing could be further from the truth. The truth is that among the blacks, as among the whites, there are vocalistic shadings peculiar to different states and different sections of the same states.

The tide-water Virginian has certain dialectic idiosyncrasies unlike those of his fellow Virginian up in the Blue Ridge, but whether he be hillsman or coast-dweller there is a softly rolling quality to his grace-notes which stamps him for what he is. I claim that well-born Virginian women have the sweetest and the most musical speaking voices of any women anywhere among the English-speaking races.

Here's another outstanding mark of the orthodox Virginian: With him the clan ties are unbreakable. He never forgets who his kith are, even to the ninety-and-ninth degree of cousinship. He lives in the shade of his family tree and he's loyal to every branch of it. Anywhere let him but meet up with another Virginian and immediately he is tracing the ramifications and intricacies of his own line with a view to ascertaining where the other fellow's line crosses it, and if it does—and it generally does—he'll claim kin with him forever after.

To all men whomsoever he is hospitable, because he was reared to believe that hospitality is perhaps the worthiest of the domestic virtues; but the fashion after which he bestows his hospitality when the recipient of it is by blood or marriage a relative is a thing calculated to make the stranger marvel. His house, his table, his bird-dog, his horse, whatever he has, are at the kinsman's disposal for so long as the latter cares to use them.

This trait is not exclusively Virginian; most Southerners have it more or less. But in Virginia the characteristic reaches its highest stage of development, I think. In the North, your distant relatives might be compared, in a way of speaking, to bill-collectors; they call at regular intervals for short formal visits. But in Virginia they are like the inflammatory rheumatism—arrive in the fall and stay right on through until spring—stay on forever, sometimes.

If Virginia families multiplied with the rapidity and the frequency common to certain racial groups, the answer probably would be bankruptcy for the whole state. Their purses would never stand the strain of the casual entertaining. Suppose, for example, the average Virginian family was as large and had as many outlying tendrils as the average family in the Acadian country of Louisiana has! Some of the authorities claim that the largest families are to be found among the Belgian hares, and others say this distinction belongs to the French-Canadians up in Quebec, but my vote is pledged to the folks down among the bayous and the marshes west and southwest of New Orleans.

For example, let us consider the Broussards—or as many of the Broussards as it is possible for us to consider within the limited time available for this purpose.



¶ *His hospitality to his relatives is a thing to make the stranger marvel.*

You have but to spend a week idling along in the district between New Iberia and Lake Charles and inevitably you reach the conclusion that the population practically is made up of Broussards with a few thousand Trehons thrown in for good measure. The difference is this: The Trehons are a family, one of the most extensive families in the world, yet, when all is said and done, a family. But the Broussards are more than a family; they're a species. They're a highly attractive species, it might be added; kindly, generous, lovable folk, and their women run to good looks and their men run to brains and their offspring run to numbers. Gosh, how they do run to numbers! One pitchy black night in the hunting season, four years ago, we were feeling our way along Vermilion Bayou below Abbeville on our way to the ducking grounds. In a sharp turn our launch went hard aground. The prospects seemed to be that we would stay right where we were until morning or (*Continued on page 154*)

Touching Up

By Corra

Illustrations by



¶ *What a funny, soft little thing Mary was. What was her attraction for men? She was Hilmer's sweetheart then.*

SANTA MARIA stretches like a mural decoration, very old and faded, on the lower slope of a mountain that drops away in foot-hills to the edge of the Far West. What is known as the Ocean Highway lies between the town and the shores of the sea. Streets, all running upward, divide it like broad silver paneling. Castles, with turrets apparently cankered green with age, stand above it. Châteaux cling to the loftier heights. Italian palaces, Spanish castles with grilled iron gates, medieval towers like tall segments of ancient monasteries, spread their wings behind the live-oak trees, the rainbow gardens and the walls along the Ocean Highway. All this is covered and softened, as with the tone of time, by the dust blown over the mountain from the desert which lies behind it.

As a matter of fact this is not an old town. It has been built during the last thirty years by a colony of Eastern millionaires who prefer to hibernate in that green shoe-string of warm, sunny land which lies between the Pacific Ocean and the mountains that guard it from the great Western deserts. It is really a very expensive copy of masterpieces in scenery and architecture taken from the Old World. As New York is the melting-pot of American civilization, so is this West Coast the place where every form of European architecture is fancifully congealed into towns and cities. Santa Maria is only one of many that stand like vast motion-picture studios made up of Old World scenes where anything from a romance, festival, comedy, even a tragedy may be staged at the usual expense to the producers.

The circumstance which these literalists of luxury and copyists of culture have overlooked is that wherever you are the same things happen in the human heart. No earthly condition can change the lines you recite truthfully to yourself, whether of love, joy or the age-old griefs that we are bound to keep like brothers in our breasts.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon, that hour of the day in the West when the sun makes a golden fan of the sea, spread wide and wind-rippled against the shores, when competitive golfers are striving for the eighteenth hole on the courses around the country clubs and all fine ladies are finishing their toilettes for dinner. Francel Nobel stood before the mirror, a darkly beautiful woman wearing a yellow gown as a Gold of Ophir rose wears its petals. Cheeks glowing with the same pollen-darkened pink as the heart of this rose. Black hair drawn as close to her head as folded wings. A slim white neck. Nose written like pride in her fair face. Chin lifted, upholding her countenance like an edict which must be obeyed. Eyes, black, large, set far apart beneath straight affirmative brows, designed by nature to flash with anger, merriment or any other emotion. But at this moment they shone like luminous wishes in the dark.

She leaned forward, applied a little more rouge to her upper lip, making the Cupid's bow of it more distinct, observed the effect and saw that it was good. Then suddenly she flung both arms above her head and clasped her hands. "Oh, what's the use, what's the use!" she wailed to this image of herself, meaning what was the use of being so beautiful?

She was having one of those little bedroom scenes of sorrow the happiest woman sometimes puts over when she is alone and telling the piteous truth to herself.

Francel continued to regard her image as one looks into the face of an intimate confidante. She rocked her slim figure gracefully this way and that till the sight of her woe brought tears to her eyes. She let her arms fall, clenched one small fist and struck herself on the breast over and over, but not too harshly. She faced about and took a turn up and down the room, keeping time to her grief with faint ejaculations, such as, "Oh, my Heavenly Father, how can I bear it?" Many a woman's greatest burden is that she has nothing to bear.

By this time tears were flowing like a stream of pearls from her eyes. She realized that this would never do, went back to the glass and carefully retouched the sweet little painting of her countenance. Then she left the room as if this scene were finished, making a grace of every motion. She passed into the hall and out through the great stone doorway of this imitation of an ancient convent so frequently admired by tourists from the Ocean Highway. She stood for a moment gazing across the channel at Catalina Island, barely visible like towers of mist against the luminous sky-line. She sighed and slowly descended the steps, looking like the Lady of Shalott coming down-stairs—a lovely lady without a lover.

There is no mistaking this expression. It is strictly feminine. No man could have it without untying his shoe-strings and casting

Married Life

Harris

Edward Ryan



¶ *Being engaged to John, Francel found, was like risking life, love and the future in one mad, happy adventure.*

himself backward into one of the romantic centuries when men made more of a tragedy of being in love than they do now. Still, it is not peculiar to maidens. A married woman, young or old, can put away her husband for the moment or an hour and wear this same look in his very presence without his knowing what has happened to him, although he knows something has happened in the little bandbox heart of his wife. But like all those finer, more illusive garments of the features which we call "expression," it is always more becoming to a young and beautiful woman.

Francel was in this mood. Not that she had any legitimate griefs, which was all the more reason for grieving, if you know what I mean. A woman, however happy, must have her sorrows. She was the wife of Doctor Hilmer Nobel, a famous physician who had made a fortune repairing the nerves and indigestive organs of many millionaires. He was an indulgent husband and prided himself upon giving his wife everything she wanted, and let it go at that. But what man or God can give a woman everything she wants? After she has everything else she must have suitable occasions for the perpetual exercise of her emotions. She is not only a dramatist, she is also a tragedienne and must suffer in order to be happy. This was the mistake Doctor Nobel had made; being a mild, kind-hearted man, he had never taken the trouble to make his wife miserable or excite in her the least anxiety concerning his character or his devotion as a husband.

For that very reason she was conducting herself through one of these indignant periods of discontent because nothing, literally nothing, happened in her married life to dramatize it or make it more interesting than a good book which she had been obliged to read over and over like Scriptures. Most women, however pious, are only fond of the Scriptures in relation to their Heavenly Father; they prefer romance in their own lives, which is not really a sin if you know what romance is. It is the star poetry of their existence. It matches the clothes they wear, their manners and desires. Nothing can take its place but real duties, the care of a home, religion and children. Francel had no children and very few real duties and was supplied with efficient servants. She had done the best she could under the circumstances. During the five years of her married life she had been everything in Santa Maria from a bride and a popular hostess to the President of the Woman's Club.

There were no more worlds to conquer—a dangerous situation for a lovely little Alexandress to be in.

Women can carry on two processes of thought at the same time and remain artlessly innocent of both, no matter in which direction they lead. Francel walked aimlessly down the winding drive, through the shrubbery on the lawn toward a stone seat overlooking the Ocean Highway. Having persuaded herself that she came to it quite by accident, she sat down where she could command a view of the road for a long distance. Apparently she took no notice of the passing motorists. She would have sworn on the right name of her Heavenly Father that she was not aware of the brilliant traffic going by, but in fact she had a sense of every car that passed because none of them was the right car.

Meanwhile she carried on that other train of thought which led back behind the last five years, when she was Francel Girardeau and the belle of Santa Maria, and when Mary Harper was only the blessed damozel of that halcyon period—what a funny, soft little thing Mary was, she reflected. Fair to paleness, straight blond hair worn coiled around her head like the halo of a saint. Prim, prayerful, thin-blooded little mouth. No rouge. Nothing to say. Without the nerve to play safe, always present on the rim of their wild parties, never really participating. What was her attraction for men? Francel wondered. She was Hilmer's sweetheart then and was perfectly intelligible in that rôle, since in their prosaic temperaments they were so exactly alike. She herself had been engaged to John Stockton at that time, which was also perfectly intelligible.

John was a young buccaneer of fortune with plenty of capital behind him. He was a deep and happy drinker, a good dancer, and the sky was always the limit in whatever he undertook. He was just beginning then to open the Sky-line Boulevard, that subdivision of Santa Maria which had made him a millionaire; but in those days it was always a question where his next racing car would come from. Being engaged to him was like risking life, love and the future in one mad, happy adventure. She had never felt sane or safe during the whole time of their engagement, but like a gay young leaf turning with the wind for a partner. That was the way John danced, and she danced with him. What fierce quarrels they had had, and what entrancing



¶ *"Oh, what's the use?" wailed Francel—because nothing happened in her married life to dramatize it.*

reconciliations! Oh, dear, dear! How had it come about that she and Mary had changed partners?

At the time she had blamed herself for the break between them. Everybody she knew gave her the credit for exercising astonishing good sense. No one could have believed a man would jilt the girl she was then. But now, looking back with the eyes of a shrewder wisdom, she wondered if John hadn't forced the issue after all. If that languid little Mary had not been at the bottom of the business. Francel could see her yet, sitting as usual like the slender golden wallflower of a girl at the last ball she and John had attended together. She recalled that secret, love-letter look in Mary's face seated by Hilmer as she and John flew by in the dance. Then the quarrel on the balcony, the triumph she thought she had achieved when she went back inside and angled the redoubtable Hilmer into dancing with her.

It was then that Mary had made her exit with John and thus the exchange of partners came about. Nothing was further from her mind than that it should have been permanent. But she had not been able to catch so much as John's eye during the rest of the evening, nor in the weeks which followed.

Two months later her engagement to Hilmer Nobel had been announced. She remembered her feverish haste about this announcement, the reasons she gave herself for marrying him—he was something to stir up, a sort of victory for a woman to achieve, to make a cold man flare with passion, while John had always been lit and no woman could claim to have awakened his heart. Well, she had chosen the better man, and this austere life she lived was the sequel. Nobody seemed to understand but John. Whenever they met, even if it was for but a moment, he invariably flicked her with a glance, mischievous, with a sort of witty knowledge of what was going on in her mind. If they came together at a dinner-party, he would somehow contrive an eye-signaling message across the table as much as to say, "Well, how are you enjoying your revenge?" But never a reference to that dearer past they shared together.

While she had been growing into the dignified, prominent woman type, the inexplicable Mary still held to the absurd rôle of blessed damozel at John Stockton's wild parties, sitting unmoved, fragile and dim above the merry confusion of those occasions. Must she sit thus—did John require it of her? Was it his way of publishing the kind of wife that really pleased him? This was the black ink and bitterness of her reflections. If she had played as John's wife the rôle that she had played as his fiancée, it occurred to her that he might have divorced her.

Oh, to wring some man's neck, any man's neck! If only she dared stage a tantrum that would reveal her real feelings to Hilmer; but she did not dare. She was as much the subject of his will as Mary was of John's and he no more belonged to her than John belonged to Mary. They were both absorbed in their own affairs . . .

A thunderous roar far down the highway; she stiffened to attention. She could not resist leaning forward as a red racing car loomed like a blaze on the road, someone crouched low under the wheel, guiding it with one hand. Bareheaded, stiff black hair standing up like bristles, the impudent face of a man who knew no speed limits in anything. She recognized John Stockton; of course it was John, going ninety in nothing as usual! She always heard the roar of his car when he passed, as distinct from that of a thousand other motors that sped daily over this highway. If it was in the dead hours of the night, the muffled, furious, throbbing sound awakened her, and she lay listening as if he had hailed her from a dream. But this was the first time she had been here beside the gateway keeping a tryst with him.

All at once she realized what she was doing. What would he think? As if it mattered—she was sitting among the flowers in her own grounds. Residents along this road came out every day to watch the



¶ *Where was the emotional, adoring woman he had married? Doctor Nobel wondered. What was wrong?*

sunset, the crags of Catalina Island change to towers of mist . . . Still, if she only had time to escape! Many an innocent woman suffers thus from a guilty conscience, snared by her other nature, which has very little to do with innocence in the best of them. Thank heavens, John's speed eliminated the element of time! Would he see her? It would be awful if he failed to see her. What a position to be in!

Ah! A quick turn of the head as he flashed by. She was caught again with that same crackling glance of mischief in his black eyes. "Insolent!" she gasped, but had not been able to resist waving her hand in reply. Joy! he had looked back, lifting his free hand in a flying gesture. What a look, intimate as a whisper! For the moment it meant more to her than all the years of her good little married life. Women, however blessed with virtues, have their other feelings.

She arose and went hurriedly into the house with the air of one who has just attended to an important bit of business and now nothing else matters. She kept straight on through the hall to her room, though she was already dressed for the drawing-room or library, where she usually awaited Hilmer. This is the way with women—they always seek the privacy of their bed-chamber when they wish to engage in a sad, secret prayer to their Heavenly Father, or to commune with themselves in the esoteric terms of sorrow or romance.

Francel chose a straight-backed chair and made herself a harp of prettiness against the wall. Nothing to look at, because she was seeing inside. This produces a vacant expression, rarely interpreted intelligently. The most brilliant women frequently assume it when they are engaged in that shorthand of the mind which is not thinking in the terms of words, but in the dots and dashes of their own emotions. She was not going too far, never to the end of a single sentence in her feelings. She halted just short of the conclusion.

Translated into the idiocy of mere (*Continued on page 167*)

I Won *Success* in *Boys'* *Clothes*



¶ *The frieze that made*

I HAVE just returned to my big new studio at No. 7 rue Boulard in Paris from Aix, where I installed my latest frieze in the great Hôtel Splendide. I find on my table a letter offering me a commission to "do"—as we sculptors say—a château garden near Blois—a fountain and pool, vases, decorative benches and columns. It is success . . . and I am twenty-three years old.

There are other interesting objects on my table. One is my clipping book. I turn back a few—only a few—pages in it until I reach clippings dated in the autumn of 1924. There are many cuttings of that dating in my book, most of them from the French newspapers of Paris—*Le Journal*, *Paris-Soir*, *Comœdia*, others—and one or two in English from the American press. These clippings all relate to a piece of sculpture that attracted much attention in the autumn Salon of 1924—an heroic-size figure of Androgyne. It is the work, say these clippings, of the youngest exhibitor who ever had a work of sculpture accepted by the Salon jury—a boy of sixteen years. His name is Fano Messan.

They show many pictures of this boy, this Fano, who at sixteen attains the recognition for which Beaux-Arts pupils of twice his years are still struggling. They show him in his studio modeling a nude to whose waist he can scarcely reach. He is fragile for a boy. Study his face closely—and then study mine. You see? They are the same.



¶ *This is Fano Messan herself.*

Until a year ago I was that sixteen-year-old boy—that *Monsieur* Fano Messan, the *gosse*, the apprentice kid in a Paris marble-cutting atelier. I had been that during the two years I had lived in Paris—known as a boy to all my friends and acquaintances. Then—my Salon success, followed quickly by an order for a sculptural frieze—my *La Danse*—for a new cabaret in Geneva. It is enough—I have won. I change back to proper attire—and harum-scarum Monsieur Sixteen becomes demure Mademoiselle Twenty-two.

"Why did you do it?" they ask me.

Why did Jeanne d'Arc do the same? Why did George Sand? Ambition. They had goals to reach. So had I. They could reach them more quickly as men. So could I. I doubt if I could ever have reached mine at all as a girl.

It is necessary that I tell you that I am slender, delicate, chic. I am blond—my eyes blue, my hair an ashy gold, my complexion so clear it hardly needs rouge at all. I keep my hands groomed and manicured. Today I am wearing a silk Jersey sport ensemble in three shades of blue—a finely plaited skirt, a taffeta blouse, and a coat of the blue silk jersey. I have a blue gigolo hat to match. My stockings are of sheer silk; my beige shoes have tall heels.

I was born and lived my childhood in the little town of Tarbes in southern France near Toulouse. I felt that I had it in me to become an artist. In the village school I could always draw and model better than the others. I managed to have a year in the *École des Sciences Industrielles* in Toulouse. That brought out my talent. The professors told me I had ability, but I must develop it in schools of fine art and not of industrial art.

So, like many others from the south of France, I went to Paris to seek my fortune. Schools—the Beaux-Arts, Julian's—were out of the question for me. There was tuition to pay, and one had to live. I had reached Paris with a few francs. But I had a definite idea of what I was going to do. I will explain—without being too technical about it.

Sculpture is the realizing of forms in some plastic material. Sculptors ordinarily work in clay, building up their forms. Then after their models are cast in plaster, they are copied in stone by journeymen cutters. Many sculptors never learn the actual stone-cutting, though most of the great ones do. All of the forms exist all the time in blocks of stone. It struck me that if I could learn from the beginning to cut down to my ideal forms, when a single false stroke meant ruin, instead of building them up in clay, I could compress into a few months the training that it took others years to get. And incidentally—but very important—I could live while learning.

In other words, I planned to get work as an apprentice in a stone-cutting atelier. Little did I realize in Toulouse how difficult that would be. I went from shop to shop throughout Paris; but the answer, whether delivered courteously or roughly or with contempt, was always the same—refusal. What? Take a

By *Mlle. Fano Messan*

By Disguising Myself as a Young Man *I Found a* Short Cut *to* Fame



Mademoiselle Fano Messan famous.

girl into a stone-cutting shop? That was a rough place, that. Besides, it had never been done. No; the thing was impossible.

Then it was that temptation assailed me. The situation was growing desperate for me. If I were only a boy now I could hold my career in my own hands. But I was not so unlike a boy. Though frail in look, I was muscular and strong.

I had met in Paris a girl with a young brother about my size. I went to him and asked him to lend me a complete outfit of his clothes to wear to a masquerade. I took them to the cheap hotel room I was occupying, dressed in them, and then went to a second-hand store where I bought myself all the things I needed to appear as a workman. When I returned the borrowed clothes, I said that I intended to disappear from Paris for a while, leaving my friend to infer that I was going back to Tarbes.

Before my mirror I practised until I was sure my deception was good. Then, paying my hotel bill, I packed up and left, a long cloak covering the workman's suit I wore. On the way I took off this cloak and then went to an even cheaper hotel and took a room as a man—a boy. I had made the change.

If I had had any doubts about my disguise, I lost them when I went back to the first atelier that had rejected me as a girl. The master sculptor looked at me so narrowly that for a moment I thought he must recognize me.

"We need an apprentice, but you are small," he said.

"But I am strong, monsieur," I protested. "Look!"

There was a bucket filled with heavy granite chips. I lifted it and with a sudden effort set it upon the cutting scaffold, as high as my chin. He was impressed. He signed me on for a year.

At first it was no joke. The other workers—good *garçons*, most of them, really—at once affected a familiarity on which I had not counted. I had never experienced the free camaraderie of the manual laborer in France, and sometimes my feminine nature would be offended to the point of tears. I was an effeminate boy—the smallest in the shop. Even the other apprentices could impose upon me with impunity.

But being the smallest apprentice, I became at the stone-cutting atelier what we call in French the *nègre de la botte*—the shop drudge, the one on whom the meanest tasks were always shunted. It was punishing toil at first, but I got used to it finally; and with the hardening of my physique came a corresponding hardening of my will. I would go through anything now to win success.

In one respect I impressed the oldest hands in the atelier—the speed with which I gained skill. Soon none of the apprentices could compete with me in workmanship. In a few months I was the equal of most of the journeymen cutters. I had begun to carve in wood—a medium that is now one of my favorites. We were executing a commission for a successful sculptor of Paris. He saw some of my wood-carving and gave me a personal commission to do some of his figurines in wood.

And I discovered, too, that from the professional standpoint I had made no mistake in taking this training. The work was uncovering the talent that I was sure I had. I was spending my evenings now modeling in clay. I had developed technique—a style of my own. At the end of the year I bade the master sculptor farewell and told him that I was about to set up as an artist. The work had trained me, had maintained me, and had given me enough money besides to rent and equip a small studio in the rue Huyghens in the Montparnasse Quarter of Paris. The man for whom I had done the figurines in wood brought me other commissions and spread my reputation among his sculptor friends. I had enough work on which to live.



And this is the disguise she wore for two years.

But still I clung to my identity of a boy. I had grown a little superstitious about it; my trousers and coats had become a talisman to me. They had served me well, and I would not abandon them until recognition and success were actually mine. Even then I was working upon my Androgyne.

Finally it was accepted by the Salon and much discussed in the press, as was the "boy" who had created it. André de la Rivière in *Paris-Journal* spoke of "his virile qualities" (meaning mine) and "the orientation of his spirit toward mysterious masses." The Herald said, "Montparnasse has its eye on him." And almost at once came a commission for me to execute an ambitious frieze in relief for a new amusement hall in Geneva called the Tabarin.

It was enough. I decided to resume being mademoiselle. The occasion offered for a dramatic transformation. There was to be an artists' ball in the Latin Quarter—a harlequinade—and some of the young bohemians I knew asked me to go with them. I consented, and on the night of the ball I appeared as a dancing-girl. They were astonished by the perfection of my imitation.

I told them that it need be no astonishment, because I really was a girl. Next day I dug into my trunk for the finery I had discarded nearly two years earlier—sadly *démodé* as it was—and I have been Mlle. Fano ever since.

This change brought even more comment than my success with the Salon. All of the journalists crossed the river of the Latin Quarter to see the girl artist who had made all Paris think she was a boy.

And last month when I opened my new studio in the rue Boulard the room was crowded with well-known journalists, poets, painters and sculptors.

So it was worth while, and sometimes I regret the boy's attire that made it all possible for me. I miss the freedom of it, and even now when at work I wear a suit of overalls. But I like pretty clothes too well to wish really ever to go through the same experience again.

Only 50 Years Ago



¶ *"It was hard to leave behind*

TONIGHT in the theater I sat behind Nancy Whickett.

Nancy Whickett—whose hair is blacker than Satan's character; whose nape of neck is soft and white enough to make an honest man rob a banana-peddler; and whose disposition is undisciplined, to use no unkinder word.

Jimmie Bullard was with her.

I wished that I had got some other orchestra seat. Through three acts so difficult not to cough! In any Manhattan theater my little dry cough is well-known. If Jimmie should turn his head—h'm, the consequences for me would prove bad.

But the entr'acte was twelve minutes. I forgot Jimmie. I went over the spring-scented night when Nancy Whickett eloped with me.

It happened back in Ohio, where fundamentalists are born, not made. Not in New York, elder princess of cities.

It was not this little blasé brat in front of me tonight, whose talk is the talk of the sophisticated Eastern crowd in which her family has moved for two generations.

I am seventy-eight years old. It was this Nancy's grandmother. Fifty years ago, that pulsing night—in that turbulent after-war period when most men and women were excitable, perhaps having thought too much on blood for four years to allow their own stream to run slowly.

Not that a Civil or any other war could quite account for Nancy Whickett's attitude to life. Two weeks after he married her, Calvin Whickett became cold and watchful of her.

She was seventeen at marriage. When Nancy was twenty-five, all the countryside knew what opinion Nancy had of her husband; and all knew what opinion the countryside had of Nancy. The men of the countryside—and the women!

A staccato voice and a flashing black eye enlivened sociables, weddings and funerals: "What a mistake is marriage for a woman! Little did I think 'twould be such a treadmill. Calvin is so tyrannical—yes, you are, Calvin. Very abusive."

Otherwise Nancy at any wedding was so hilarious that she could be mistaken for chief actor. At funerals she was distrait and uncomfortable.

Well, I was not the only man in that countryside whose wife, in the privacy of night, accused him of looking too much after Nancy Whickett. Or of listening too keenly to every word the slender, black-eyed lady had to say in public gatherings.

Like other men, I told Leah, "Stuff, stuff! Must a man be unneighborly to please a maggoty female mind?"

When once I thus rebuked her, Leah cried. Leah was not an unattractive woman. When the big tears rolled down her large fair cheeks a man felt deuced uncomfortable.

But once she did not cry. Her upper lip drew back in catmanner. "Gawp at her, then! Hold her hand in the church entry—shame on you for a man of nearly thirty years! And shame on you for making light of a sacred building."

Well, a man could tell a woman, did he choose, that buildings have small to-do with the thoughts a black-eyed, white-necked woman can put into a man's mind.

Besides, I knew that Nancy was a mistreated woman. Driven by her feelings, she had told me so. She said Calvin was quarrelsome, abusive, dull, smoked, swore and was stingy with money.

In one spring we eloped. It was the year that Calvin ran for county judge. " 'Twill serve him right, a scandal to spoil his election," said Nancy with satisfied toss of head.

In those days neither limited trains nor motors by land or by air facilitated illicit romance. And a carriage and horses are an unwieldy matter when secrecy is imperative and the countryside is prying-eyed. Besides, Nancy said she was sick and tired of Calvin's property; while she had no mind to deprive Leah of carriage as well as mate.

So I tied two horses in Eggsbury Woods. By stealth we packed valises. Nancy showed me where she would put hers outside a sitting-room window. For eloping, Nancy trimmed herself a gray moire silk bonnet with pink roses. I see her face now—framed in bonnet and window.

It was a moonlit night. This side the Eggsbury Woods the creek was high. Only the week before a traveling peddler had fallen in. She said on no account would she leave home and husband and chance falling into the creek, like the peddler.

I hated to make my darling Nancy walk the woods-shadowed mile to the horses. But there was no help.

We had to walk most slowly. Nancy had four valises. I had two. I had thought that Nancy would manage with two. "But I should have had another," she said ruefully, holding up her crinolined moire skirts to escape the dew-wet grass. "It was hard to leave behind my extra second-best hoops."

I reminded her that the hoops would hardly have wedged into even a fifth bulging valise. "I should have brought a trunk," she sighed. But as a trunk was impossible on a horse's back, I said nothing and she said no more.

Oh, that slow, sweet mile! Even though six valises knocked my poor legs in my necessarily awkward holding. I had to set them down, too, for three stiles and two small streams and one plowed stretch, and give my hand to Nancy.

Wild plum trees were in blossom that week. Except tuberoses, I think no scent is so unearthly sweet as wild plum blossoms. That night was clothed in fragrance.

But Nancy at last must hurry, hurry. Her ears fancied a horse neighed. Someone would detect their presence. Calvin would pursue us.

By Ida M. Evans

The Story of a Runaway Wife



my second-best hoops," said Nancy. "I should have brought a trunk."

My fault or Nancy's, what happened? 'Twas true it was I who tied the horses past a small wild blackberry thicket, for precaution's sake. But four of the valises were Nancy's. And horsehair is a stout fabric. Bulging, it will hold half a covered-wagonful.

We heard Calvin behind us—his shout. "My pistol is out!"

And I sprawling over a spiny blackberry cane, fully twenty feet long! While Nancy had run into a thorny wild plum tree.

"Stop, you two! Or I shoot both!"

"Oh, unloose me!" screamed Nancy. "My best fichu!"

But how could I disentangle her gray lace fichu and the two of us spring to horses' backs when my face and hands and six valises were mingled with inimical blackberry canes?

I shall not forget, even in the grave, Calvin Whickett's bitter, distorted face bearing down on the two of us.

With what grace possible, since I was taking what was rightfully his and not mine, I showed spirit. "A moment, sir—only a moment——" For one foot still caught under a cane.

"Nay—I will do better," he mouthed in fury. "I like your position on the ground." He flung down his pistol and brought the other hand forward. He had a long sap-sticky switch of last year's poplar growth and therefore tough. "I'll thrash you as I purposed if opportunity offered, you—you despoiler!"

"But I have not yet been despoiled!" Nancy, like many women, would call a spade a spade.

He turned on her. "Despoiled or not, when I have done with him, I shall also thrash you, madam! Thrash you back every step to your home! Yes, *your* home—and always to be your home whether or not violence is necessary to teach you that fact!"

I had been prepared to be shot. For a man may take a pistol from his equal in age—but not a rod. But events too quickly took their unexpected turn.

"Thrash *me?*" Her black eyes were big. Indeed, she betrayed an ingenuous amaze, taking into account her tales to me of his black heart and daily maltreatment.

"Yes, madam. That will I do!"

In the scented night, Nancy swayed. For her gray lace fichu had by now pulled loose from the spine.

She swayed—how shall I tell this?—toward Calvin.

"I did not dream you'd be capable of such action to me."

"Mistake not, madam. Get your face turned homeward!"

"I did not dream you loved me so well, Calvin!" Yes, that said Nancy.

"Nevertheless, so well I love you," he said most grimly. "To my own regret!"

"Nancy!" I cried wrathfully. "What is this? You vowed to me——"

The black-eyed lady glanced in my direction, over torn-fichued shoulder. "I'm sure," she sighed, "if a man cannot get a woman and her valises through a wild blackberry thicket, he'd hardly get her and her luggage through life, which is at its best a most sorry woods, with spiny undergrowth." She lifted her crinolined moire skirts from the dew-wet grass. "Mine are the four most bulging valises, Calvin."

So he took them from me.

I turned the horses loose. Let them pass for having strayed from home and back. Behind the other two, I came. I stowed my two valises in my carriage house.

Leah was in bed. Did she conveniently sleep?

"I'm well awake." She jerked two plaits higher on pillow. "Awake! And you have been somewhere with Nancy Whickett. Tell me the truth! Or I'll never forgive you, James."

So I told her the best lie I could make at short notice, mixing along some truth. "Nancy Whickett! I believe you women have that woman on the brain. To the best of my knowledge she is sitting on her lawful husband's knee at this moment. I—I have been helping a neighbor with a suffering milch cow. Cannot one be neighborly for a foolish, jealous wife?"

Ah, but what a long time back!

Calvin Whickett became state and then national senator. I saw his old white head and beak nose four tables away last week in a Washington hotel. H'm—Nancy was a wife to push a man up with both hands. She's still living, and with him, if you want to know. But he has a liverish look. I dare say any man married to Nancy would in the end know that he had a liver!

On the other hand, I have a remarkable digestion for a man of my years. And Leah, though she has her faults, made a pretty good show in black velvet and pearls—after we came East and I had a smart success in my law practise.

Tonight I hope that young scamp Jimmie, my grandson, did not see me. He has a careless tongue. Leah, hearing, will have plenty to say! She says I gad about, theaters and such, too much altogether. So I told her I had a midnight consultation.

At seventy-six, Leah has a remarkable vitality of speech. And she has two major fears: one, that she will die and leave me alone to forget when to take my bicarbonate—and the other, that I will die and leave her.

Heigho! Well, I am seventy-eight. At that age a man is entitled to a few regrets over misspent years and wrong actions. But I have but one regret. One. And it is that I am not twenty-eight and of a spirit and a humor and a zest in life to coax another man's wife to elope with me on a moonlit night.

And sometime, when chance offers, I must give my grandson Jimmie a hint that when loving kindness will not serve you with a woman, other means may! He too may need poplar.

By Martha Ostenso

Dark Dawn



The Story So Far:

AFTER the night he first entered Hattie Murker's door at her invitation, and came out of it engaged to marry her, Lucian Dorrit realized that his life would be dominated by another woman, as it had always hitherto been dominated by his mother.

Like his beloved father, William, Luce Dorrit was abnormally powerful in body; and also like his father, he dreamed great dreams. But William's life had been sterile of achievement because he had been hard-driven by two things—the unremitting toil of a Northern prairie farm, and the tyrannical, nagging tongue of his wife Agatha. On William's death, Lucian had just come to the decision that never would he follow in his father's footsteps, when fate made him the husband of Hattie Murker.

He had gone one evening to visit his friend Mons Torson, a Scandinavian farmer whose rough philosophy would be a comfort to him after his father's death. Mons was not home, and on his way back Lucian had met Hattie at her gate. There in the white moonlight her compelling beauty had gripped at his throat.

She had invited him in. It was shortly afterward that they were married.

Hattie Murker had been engaged to Mons' brother Ben, but he had been killed by a fall from his horse just before the wedding. There were those in Loyola who said that Ben had taken this as the only way out of marrying Hattie. She was a ruthless, ambitious woman who ran her farm ably, with the help of her half-witted brother Bert; but somehow she had always been the subject of half the rough jests in the little prairie town.

After his marriage, Luce soon realized that he was under her thumb. During the lonely winter evenings she made great plans for the farm, to which he could only acquiesce numbly; his heart was not in them. Hattie's beauty fascinated him, but she paralyzed his spirit.

Others felt no less bitterly about his marriage. His sister Leona, who had always been close to him, frankly hated Hattie; Mons Torson, his closest friend, deliberately and strangely avoided him. Old Doctor Muller, who was something of a philosopher and had had great hopes for Luce, felt that his future was done for.

Karen Strand's friendship for Lucian was still warm. He had been a comrade of this elfin girl since boyhood. She had a remarkable genius for drawing, and big dreams of what she would do when she got out in the world, which Luce's sympathy fostered. But one winter evening when he had skated down the river to visit his mother and sister and his two brothers, he had found Karen at the house, and later had playfully kissed her. Some new fire in that kiss had warned him; they were no longer children, and he must never kiss Karen Strand again.

It was on his way home that he met Mons Torson and they quarreled bitterly. Mons said harsh, uncompromising words about Hattie that Luce resented; and he hinted things that Luce was too angry to analyze. Mons had seen Hattie also that night, he said, and damned her to her face for marrying Luce.

The next morning Hattie told Luce with repressed bitterness that he must never see Mons again. She also told him that before long he would be a father. Luce tried to show the joy he knew he should feel, but did not, at that news. Inwardly he reviled himself for a hypocrite . . . He must put away his boyhood dreams forever.

THE dull, foggy heat that sometimes strikes the northern prairies toward the end of September hung over the field just south of the large Murker barn, where the threshing-machine spewed out its yellow torrent of chaff, and the crew, pausing now and then in their hurried labors, mopped the dust from their red, smarting brows.

Luce Dorrit, pitching down sheaves from the load he had just hauled in from a neighboring field, seemed unmindful of that clinging, prickly air. He was having enough to do to hold his temper. Mert Naley, of Castle's Livery, who was in the threshing crew, had kept his companions in a high pitch of merriment all afternoon. Mert's jokes had not been meant for the ears of Luce Dorrit and the deafening hum of the thresher had done much to keep them where they belonged. They found a ready audience, however, among the younger members of the crew. They shrieked with laughter, slapped their overalled thighs, and removed their slouch-hats to scratch their heads in a final chuckle before they fell to their work again.

Luce had not been wholly unaware of the nature of Mert's humor. Mert, moreover, was trading generously on his knowledge of Luce's tolerant spirit. Had he not been among the first to congratulate Lucian Dorrit on the birth of his son just three days before? When he had come in with his last load, however, Luce had gone to the house and had returned by way of the east corner of the barn instead of coming straight across the garden. He was only a few yards away from the men when he had caught clearly the words of Mert Naley linking Hattie's name with his own in an unsavory jest. The men had seen Luce coming and

Who Wrote "WILD GEESE"



¶ *"Over there in the blastin' pit—somebody's layin'," gasped Bert. Hattie's voice came like a whip: "Who was it?" Luce was shaken with horror.*

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

had received Mert's joke in dead silence. Mert started to laugh at his own remark, glanced up to see Luce only a few feet away, then fell furiously to work. Lucian, pale under the burnt copper of his skin, had jumped back lightly on the rack and had begun pitching sheaves with all his might.

When he had thrown off his load and had started back once more to the dismantled fields, he could not help wondering what it was that made a man endure insult, embarrassment, even abject loneliness. He had thought much about the same question during the past months. In the early spring, when he had driven the seeder over acre after patient acre of Hattie's land, he had often thrown his head back and strained his eyes into the blue depths of the sky as though he had expected to find his answer written there. He had even prayed—yes, intensely and aloud—for strength to live out the life he had brought upon himself and for character to hide his misery from those who would laugh at it if they saw it.

Behind him now, as he prepared to build his last load, a brassy sun was going down in a clear sky. To the north and east rose Blacksnake Hill, the stone-quarry on Hattie's land. Luce, standing on the rack, gazed at the hill, where an age of terrestrial passion had flung up a ridge scarped and studded by rutilant red and silver boulders. In that wash of light the great rocks were a magnificence of color. They seemed to spray a reddish vapor over the swamp which lay below them to the north, and over the fields of Peter Strand to the east.

And then, on the south road of that flat, grassy reach of prairie, Luce saw Muller riding westward in his light buggy, behind his two indolent nags. He was on his way to pay his professional respects to Hattie. There was someone in the seat beside him—Karen Strand, it was. Muller, then, had been over to see the Strands and had brought Karen back with him for a look at the new baby.

They were driving very slowly. There would be time enough for Luce to put on his load and drive back with it before they arrived.

When the sun had fallen away behind the horizon, the men left off work and went up to the house, where a hasty washing took place in the basins that Bert had set out for them. Bert did most of the cooking now, and fed the men in the summer kitchen. He took a childish pride in his responsibility and discharged his duties well enough. He was even envious of the "hired girl" whom Hattie had got from Lost River, a girl recommended by Luce's Aunt Ella. Bert and the girl were constantly at daggers drawn and Lucian had frequently found it necessary to settle their disputes in order that Hattie should have the peace and quiet so necessary in her present condition.

Lucian left the house and walked down to the gate as Muller drove up from the roadway. The two men waved to each other and Lucian noticed that Karen, smiling beside Muller, had her arms full of September wild flowers, reeds and colored leaves.

"Hello, Spingle! Hello, Doctor!" Lucian greeted them as he stepped up and slapped the great bony flank of Sodom.

"Hello, yourself!" cried Muller. "How's the family?"

"Great! Come on in."

Karen, her eyes twinkling, laughed down at him. "Hello, you!" she said playfully. She held up her flowers for his inspection. "Look—aren't they lovely? And there isn't one of them for you. Doesn't that make you jealous?"

"Not a darn bit," he assured her, and the face he made at her started her giggles. He lifted her down from the buggy. "Gosh, Spingle, how you're growing!" he exclaimed. He stepped to one side and eyed her up and down. "But thin—good Lord, Muller, this girl needs a tonic. Cod-liver oil, that's what!"

Karen made a grimace and blushed faintly.

"She'll fill out," Muller said complacently. "Give her time. I can only stay a minute, Luce. I'm going on north as far as the Morrison place. The old lady is bad again. Let's get into the house."

The three started up the path through the gate.

"I'm *crazy* to see the baby," Karen said. "Doctor says it's even homelier than I was and he has always said I was the homeliest brat he had ever seen. Didn't you?"

"Absolutely," Muller swore. "This one breaks all the records for ugliness in thirty years of practise. But we're not saying who the kid looks like, eh, Karen, with Luce around?"

They were at the house now and Luce led the way in. When they came to the door of Hattie's room, the spare bedroom downstairs, Luce stepped back beside Muller and motioned for Karen to enter. Both men noticed the dignity that descended upon Karen as she stepped through the doorway. There was in her body none of that appearance of left-over limbs which is so characteristic of the half-grown girl. She was slender and smooth and quiet, of that peculiar mingling of earnestness and gaiety that made one never quite sure of her age. She was unlike most of the other girls of the district who, at fifteen, were already young women, very knowing and ambitious, amazingly mature.

Karen had found little companionship among the girls at school in Loyola. She had lived in a fantastic world of her own, a world unknown to the others, a world where weeds and stones and stars were people. Now she was becoming wistfully aware of the inadequacy of that world and with the change had come the growing conviction that her few friends—her father, Lucian, Leona, Doctor Muller—were somehow not the same as she had once pictured them. For that very reason, she clung almost with desperation to the dream world that was passing and refused to accept the world of reality that was taking shape about her and within her.

Hattie was lying with her face toward the wall.

"Here's Carrie with flowers for you, Hattie," Luce said when they had entered the room.

She turned her head slowly and looked up at the group that stood beside her bed. She seemed to see no one there except Muller.

"Well, Doctor," she greeted him quietly, "I thought you weren't coming today, maybe."

Muller looked down at her, his eyes inscrutable. "I'm a bit late," he said, "but the patient looks all right, eh?"

"I'm all right, I guess," she replied with a long sigh.

"We've brought you some wild flowers," Muller observed quietly.

Hattie turned her eyes toward Karen. "Is there any goldenrod among them?" she asked faintly. "I can't stand goldenrod. It gives me hay-fever."

It had been Karen's chief delight that she had been able to find two or three sprays of goldenrod that had not yet turned to seed. She stepped back quickly from the bed, and in the soft light of the room Lucian saw her eyes, dark and hurt. He took the flowers from her and put them aside, patting Karen's hand understandingly. Then he turned once more to the bed.

"Carrie wants to see the baby, Hattie," he said. "I'll take him into the other room where there's a little more light, while you and the doctor have your visit."

He leaned over and lifted the child from its cradle beside the bed.

"Don't keep him out there long, Luce," Hattie admonished him. "There's always a draft in that other room." Then, as Karen followed Lucian from the room: "Thanks for the flowers, Carrie. It was nice of you to come over."



¶ *Luce looked from his mother to Hattie,*

In the outer room, Karen admired the baby to her heart's content and was indignant at the description Muller had given of him. She felt duly proud when Luce permitted her to hold the baby in her arms. It was not long before she seemed to have forgotten all about Hattie's offensive manner toward her and was doing her best to find an appropriate fairy-baby name.

"You know," she apologized seriously to Lucian, "I just hate to give up believing in fairies."

"Don't give it up, Spingle," he told her, and his manner was even more serious than her own.

"I'm not going to—not altogether," she replied. "A person has to have *something*."

She was smiling down at the baby as she spoke. Bert burst into the room suddenly, leered at Karen and Luce, and hurried into Hattie's room to light the lamp. There was a look in his face that stirred a loathing in Lucian's heart.



started to speak, realized the utter futility of it. There was no relief from the pettiness that was smothering him.

Karen was downcast when Luce finally took the baby and went back to Hattie's room.

Muller was already taking his leave.

"You won't stay for a bite of supper?" Luce invited.

"Have to get along, Luce," Muller told him. "I had a snack at the Strands'. Everything's fine here. You'll have Hattie up and around again before you know it. Don't hurry, that's all. We don't want a relapse." He laughed heartily at his joke.

When Muller was gone, Luce came out of Hattie's room.

"Amuse yourself with those books under the table there, like a good little girl," he said hastily. "I'm going to have a bite to eat."

"I think I'll run along home, like a good little girl," she suggested drily.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," he said, with mock severity. "You're going to wait till I can go along with you."

"I'm not scared to go alone," she said in a curiously abrupt manner that made Luce smile.

"Don't let what I said about your growing up go to your head," he warned her. "Sit down there beside the window. I'll be with you in a minute."

He returned to the bedroom, leaving Karen with a slight frown between her brows and a bright spot of color in either cheek. She sat down on the chair that stood near the window, but she did not take any of the books that lay in a pile under the table. Instead, she sat swinging her slender feet and staring at the ceiling.

In Hattie's room, Bert had drawn the little table close to the bed. The hired girl came in presently with a tray of food and dishes. During Hattie's confinement, she had insisted on Lucian's eating his supper with her every evening. It gave her an opportunity to question him concerning the day's work on the farm. It preserved for her a sense of unbroken control that was as

dear to her as life itself. As she questioned him, a little wearily, Lucian's thoughts were rather upon the tiny creature that lay on the pillow behind Hattie. The incredibility of it all swept over him drowningly. How nonchalantly life recreated itself! And how indifferent it was to the fate of what it created!

Hattie was tonight in one of the first of those mysterious, ironic moods that were soon to become habitual with her. She said very little and lay regarding Lucian from eyes that were slightly narrowed, her thin lips tightly drawn. When Luce suggested that he would have to take Karen home, she admitted with a sigh that she supposed he must, since it was dark, but that she wished people would be more thoughtful and not send their children about the country to make a nuisance of them for the neighbors.

"After all, Hattie," Luce protested mildly, "she came over to bring flowers to you."

"I suppose so," Hattie sighed again.

When Lucian left the room and went into the parlor a few minutes later, Karen jumped hastily to her feet.

"I don't think you ought to leave Hattie alone," she said with concern. "I can go home alone, really I can."

Hattie's voice interrupted Lucian's reply.

"You're going now, Carrie?" she called and Karen stepped hesitatingly into the open doorway of the room.

"Yes," she said. "I should have gone before it got dark."

"Thanks for the flowers, then. I'll have Luce put them in a bowl for me."

"I hope you'll be up soon," Karen said. "And I think the baby is a dear."

"Tell Peter I'd be glad to see him when he can get the time to run over."

"He'll be glad to come. Good-by."

"Good-by, Carrie. Luce will see that you get home safe."

Once outside the house, Karen protested again at Luce's accompanying her home.

"Let me go alone, Luce," she pleaded.

Luce strove to give an air of jauntiness to his resolution. "Is that the way a knight treats his lady fair?" he asked, recapturing for the moment the mood of the old days when they used to walk along the road together in the waning winter twilights.

Karen laughed in spite of herself and they went off in a light humor that improved mightily as they made their way across the fields. It would have been difficult indeed to remain low-spirited on such an evening. The air had cleared at sundown, and the sky with its few stars was pellucid and faintly melancholy. The world about them seemed full of a soft lamenting for another summer gone. The frogs over in the slough below Blacksnake Hill croaked and trilled a thousand trumpet bubbles of sound, the eerie over tone of all far away places of late summer. Luce told once more of the wild horses on the desert of Gobi and of the lightnings that could not outstrip them.

THERE was much talk of the Wees, all gone now that the summer had passed, and of the Wos, singing and crying in the tall dry grasses along the sloughs. There was talk, too, of the little men with long, stiff icicle legs and diamond eyes who played white harps in the winter time and made a music as faint and sorrowful as the sound of falling snow.

Karen laughed suddenly, a little short laugh that was perilously akin to a sob. Lucian looked down at her and remembered again that years had passed since they had really believed such things.

"Gosh, I believe you're crying, Spingle," he said with a laugh.

Karen shook her head fiercely. "I'm not. I was only thinking of how happy I was when I really believed in the little people. Nothing is quite the same any more."

"We've got to believe all the more in ourselves to make up for it, Spingle," he said.

And then they fell to talking of other things, Karen's drawing and of the new copy-books Peter Strand had got from the city and of Karen's hope that she might go to Chicago in a year or so, if the crops were good, and spend all her time in a chosen school of art. They talked until, by the time they had reached Peter Strand's place, Karen was telling all her wild, reckless plans for the future, telling them, too, with all the careless abandon of youth in its day of illusion.

"Oh, I'm going to be an artist, Lucian, a wonderful artist!" she told him. "I know it, I know it! Something tells me—in here!" She spread her slim, long fingers fan-wise across her breast and looked earnestly up at him.

"I believe it, Spingle, I believe it!" he declared, with a quickening in his heart.

He was glad for her, but there had been times during the past year when the sight of Karen Strand in such a mood as this had made him intensely unhappy. Not so long ago the world had lain before him, too, a kingdom to conquer.

It was this thought that lingered in his mind still when he made his way back alone through the wide fields, before him, like a setting star, the light burning in the window of Hattie's room. She would lie awake awaiting his return. And she would contrive, by some sure means of her own, to make him feel that he had neglected her. He broke into a run.

Where the path forked into the Murker grounds, there grew a thicket of choke-cherry trees and raspberry bushes. As Lucian hurried up the path there was a scrambling of heavy feet and the clumsy shape of Bert Murker bolted out of his way.

Lucian stopped abruptly. "What are you doing, Bert?" he demanded.

Bert's peculiar guttural laugh made Lucian's blood crawl. It was not altogether a new sensation. It was not the first time he had suspected Bert of spying on him. Bert had formed a habit, moreover, of grinning as though at some secret joke whenever he found himself alone with Luce. It was as irritating as it was mysterious.

LUCE took a long stride toward Bert, who had retreated a step or two, and seized him by the front of his shirt.

"Bert," he said quietly, "you've been doing a lot of slinking around and grinning to yourself lately. I don't like it. One of these days I'm going to take it out of you with a good hiding if you don't quit it. Remember that!"

Bert shivered in his large clothes, like some unspeakable thing in a bag. Luce controlled himself with an effort, dropped his hold upon him and strode away. As he passed through the kitchen he caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror on the wall; it was white and drawn.

Hattie's eyes were wide open and fixed on the wall opposite her bed when Lucian came into her room. For a moment or two she did not speak to him. At last she smiled faintly and stretched her hand out to him over the counterpane. It was curiously strong and tenacious in its grip.

"Poor Luce!" she murmured. "I ought to be up looking after you. How are your clean clothes holding out? Is the girl tending to them?" She had a glimpse of his face and her fingers tightened about his hand. "Why—Luce, what's the matter?" she asked.

He smiled crookedly and withdrew his hand. "Nothing, nothing at all," he muttered.

Hattie's eyes narrowed. "What has happened, Luce?"

He laughed nervously. "If you must know, I've just had another little run-in with Bert. I guess I lost my temper, that's all. But I'm getting fed up completely with his hanging around as if he—oh, he's just getting on my nerves, that's all!" He looked about desperately, then got to his feet.

"Luce," Hattie said in a low voice charged with feeling, "there's one thing for you to remember and that is that Bert was here before you. He's my only brother and I won't have him abused by you. He doesn't do anybody any harm, poor boy, and it ain't his fault that he's not as smart as some others. Bert didn't speak against you coming here, remember. You've got to be easy on him."

Lucian stood by the window, looking blindly out into the darkness where there seemed to be no light in all the world. The heavy, scourging red swept upward to the roots of his hair. A sore constriction worked in his throat and the corners of his lips twitched. His fingers plucked and twisted at the lining of his trousers pockets.

"Luce!" Hattie's voice was suddenly soft as moving velvet. It was a way she had with him.

He whirled about and stared at her. Her hand was lifted toward him. Her head was raised slightly on the pillow, the black turbulence of her hair making a white shine of her face, her eyes impenetrably dark. He only continued to stare at her without moving from his place at the window. Presently her hand fell slowly back upon the bed. Finally, with an even, deep breath she closed her eyes calmly as though he had not resisted her. And when she was asleep at last, Lucian stole softly out of the room.

Agatha Dorrit was having her own time of it with her family, now that the whole burden of bringing them up in the way they should go rested upon her shoulders. It was not that the work on the Dorrit farm had suffered because of any neglect on the part of her younger sons. The place had never been worked to



¶ *"It's a—a study—of Hattie Dorrit," said Karen demurely. "So that's what you do to people who are nice to you," said Doctor Muller.*

better effect than during the year since the death of William Dorrit. Manlius had already proved himself a better manager than his father had ever been. He was an indefatigable worker and his ambition never flagged. Nor could he have wished for a sturdier ally than his own brother Arnold. Leona, too, had grown in one brief year so that she was able now to do most of the work about the house—would have done it all, in fact, more easily and with less grumbling than her mother did her share. Outwardly, at least, and as the world at large measures such things, the Dorrits were on their way to better days than they had ever known. There were those in Loyola who even hinted that the old man's sudden death had been a blessing in disguise.

Whatever others may have thought, however, mattered very little to Agatha Dorrit. With less (*Continued on page 199*)

4 Aces

By Opie Read

A Story of the Old Days on the Mississippi

PHIL CLAY laid claim to blood relationship with Henry Clay, the great Kentuckian. Phil was a Mississippi River gambler. I met him while I was editing the Arkansaw Traveler, published in Little Rock. Equipped with eight hundred dollars, I was on my way to New Orleans to buy a shipment of paper. Phil introduced himself to me. He had looked forward to our meeting. He was greatly taken with a thing that I had written. He had forgotten the name of it, but it was the most humorous sketch he ever read. Well, I got to New Orleans and borrowed enough money from Phil to pay my way home.

All extravagances of expression were expended in attempting to describe him. A poetess catching a glimpse of him as he sat in a game with planters and statesmen, just at a moment when drawing one card he had gracefully plucked an ace full, billowed him about with the waves of rhythm, called him a Greek god, contemplating the mysteries of the temple.

But putting aside all metrical rubbish, Phil was a handsome fellow. His auburn hair looked as if it might have been colored for a newspaper supplement, his smile a bland expression of continuous good nature, and in his blue eyes there was a keenness held in meek restraint. He had been schooled at a university and his dress was in modest imitation of the theologic scholar. His voice held the tones of the psalmodist as he invited you to "call" him, and it was not until he had spread his hand that you conceived the possibility of his winning the pot. And proceeding to rake in the money he was wont to hum a low tune that brought back the memory of the old hillside meeting-house.

Phil had never been known to play a crooked card. In his opinion poker was the most dignified of all speculation. Horse-trading was the trickery of the shrewdly ignorant, agriculture the curse of Adam, all business the outgrowth of piracy; but poker was the inspiration of Olympian deity.

"It was invented by Satan after he had scorched his own hoofs," spoke an old fellow who sat back from the loss of ten bales of cotton, staked against Phil. This old fellow was a planter named Hodge. He owned a plantation worth thirty thousand, sold his cotton shrewdly in New Orleans, but always lost the money on his way home. He liked Phil, had entertained him at his own house; and it must be acknowledged that in gratitude Phil always won from him in exceeding gentleness.

Phil finally attained his ambition, the ownership of a steamboat. It was a bold and industrious little craft called the Ant. It had been schooled in the trickery of nosing in to grab up freight while the bigger boats were wallowing for a landing. Too proud to engage in trade, Phil let out the shipping privilege, reserving for himself the mastery of the table and the sideboard, where old liquor steeped forth into the air the sweet essence of mint.

Phil was always glad to see me. I had contributed several thousand dollars toward the purchase of the boat and felt somewhat at home in her snug little cabin.

One evening Old Hodge came aboard to return to his plantation. He had sold his cotton for ten thousand dollars.

"Are you going to play tonight?" I inquired of him as the boat shoved off into the current.

"Not me," said Hodge. "I've been a goose for you fellers to pick long enough. I've sweated the fever out of me and I'm free. Do you hear, Phil?"

The owner of the Ant had come into the cabin and was arranging the table. "Yes, I hear, Hodge, and I don't blame you. The fact is that you ought never to have played. You are not endowed with the peculiar judgment that poker requires."

"I ain't, hey? Then I reckon all you fellers are smarter than me. And I guess you'd advise me to set around like a blamed toad frog and watch you fellers enjoy yo'selves."

"I didn't mean it exactly that way, Hodge."

"Yes, you did. You mean that I ain't got as much sense as old Atkins here that don't own a clod of dirt on the earth and never will. You mean that I ought to git out'n the road ever' time I see a calf comin'. That's what you mean. But I'll show you. I'll make you ducks take off yo' hats to me. So when you git ready, deal me a hand."

Five of us drew up to the game, Hodge just opposite Phil. It was pretty steep, five dollars ante, all jack-pots and table stakes, but it was agreed that one might go for all he was worth if he could give acceptable proof that he was worth anything. The deal had not gone around many times before Hodge found himself about five hundred to the bad, Atkins taking his money.

"Hodge," said Atkins, "keep on thiser way I mout own a clod of that ar dirt you was a-talkin' about."

"You jest go ahead," Hodge retorted. "I've got money yit. Who opened that pot? I'll stay with you."

Phil had opened for twenty-five dollars. Each drew one card. Hodge slowly skinned his hand. "What do you do, Philly?"

"Well, Hodge, as you are a good fellow and part with money easily, I'll bet you a hundred."

"All right, Philly, music to my ears; and I'll jest raise you two hundred."

"Yes?" And Phil gave him a look. Then came his swift judgment. "I'll lift you four hundred, Hodge."

"Do, hey? Now that makes me think. Raises me four hundred. I reckon you got me beat, but I got to call you out of respect for my hand. What have you got?"

"Only a small full."

Hodge sat back. "Beats me, but I made my flush and as long as a feller can fill a flush he's got luck. Deal the cards."

THE game proceeded, the hours passed, and I was just about holding on like a farmer half in and half out of a runaway wagon. Luck pointed its finger here and there, but never once at Hodge. He yawned, took out a silver watch that looked like a tin pie-plate, and squinted at the time. Just then Phil, next to the dealer, came in with a twenty-five-dollar opening.

"Glad I met you, Philly," said Hodge. "And as it's gettin' sorter late I'll jest raise you two hundred."

For a moment it looked as if Phil were about to come back with a big raise, and then, seeming to sniff a pat hand, he said, "I'll see you, Hodge; and I'm going to draw right down to 'em."

"No mo' honest than me, Phil, for I'm goin' to do the same. Brother Atkins, two of yo' best cards, please."

Phil drew two and looked at his hand, picking his cards apart at the corners, nor could the most powerful photography have caught a change in his expression. Hodge looked at his cards, sorting them about, swallowed to hide his countenance; but the penetrative eye across the table saw that he had helped his hand.

"Phil, what do you do?"

"Well, as we have all played about long enough, I'll tap you, Hodge, for all you've got."

"Some talk, Phil, but you know I declared that I went for mo'. A plantation up the river is a-backin' of this hand."

"That so? Well, I've got a steamboat here that backs mine."

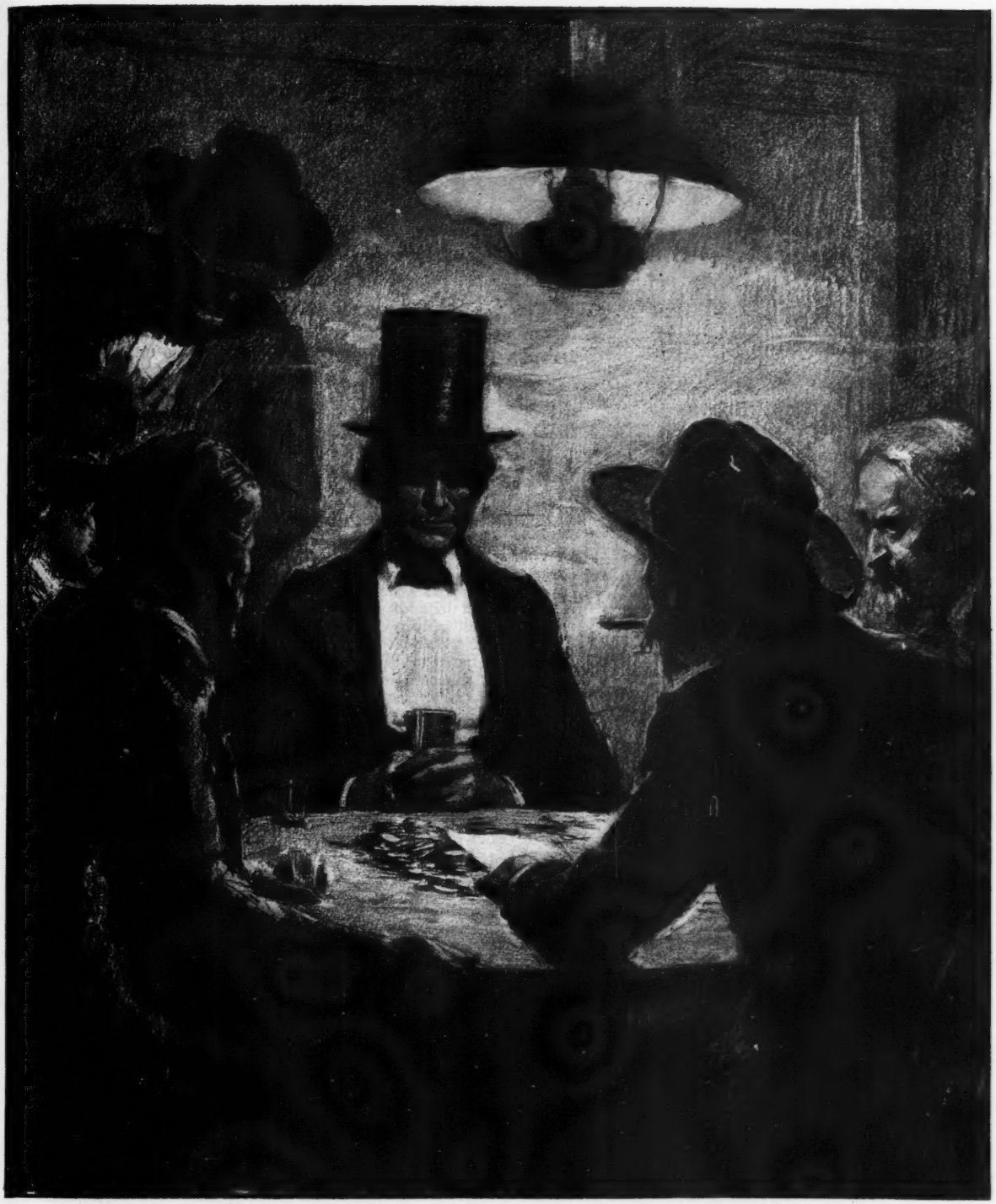
"Then I'll see you with what's in front of me and raise you with my plantation."

Phil turned to a lawyer who stood near. "Jerry, draw up the papers—not necessary of course, but as a matter of form."

While Jerry was scratching rapidly with his pen, Atkins whispered to me: "The plantation is gone. Phil drawed to three aces and caught the fo'th. The best Hodge can have with his two-card draw is fo' kings."

It was a drama of suppressed excitement. Everyone except Phil was breathing hard. Jerry brought the papers and into the pot they went; and now it was a show-down.

"Hodge," said Phil, preparing to spread his hand, "you were bound to lose that plantation sometime and I might as well have it as anyone else. I've got you beaten. You've got four kings."



"Hodge," said Phil, "you were bound to lose that plantation and I might as well have it."

"All right, Philly, and then what?" Hodge asked calmly.

"I've got four aces, that's what," and he spread them.

"Wait a minit, Philly. Fo' aces make a fine bouquet, I admit, but a bunch of wild violets mout be sweeter. Not havin' no jedgment about cards I made a fool stay. I thought I'd raise you out on a bluff, and if you had riz me back with yo' three aces befo' the draw I would have flung down. But you jest stayed and hence the calamity. Philly, after my fool stay I made a fool draw. I seed that I had three clubs, the four, five and six. I drawed two and cotch the tray and seven of clubs, makin' as putty a little straight flush as I ever kissed," and pressing the cards to his lips he spread them on the cloth.

Everyone gazed at Phil. He arose, sat down, drooped and then sat in natural pose. He bored Old Hodge with his eyes.

"You ignorant old baboon. I have read a library when you couldn't spell your way through a carpetbag governor's message to a nigger legislature. I have cultivated the graces of life, and this is what comes of it. Jerry, please tell the pilot to stop at Cage's landing."

"What are you going to do, Phil?"

"I am bidding good-by to the River. I'm going to get me an old horse, buy a hen-coop wagon and peddle chickens."

He went to his stateroom, and shortly afterward when the Ant stopped at Cage's landing he came out and went below. He waved off all farewells; he pulled his collar up about his neck and walked the gang-plank. I shouted "Good-by, Phil," but there was no answer. He was gone, and the Mississippi River never saw him again.

Finding For

The Love Story of a Self-Made Man's Son

By Meredith



¶ *Virginia remarked, "The Duchess threatens to take me to the South Seas"; and Walter's heart acted queerly.*

ARCHIBALD J. RAMSAY'S cold-storage warehouses adorned the landscape in many parts of the corn belt and Archibald was of sufficient importance in his line to invite occasional investigations as to his wicked manipulation of the price of butter, eggs, poultry, cheese, potatoes and other homely essentials of a well-balanced and nutritious diet. The sketch of Archibald J.'s life in "Who's Who in Hoosierland" marked him as an authentic specimen of the self-made American, with the usual little red schoolhouse hovering in the background. The Ramsay home on Springdale Road was pointed out to visitors in Indianapolis as indicating what a poor American boy can achieve who has brains and initiative and a wife who reads only the best books and wears just the right hat when addressing a state federation.

Few errors were marked on Archibald's score-card. He was justly proud of his ability to buy low and sell high. But Archibald J. Ramsay realized that he had committed a blunder, of which he repented in great bitterness of soul, in sending his only child, Walter Pitt Ramsay, to college. The mistake was, in a way, pardonable. Archibald had been misled into believing that colleges are centers of gaiety, where the young men and women of this great nation devote their time to athletics and general merry-making, and loyalty to fraternities or sororities takes precedence over any obligation to acquire knowledge. He was convinced by the bitter complaints of the frivolity prevalent in American colleges that Walter could have a good time, and perhaps adorn the pictorial supplements of the metropolitan newspapers as a star athlete, without learning anything that might unfit him for collecting poultry, eggs and dairy products and holding them until the price touched perihelion.

Nothing in Walter's life to his nineteenth year disturbed the parental belief that he was a normal, healthy youth who could be trusted to exceed his allowance, get arrested for speeding, and otherwise manifest the spirit of independence desirable in forthright sons who are the predestined leaders of tomorrow.

For two years Walter fully realized the paternal hope that he would scatter his wild oats freely during his bright college years and be ready in due season to address himself manfully to the problems of refrigeration and the delicate differentiations connected with the grading of eggs. And yet in Walter's junior year something decidedly queer happened to him. The first indication of a change was the cessation of telegraphic appeals for financial relief between regular allowance-paying periods.

Then came the bewildering announcement that Walter had been chosen editor of something; and on the heels of this came the dark tidings that Walter had been elected to membership in Yale's most exclusive literary society. This was astounding. Walter's mother, who had meekly submitted to Archibald's decision that Walter was not to become an architect, suggested that the boy must be ill; but the dean replied promptly to a straight day telegram that Walter's health was excellent, adding for good measure that he had picked up in his work and was making a fine record. Archibald was alarmed. Possibly Walter had been killed and some impostor was making Ramsay a synonym for scholastic brilliancy. Or—there might be a girl! Girls did sometimes affect young men in just this way. The suspicion that a girl might be responsible for this miraculous change in Walter was almost worse than if he had been reported in the infirmary with scarlet fever.

A scrap of a note from Walter saying that he wouldn't be able to spend the Christmas holidays at home owing to the pressure of college work caused Archibald to leave Indianapolis in haste for New Haven. Walter might be insane. Only a serious mental impairment could account for his singular conduct.

With his feet set firmly in the ancient groves of academe Archibald discovered that Walter was hard to find, but finally he crept up on him in the college library, behind a barricade of books with forbidding titles. Walter looked pale; or it might only have been the effect of his horn spectacles, which were a new adornment. Walter contemplated his parent rather absently; he was terribly busy, he said. However, he roused himself sufficiently to ask the bewildered Archibald to dinner. As they ate Archibald suggested going to a show, but Walter begged to be excused, courteously but firmly announcing that he had no end of work to do and couldn't waste the evening.

Roused to the necessity of giving Walter a jar, Archibald declared tersely that he needed him in the business and wanted him to chuck college and go home. Walter was not jarred. He only smiled wanly in the manner of one who has heard a poor

Nicholson Work

Walter



Illustrations by W. D. Stevens

joke. His abstraction was maddening. All he volunteered in the course of the interview was an apology for his poor showing in his first years at college and the expression of a modest resolve to do better. He vouchsafed casually that he had found some courses in English which he thought fascinating.

Archibald groaned, as if a sudden and unpredicted rise in temperature had set the hens to laying and caused a tumble in eggs with the warehouses full. Archibald wanted to roar and bluster and order Walter to pack his traps, but he lacked the courage. He knew men as he knew eggs and something told him that Walter wouldn't budge.

ON THE way back to New York he met one of Walter's fellow students, a home-town boy, from whom he extracted a little light as to the cause of Walter's singular conduct. It appeared that some time earlier Walter had attended a lecture given by a visiting Irish litterateur. He attended it by mistake. It was a case of the right building but the wrong night. He thought he was attending a lecture by a comic strip artist of national reputation and that it would be amusing. However, being a good sport, he had lingered and listened and the Irish poet's words had deeply impressed him. It had occurred to him that there might be more to this literary stuff than he had imagined. In a manner of speaking, he had "gone bug-house" on the ethnological and philological puzzles suggested by the learned savant. Walter hadn't been the same chap since, his friend said; and laughed heartily.

Archibald J. Ramsay didn't laugh. It was not matter for mirth that a son of his should thus have been diverted from the contemplation of butter, eggs and poultry into the romantic past of Celtic literature. By the time he reached the Indianapolis Union Station Archibald had done a great deal of intensive thinking. Walter was undoubtedly in great danger, but with diplomatic handling the boy might be saved. Walter's mother was highly elated at Archibald's report of his visit to New Haven. She let it be known through the Indianapolis newspapers that Walter had gone in for the literary life and was destined to shine with an effulgence that would make even as sputtering tapers the fame of Eggleston, Riley, Charles Major, Lew Wallace, Beveridge, Tarkington and the rest of the Hoosier Group.

Archibald shuddered at this publicity as calculated to injure his business standing. He began taking Turkish baths and doing setting-up exercises, realizing that he must husband his strength if he would deal with Walter with the requisite vigor when the strategic moment arrived. Walter's indifference to money had been only a passing phase of his malady. The bills that he now began forwarding for payment began to appal Archibald—bills for books imported from Dublin, Paris, Berlin, London, Leipzig and other points that contributed nothing to the Ramsay warehouses. Archibald didn't know the meaning of the names of the works Walter was accumulating. Crazy stuff. Nothing so idiotic could last. Archibald was cheered by the recollection that at the age of ten Walter had briefly concerned himself with the collecting of postage-stamps and a little later had shown a passion for assembling butterflies, but he had recovered, as a normal youngster should, from these idiosyncrasies. The craze for the Celts would pass. He would let the boy run.

In due course Walter Pitt Ramsay was graduated. He had so concentrated upon literature to the neglect of other branches of learning that he barely got by. But he did receive an instrument of writing from old Eli that he was a bachelor of arts, and Mr. and Mrs. Archibald J. Ramsay were there to see and applaud.

"You've done splendidly, Walter," said Archibald. "Your mother and I are mighty proud of you. But you look tired and we want you to take a run over Europe before you come home to settle down. Take your time, boy, and see all the bright lights. Then when you come back we'll start you into the business. After you've spent a year learning the ropes I'll give you a bunch of stock and make you vice-president. I want to ease up pretty soon and it's a big comfort that I've got you coming on to take my burdens on your young shoulders."

Archibald beamed his happiness at having a successor ready to relieve him of the cares of business. Walter smiled indulgently.

"Thank you ever so much, father," he remarked, taking the proffered check for five thousand dollars and slipping it into his pocket with a preoccupied air that apparently had become habitual. "I was going to ask you to stake me for a trip. I want to do a walking tour of Ireland to study the folk-lore. I've got a line on some odd corners that haven't been investigated and I ought to be able to dig up some great stuff."

"What did you say, Walter?" inquired Archibald, cupping his ear in the manner of a deaf person.

"Why, this is quite bully, father!" Walter answered with enthusiasm. "I want to get close to the lowly people in Ireland—see them in their cottages, talk to the old folks about the fairy lore and that sort of thing. A trip of this sort won't cost much. I can spend some of the money on a lot of books I need to build up my Celtic library. In the course of time I hope to have the best collection in America."

"But you understand the business is waiting for you!" Archibald roared. "When you get back—you understand—the business—the business——"

"Oh, yes; of course, the business——" Walter assented dreamily.

The uncertainty as to whether Walter really had agreed to take up business on his return tortured Archibald all summer.

WALTER reached home the first of September, thoroughly tanned and looking fit after his tramp through Irish byways. He proceeded at once to unpack the loot he had shipped home, which filled all the available space in the garage. Walter called his parents to inspect the stuff and delivered a lecture of some length on its nature and significance. He had acquired a queer contrivance which he declared to be an ancient Irish harp—stringless, but nevertheless an authentic relic of the old days when bards roved Ireland. Archibald was not impressed by the tuneless harp, and he strongly suspected that the credulous Walter had been imposed upon. Certain fragments of stone which had been transported across the Atlantic struck Archibald as a rather more ridiculous investment than the harp.

"Looks as if you'd been robbing the graveyards!" he remarked with an effort at gaiety. "You don't mean to say you paid money for those rocks."

"I paid a hundred pounds for that one piece!" Walter replied proudly. "It was a lucky pick-up at that. It would make 'em sick at the British Museum if they knew I got away with it. I'm not sure yet I've got the right translation of the inscription—it's quite difficult, you know; I've got so much material—that box is full of note-books—it may take a couple of years to work it all up for publication."

Archibald shuddered, but Walter, unaware of his father's agitation, drew his fingers over some queer marks on one of the stone slabs and abstractedly made a note on the back of an envelop.

"The best of all, mother, were the fairies," he announced cheerfully. "Just hearing people talk about fairies intimately—as if fairies were the commonest thing in the world—is thrilling!"

"Fairies?" Archibald ejaculated hopefully. "Pretty girls, you mean? I've heard that the Irish girls are the prettiest in the world!"

Mrs. Ramsay cut in on Walter's attempt to explain the nature of the leprechawn faith, fearing that Archibald might suffer a stroke if Walter were allowed to reveal, as he seemed likely to, his own acceptance of the visibility of fairies. She was as sympathetic with his ambitions as she dared be, and with a federated club-woman's resourcefulness she tried privately to console Archibald with the suggestion that their son was only passing through a phase and would ultimately snap out of it.



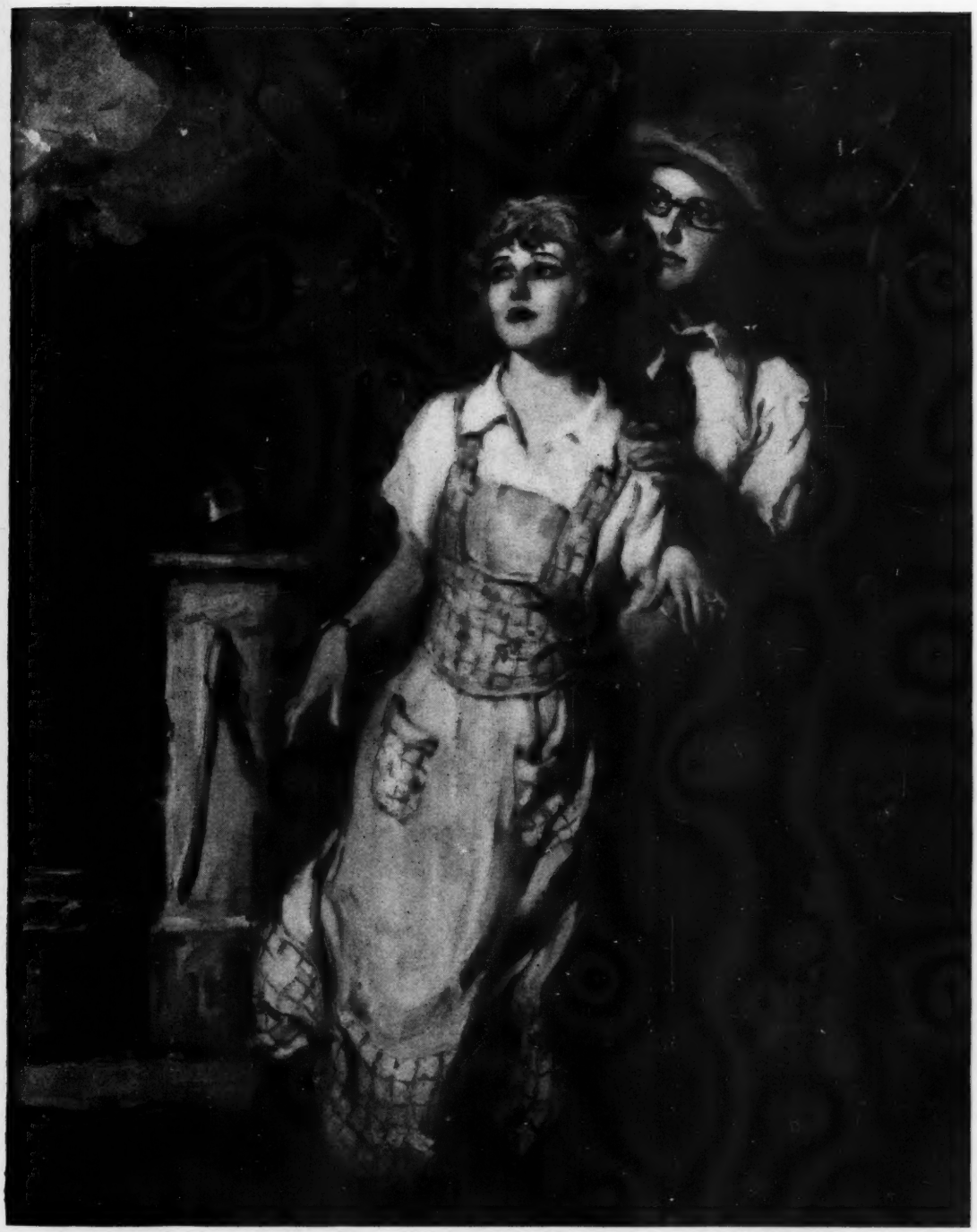
¶ *"My priceless treasure!" gasped the*

"Phase!" exploded Archibald. "He's gone plumb nutty, that's what's phasing him! He's in a fog! I can't even talk to him! He doesn't recognize my voice! Him—*my* son—the boy I'd counted on amounting to something!—fooling his time away on fairies and stones out of Irish cemeteries!"

"Yes, Archibald, but we must try to be fair," said Mrs. Ramsay conciliatingly. "We'd certainly be proud if our boy *did* write a book that would give him a place among the world's great thinkers!"

"The world's great idiots!" Archibald bellowed. "Look here, Laura, you don't for a minute think there's a dozen people in the world who'd be fools enough to buy a book about Irish ghosts and witches and things like that!"

"What if there aren't!" Mrs. Ramsay retorted. "You've made all the money we need. Let the boy go ahead with his work. We ought to be grateful, Archibald, that he's not dissolute



Colonel, badly singed as to whiskers. "Pump water on him, Neptune!" Virginia said calmly to Walter.

like so many young men nowadays, but has a fine serious purpose in life."

"Bah!" Archibald snarled. "Why can't he be sensible? Why does it have to be *my* boy that's gone wrong in his bean? Fairies! I'd rather he'd run away with a chorus girl! If I could get him down to the office for an hour I could talk him out of it, but when I tell him I'd like to see him on business he looks at me as if he were in a trance. I've a good notion to lock him up and have a brain specialist look him over."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Archibald! We ought to be glad he's sound and well and strong and has these beautiful ideals."

"Ideals—rot!" Archibald snorted. "Everybody'll be laughing at me for having a boy I can't handle and who won't step into the job I've been getting ready for him for twenty years. The next thing we know he'll be marrying some girl who's got these same fool notions about fairies and harps. Then we'll have two of 'em and they'll have idiots for children. I tell you, Laura, it's humiliating!"

"I think," Mrs. Ramsay began thoughtfully, "it would be nice to give a party—a big dance so that Walter can meet the young people. He's been away so long that he's lost touch with the boys and girls he grew up with. Of course we want him to marry, and if he's to give his life to literature, just the right girl can do a lot for him."

"Go ahead and throw your party, Laura. Make a big reception of it. Spend all the money you like and be sure to get all the pretty girls in town to come. I'll give you a list of bankers and other important men to ask. If the boy can once see who the men are who amount to something in this town he may change his tune about chasing Irish fairies. Thank the Lord for one thing! He seems content to stay at (*Continued on page 156*)

There Are *Too Many* Beautiful *Women*

Painting by **Harrison Fisher**



A Challenge *to* Modern Women
from the Most Fearless Thinker *of the* Time

By H. G. Wells

THE modern young woman must realize that though she can be violently attractive to a man, she is only spasmodically attractive, and that on the whole her need for him is greater than his need for her. The fatal delusion that a woman can be the crown of a man's life, his incentive to action, his inspiration, has to be cleaned out of her mind.

Women may have been an incentive to action for certain types of men, but that is a different statement. The desire for woman has indeed driven men to robberies, piracies, gambling, insurrections, conquests, gripping possessiveness, waylaying and forestalling. Woman has been able to make a price and obliged men to find it—and so brought herself under the obligations of a purchased article. But no man has ever done any great creative thing, painted splendidly, organized an industry, set a land in order, invented machines, built lovely buildings, primarily for the sake of a woman.

These things can only be done well and fully for their own sakes; they arise from that sublimated egotism we call self-realization. Some women have prevented and thwarted the self-realization of men, and others have protected and aided men, but from first to last they have been accessory.

Man is and will remain incurably egotist. Even when he devotes himself wholly to the science of the species, it is that he seeks to realize his individual difference to the full in order to add it to the undying experience of his kind.

Even religion has exaggerated rather than suppressed the egotist by its horrible lure of egoistic immortality. The devotee, prostrate with adoration, wants to make his service exceptional and distinctive. "Lord," he prays, "remember *me*."

It is the fundamental falsity of the romantic tradition that man should subordinate himself to the egotism of a woman. Let her not dream of it. It lures her on to the development of an enhanced exaggerated ego, pitifully painted, scented and adorned for worship. In that she sinks her actual personal ty and only perceives the cheat when she finds the slave become owner and bully, imprisoning his mistress in the jealousy that is his instinctive unpremeditated revenge for the unnatural subordination that has been imposed upon him.

On the whole women are not so highly individualized nor so strongly egotistical as men. The romantic tradition suggests that they are more so. The first lesson the modern young woman has to learn is to reject that suggestion and accept the facts.

The greater part of the life of a modern woman—and it is astonishing now to see how far down these influences have extended—is the sedulous pursuit of an enforced and superposed individuality. In that pursuit goes all the vigor that might have enabled her to develop her more essential qualities.

Her hair, her skin, her figure, her behavior, her emotions, must be, in the same way, tortured to "distinction." Her very scent must be distinctive; her entry into a room must have "style"; she must wrap strange and striking effects of color and texture round her mediocrity. Failing any inner radiance, she must secure the limelight.

The manufacture of individuality for woman is a vast industry; in Paris, in New York, in London, it is dominant; it is perhaps the most skilful and wonderful industry in our world. Men and women of fine intelligence exert their utmost gifts to produce "creations"; those must be sold in secret and with passionate asseverations that they are exclusive, to the happy, rich, ordinary women who are lifted by such efforts for a few days or a few weeks out of the undistinguished chorus of female minds and bodies to which naturally they belong. A title, some historical pearls, a few anecdotes can be added with advantage.

Then with a certain enterprise, and a setting and a retinue, titled attentions perhaps, and the press and the press photographers, the goddess is built up. And you take it home with you out of the clamor, and you take its marvelous clothes off it and you wash off what you can of its grease and paint and powder, and you find a poor little human body of no remarkable quality and a mind and a character of no quality at all.

The flower of the romantic tradition has been the fine lady, who disappears, who becomes already a little ghostly and incredible. Its practical outcome has been that curious code of claims and behavior by which multitudes of women are living today, in dear, lucid, logical, impatient, shallow-minded France particularly, and the code is embodied in the phrase "*La Femme.*" By it men and women cease altogether to be fellow creatures.

The first convention in the cult *La Femme* is that every woman, except such women as are to be altogether swept aside as *stupides* and *laides*, is delightful, desirable, exceptional and rare. The second is that, without her, life is intolerable to a man, that she is his comprehensive objective, that all he is and does, is for her sake—her sake or her rival's.

That is the one thorn in the paradise of *La Femme*—the other woman. The man appears in her life seeking, seeking, sometimes rather blindly and requiring assistance, but always seeking his end, his completion. After suitable inquiries and an exchange of references between the parents, she allows herself to love. She "gives" herself.

The male, faint with gratitude and amazement, becomes her slave. Her life-work is over; the rest is harvest. In return for this stupendous, this almost unheard-of beneficence, she is entitled to dress, leisure, amusements, servants and an establishment considerably above her or her husband's station. The male is rewarded or admonished by repetitions or refusals of the supreme gift.

IT IS impossible to believe that this pervasion of the contemporary world by sexual romanticism is anything but a passing phase in the huge social readjustments now in progress. It is like a summer cloudburst that leaves the crops flat for three or four days and scarcely hurts them. There is no substantial support for these new attitudes; the thrust of economic necessity is against them.

The harsh truth is that there is now an overproduction of willing beauties and heroines; the market is more than glutted. Every prosperous man, every successful adventurer finds there are charming cultivated, unscrupulous young women alert for him at every turn.

A lot of us have our returned cowboy phases, no doubt, times when the easy dollars fly, but most of us are much too busy and preoccupied to give these delightful creatures the full attention they expect and demand. The comparatively successful ones who get a hold on a man, go off presently with dresses and furniture and precarious settlements. A few struggle to an unstable and mortified married state. Many never get anything at all but passing attentions and hang on until the revealing dresses reveal beauty no longer but defeat.

Our fiction is still romantic and no one has yet written the true story of lovely women among modern rich men. They do better with the heirs, perhaps, which is one reason why most of us are prepared to put great restrictions upon inheritance. We prefer the survival of our business to the seduction of our sons.

The winding-up of this phase of overcompetition among heroines lies with women themselves. The warnings of the disillusioned had already started off to overtake the romantic novel twenty-five years ago. The pursuit continues.

It was inevitable that to begin with women should awake to a sense that they had been cheated and rail against the men for cheats. But men are not to blame for the comparative rarity of moving-picture hero types. It was in the nature of things that these generations of women should be led to expect too much and receive so little.

The flow of romance still runs high and strong, but gradually the less agreeable truths about men and women will invade the consciousness of the young girl in time to save her from the current disappointment. She will be brought back to the fact that her equivalent man is neither a god nor a cheat but a human being very like herself, and that for all practical purposes there are neither gods nor villains after the fashion of the romancers.



¶ *"What do you mean by having somebody else's passport?" asked Barbara. Peter flushed. "These people are all very stupid. I took the risk."*

By *Sir Philip Gibbs*

The House *of* His Heart

Illustrations by Corinne Dillon



"*It's too good to be true!*" *gasped Barbara.*

IT SEEMED incredible to a girl who had been typing business letters in a London office and living in a bed-sitting-room somewhere off the Brompton Road—the address doesn't matter—that she should be sitting in the Paris express to Genoa with six hand-bags and an Italian husband on her way to his castle in Italy.

He wasn't much of a husband in actual size, being exactly five-feet-four in his socks, but very nicely made in miniature, and it wasn't much of a castle, he said, being abominably old, and not enormously large, and very much in need of repair after eight hundred years of wear and tear; but, judging from a set of photographs which he generally kept in his pocket, it was perched on the top of a high rock looking down upon wild and lovely country—far more picturesque than the view from the bed-sitting-room somewhere off the Brompton Road.

Anyhow, it was all incredible, delightful, astoundingly amusing to Barbara Haddaway, daughter of my old friend Colonel Haddaway, who, after going through the Great War without a scratch, was killed by a taxicab in Piccadilly Circus, leaving Barbara to face a hard world alone, with nothing but her pluck, and a few odds and ends.

Barbara's pluck, and an admirable sense of humor, carried her through pretty well, after weeping her eyes out for this dead father. She learned typewriting, took a job in a city office, and established herself in the bed-sitting-room off the Brompton Road, which she made quite attractive by repapering it with her own hands, putting up some of her father's sporting prints, and furnishing with some of the things left over from the sale of their rooms in Knightsbridge.

I took tea with her there sometimes, with some other young friends who were art students and girls of good family like herself, now in millinery shops or dancing-schools—the effect of war on English social life; and it was after one of those tea-parties, when I lingered after the others for a private chat, that she told me the startling news about her engagement to an Italian lover.

"He's not much of a man," she said, with a sudden light of laughter in her eyes. "He's so tiny that you mightn't see him if he happened to be here, but he's tremendous as a lover!"

As an old friend of her father's, I demanded explanations. Who was he? What did she know about him? Could he afford to keep her? Was he a gentleman? How had she come to meet him?

It appeared from her candid account that she had met him in a cheap restaurant in Sloane Square, where it was her habit to take her evening meal, to save cooking and the mess of washing-up in her own bed-sitting-room. He was an artist—though he didn't sell many of his pictures—and he had first attracted her attention by drawing her secretly on the back of an envelop. Of course she had noticed it at once and thought it rather impudent, except that he looked amusing and intelligent. Quite good-looking—like a miniature Mussolini, with a boyish, clean-shaven face, when he happened to have shaved, very dark, bright eyes and rather humorous lips.

They had first got into conversation with each other one evening when the restaurant was full, and when they had had to share the same table. Being poverty-stricken at the end of the week, she had ordered the cheapest thing on the menu—most filling at the price—and it happened to be *macaroni à l'Italien*. It was not a joke against him. She hadn't even guessed he was Italian. She had an idea he was an Irishman. But when she was eating the stuff with a knife and fork, chopping it up into small bits, he suddenly gave a little groan.

"Is there anything the matter?" she asked, rather alarmed.

He apologized and said there was a great deal the matter. As an Italian he couldn't bear to see her eating macaroni like that—with a knife. She ought to curl it round her fork and then pop it quickly into her beautiful mouth before it had time to wriggle.

AFTER that they had become friends. They sat together rather frequently in the cheap little restaurant. They discussed art, literature, music, life, and he knew a lot about all of them. He showed her some of his sketches and caricatures—some of them were accepted by English newspapers now and then—and they were wonderfully good. He was devoted to music and knew every Italian opera by heart, and sometimes hummed little bits to her over the table in the restaurant with great enthusiasm. They went to the theater together occasionally, standing in the queues outside the pit doors, when he continued to discuss art and music and life very humorously, just to pass the time. Often he talked about Italy, and its blue skies, and its snow-covered peaks, and its hilltop towns, and its singing, laughter-loving peasants, and its olive groves and orange-trees, until she just longed to go there, especially when it was raining in the Brompton Road and when there was a fog outside her bed-sitting-room.

Once she said to him, "Why do you stay in England—this filthy old London—when you might be basking under your own blue skies?"

His answer was unsatisfactory, she thought. He said something about liberty—and his love of Shakespeare.

That bit about Shakespeare was one of his jokes. As far as liberty was concerned, it seemed to be a fetish with him. He had

an unaccountable dislike of Mussolini and his Fascists, and said he had no use for dictators, benevolent or otherwise, believing in free speech and civil law, such as they had in England.

One evening, in the cheap restaurant in Sloane Square, he had shown her the photographs of an old castle on the top of a high rock, above a deep gorge, with a winding mule path going down and down through olive groves and rocky terraces to the Mediterranean. It was a little old castle with battlements and round towers and loopholes through which the archers used to shoot their crossbows at enemies who tried to storm this stronghold in medieval times.

"What a funny old place!" she exclaimed. "Like a fairy-tale castle."

He told her that it was his own particular fairy-tale. He had lived there as a boy and often went back to it in his dreams.

"Any bathrooms?" she asked.

He admitted that bathrooms had not occurred to its original builders or to subsequent occupiers—his ancestors and family. But he thought that bathrooms were vastly overrated especially by the Americans with their sanitary school of civilization. What was wrong with a wooden tub filled every morning by a brown-eyed peasant woman—his old nurse Lucia—who made the sign of the cross over it?

Barbara agreed that it was good enough.

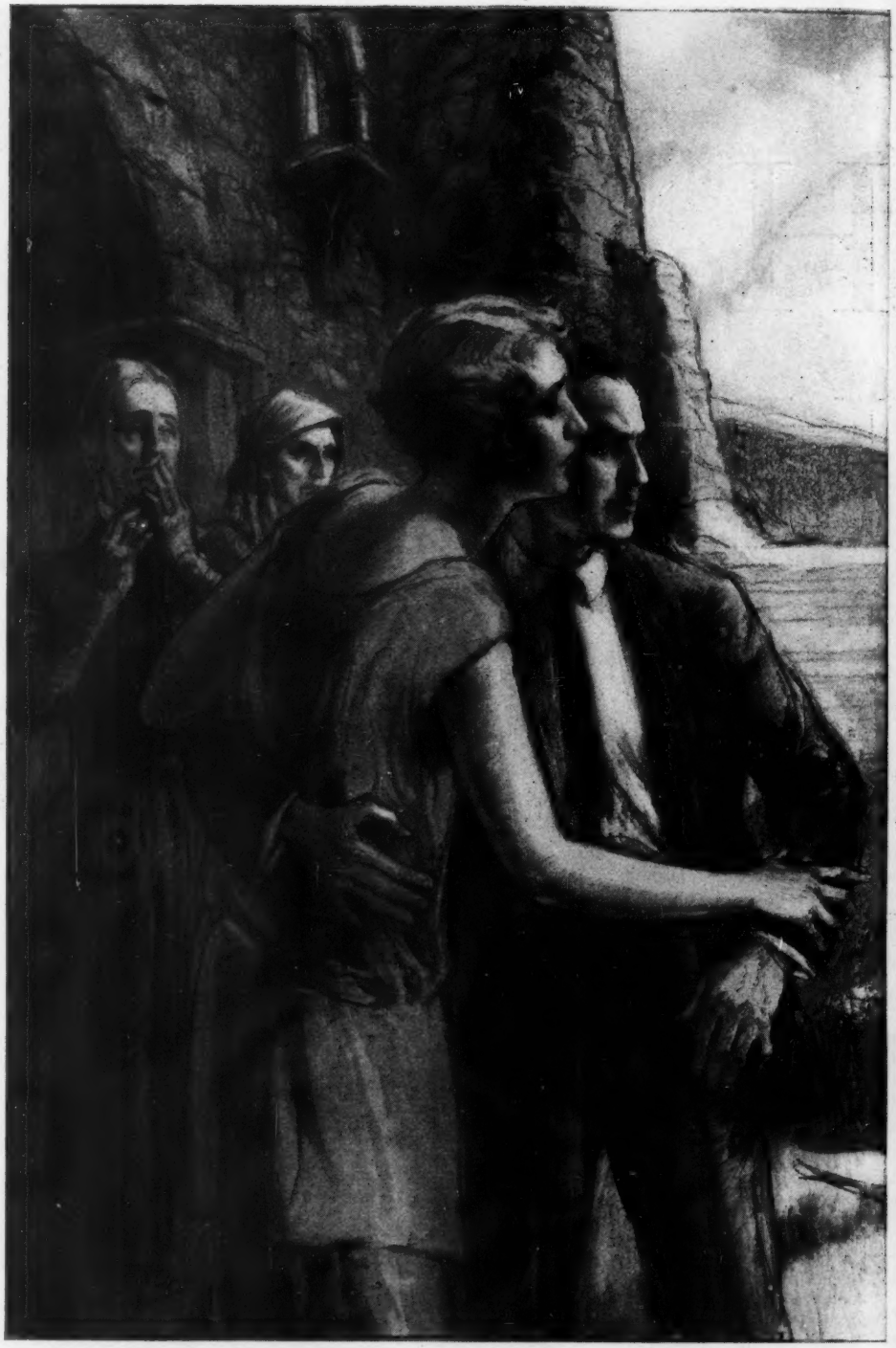
"What's the name of your dream castle?" she asked, and he told her it was called *il Castello del Drago*—the Castle of the Dragon; and then he spoke a sentence in Italian, which he translated for her.

"*La casa vecchia di mio cuore.* The old house of my heart," he said.

After that he sighed deeply, and looked away across the cheap little restaurant, and seemed to stare right through the smutty window-panes with their dirty curtains to that old place perched on a high rock with the blue sky over its turrets. It was a long time—quite a minute—before his spirit came back to London, with a fog in the street outside and the motor busses grinding across Sloane Square.

"One day," said Barbara, "you must take me to that house of dreams. I'd like to see it."

She was rather amused, and somewhat alarmed, by the sudden flame that leaped into his eyes.

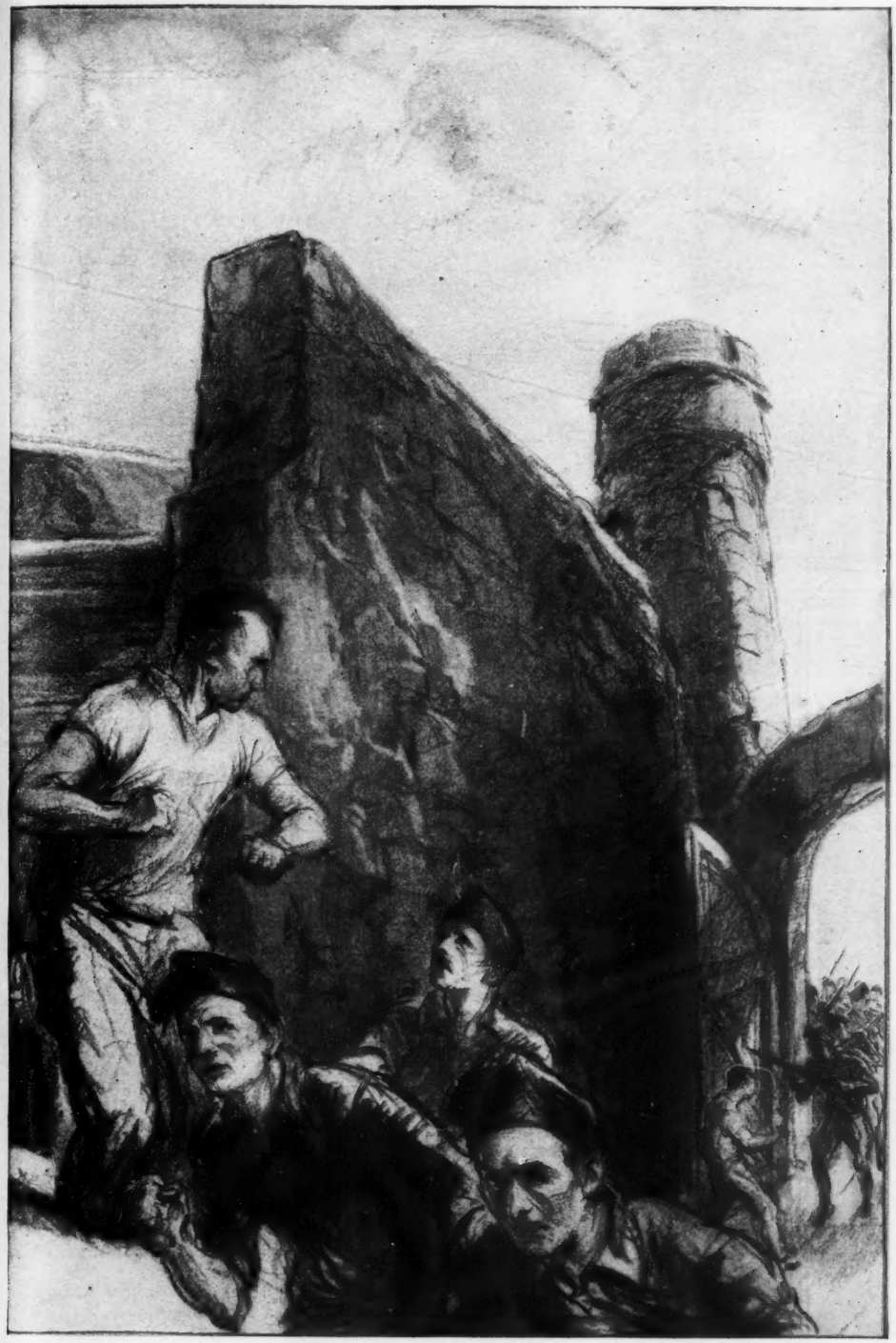


Surely it was all unreal, thought Barbara . . . "I had better give myself

"It would be like paradise to have you there!" he cried. "We would stand hand in hand on the old wall by the little round tower where one gets the best view of the sea a thousand feet below. And every morning the peasants would come and bring you flowers which grow on the rocks. And I would sing old songs to you which were made by one of my ancestors for an Italian princess who was very beautiful, but not nearly as beautiful as you would be with the sun of Italy playing in your hair."

"Hadn't you better eat that liver and bacon?" she asked.

It was after that—a week or two afterwards, when they sat late in the restaurant, so that the waiters kept flicking the crumbs off the table as a hint to them to go—that Barbara Haddaway agreed to marry her pocket Italian, whose name, she told me, was Count Pietro Caffarelli. At least, she agreed that if he stopped kissing her hands before the waiters and uttering



up," said Peter. "I haven't a dog's chance." Three minutes later they tore him from her.

flamboyant sentiments about love, she might be kind to him and wear the ring—a queer but rather adorable ring of six little pearls set in twisted gold—which he tried to put on the third finger of her left hand. It was a very old ring which had belonged to the Italian princess—Cecilia Sforza—for whom his ancestor had written so many love lyrics before she agreed to marry him and became the mother of thirteen children.

"Good heavens!" cried Barbara. "I hope history isn't going to be repeated as much as all that!"

She was somewhat alarmed by this statistical reminiscence, but he insisted upon kissing the tips of her fingers again while the waiter added up the bill and grinned behind the menu.

That evening, after dinner, they walked arm in arm up the Thames Embankment, as London lovers often do, because it is rather dark there, and lonely when all the office people have gone home, and beautiful when the stars are reflected in the dark old river, and when the great hotels are like kings' palaces with many windows and lighted casements, and even the advertisement of a Scotsman drinking whisky, flashing out above a black wharf, does not quite destroy the romance of the night. Only on that night they were closed in by a thin cold fog, so that they seemed quite alone in the world with only a few ghosts passing them.

But somehow, said Barbara, they didn't feel cold and the fog seemed to veil everything with some enchantment, and she was rather glad of it, because nobody could see them when Count Pietro Caffarelli, whom she called Peter, held her tight under Cleopatra's Needle, and stood on tiptoe to kiss her throat and eyes and lips. His love for her was very Italian and amused her a great deal. Even the fog wouldn't restrain him from breaking out into song with his rich, musical voice, which was much too big for such a little man. He sang, he said, because his happiness was so great that he must sing or die.

It was a perfectly ridiculous scene on the Thames Embankment, and rather scandalizing to a policeman, who said: "Move on there, can't you! You'd do much better in a tea-shop where it's nice and warm!"

Count Pietro, whom she called Peter, and sometimes Hop-o'-my-Thumb because of his small size in manhood, was anxious to be married the following Monday at the Italian church in Hatton Garden. But she kept him waiting three weeks more, while she had some clothes made by one of her young friends in a millinery shop. And during that three weeks she had her first quarrel with her future husband. It wasn't quite a quarrel, because she always laughed at him and couldn't possibly be angry with such an ardent and boyish lover. But it was a strong difference of opinion. It was also rather mysterious. It was all about the question as to where they would spend their honeymoon.

Peter said: "We'll have a wonderful time in Paris! I will row you on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. We'll eat rose-tinted ices in the Pavillon-Bleu at St. Cloud. Paris is adorable in May."

Barbara stared at him in amazement, she told me.

"Italy is adorable in May," she answered, though she had never been to Italy. "There is only one (*Continued on page 185*)

By George ADE



¶ *A bobsled party in Indiana in the good old days when life was one grand sweet song.*



¶ *George Ade—from a tintype taken in Kentland, Indiana, about 1870.*

The Dark *Ages*

I AM glad that I got a glimpse of the homeland as it was when Grant eliminated Greeley, and Tilden probably defeated Hayes—although I didn't think so at the time—and the world was so panicky that nothing was worth anything, and the bloody shirt waved from every flagpole, and expensive architecture relapsed into barbarism during the days of mansard roofs, and political arguments consisted entirely of epithets, while literature was a correct imitation of corn-meal mush and art was a chromo in a gilt frame.

It is something to remember seeing large, hard, golden ears of corn being shoveled into the sheet-iron stove as fuel because it wasn't worth hauling to the elevator. For purposes of comparison and by way of becoming reconciled to jazz, one is fortunate to be permitted to re-vision the period when "Molly Darling" and "Lorena," executed on the melodeon, were the ultimate in music. Even while I am denouncing the invasion of dark-blue sex dramas I am rejoicing that never again will I be compelled to sit through performances of "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room."

"We can almost epitomize the 'seventies by recalling that in 1872 the Palmer House in Chicago used silver dollars as ornamental centerpieces in the mosaic flooring of the barber shop and in 1878 the prize exhibit at the Interstate Exposition on the Lake Front was "Iolanthe, the Sleeping Beauty" done in butter. Also, "The Black Crook" as performed at Niblo's Garden was supposed to be wicked because the elephantine ladies of the chorus wore tights. Any chorus nymph wearing tights nowadays is considered a prude.

What happened to a tousle-hair between the ages of four and fourteen in a sequestered village of the corn belt is probably of small interest to a busy world here in 1926, but an inventory of what life had to offer fifty years ago may arouse many a reminiscent chuckle among the more mature specimens and excite the unbounded contempt of juvenile moderns.

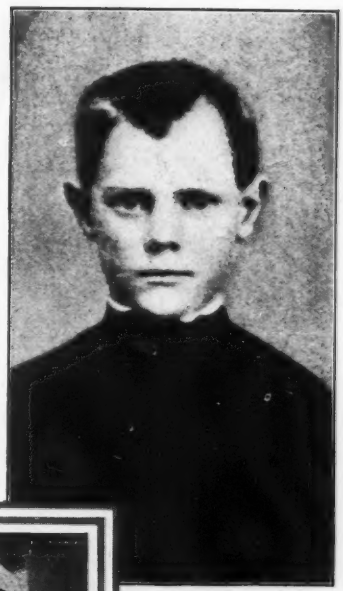
It surely would be educational if we could organize a tour and take the recent generations on a slumming expedition to the sloppy and soggy 'seventies.

They would bump over soft iron rails in a short-waisted day coach behind a staggering locomotive of squat build and flaring smoke-stack, and pull up at a wooden platform commanding a view of a streak of mud known as Main Street.

My surest recollection of the 'seventies in northwestern Indiana is that for weeks and months we were held prisoners by the mud. We might as well have been surrounded by blank prison walls. The soil out our way is from one foot to two feet deep—a dead-black layer of shoe-polish on a subsoil of yellow clay. Before the days of systematic drainage and when the fogies persisted that we never could have hard-surface roads because the mud-holes were bottomless and road-building materials were so far away that transportation charges would be prohibitive—in those water-logged and swampy days, a moderate rainfall would convert the whole landscape into a gummy desolation of library paste colored with ink. The roads would be just about impassable except to horsemen who could thread their ways along turfy roadsides or by paths which had not yet been mired down to a sticky mass.



¶ *Meredith Nicholson's first attempt to look like an author.*



¶ *Albert J. Beveridge many years before he met John Kern.*





¶ Above: *The Ellis Drake Cornet Band, which enlivened existence in Kentland from 1876 to 1890.*

¶ Below: *Booth Tarkington about the time he wrote his first novel.*

After a mushy road froze solid it was a small topographical duplicate of the Rocky Mountains.

Our only respites came in the summer, when each dirt highway dried out and worked down to a couple of dusty tracks and also in the winter when a blanket of snow covered the rutty surface and the heavy runners succeeded in opening a right of way.

We were kept at home because we lived on an island which was crisscrossed by wooden sidewalks and entirely surrounded by mud or water or, during a few happy weeks each year, acres and acres of glistening ice bordered with fine white snow.

Anyone now touring through our favored region of straightaway macadam roads, trim and taut as ribbons, and huge rectangular fields of corn and oats and wheat and hay, will find it hard to believe that formerly we were so amphibious, web-footed and absolutely stuck in the mud. The open ditches and the tunnel-like mains, the laterals and sub-laterals, reaching out to every dip and swale, have so "dreaned" the whole district that we old-timers can no longer agree upon the boundaries of those miniature Lake Michigans over which we used to skim with "comforters" flying and the west wind urging us along. We had plenty of time for skating and hunting rabbits because small-town life, as we put up with it, would have been pretty much of a vacuum to any pampered youngster of today.

It is simply appalling to list what we didn't have. A few years ago I attended at Earl's Court a reproduction of the old streets of London, as they were in the days of Mr. Shakespeare's Globe Theater and during the liberal reign of Good Queen Bess. The only outdoor illumination was provided by pine-knots which sputtered in open-work braziers at an occasional street corner. These flickering spots in the night gloom simply intensified the outer blackness and reminded one that for countless centuries the whole human race had been cooped up by darkness between sundown and dawn. No wonder the population clustered in front of fireplaces and indulged in wassail!

Well, in 1870 we were still carrying lanterns and the kerosene street-lamps in their glass cages put up a feeble battle against the pall which enveloped us whenever the moon failed to operate. I received twenty-five cents a month from the town marshal for lighting up, each evening at dusk, a lonesome coal-oil burner one block east of our house. I had to climb a ladder and struggle with slow-burning brimstone matches in order to touch off the charred wick and eventually flood a few square feet with modified gloom.

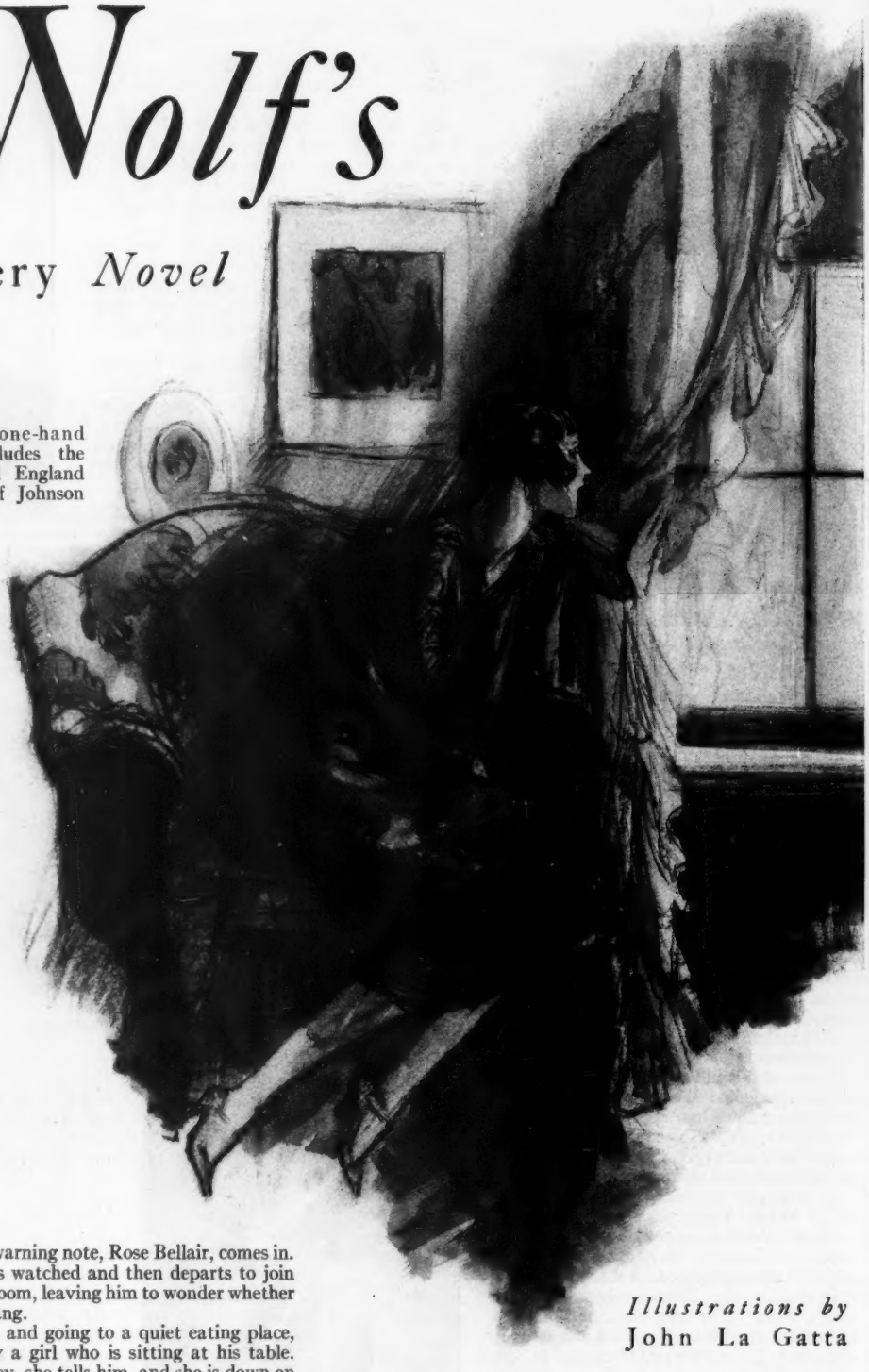
We were begirt by mud all day and immersed in murky darkness by night, and we had no radios, talking-machines, movies, basket-ball games, telephones, saxophone players, nut sundaes or palatial loafing places around Court House Square, but we went along cheerfully, just the same, because we never had heard about the things we were missing. There were hickory-nuts to crack, corn to pop and taffy to pull, a Christmas tree every Christmas, once in a while an oyster supper at McCullough's Hall, a couple of theatrical "troupes" every winter, an average of one circus per summer, the traveling medicine show, possibly the thrill and tingle derived from a panoramic lecture on the Holy Land, revival services at the M. E. church and at least one prisoner in the calaboose all of the time. Was existence drab or the hours empty? No, indeed! Life was one grand, sweet song.

We heard the rumble of outside events and devoured important news which trickled to us from the busy places of the world which we had read about but never seen.

And, of course, we took our politics in huge and bitter doses. The cemeteries were full of dead soldiers and most of the male adults moving (*Continued on page 118*)

Wolf's

A Mystery *Novel*



Illustrations by John La Gatta

The Story So Far:

BERRY BALINE, lone-hand crook, successfully eludes the police of France and England by assuming the identity of Johnson Craigie, a man who has been killed in a motor accident. He determines to live straight thereafter, and boards a steamer for the United States. On board ship a sailor furtively slips him a package containing a priceless necklace, and realizing that Craigie must also have been a crook, a go-between taking the necklace to his gang in America, he determines to outwit the gang and return the necklace to its rightful owner.

In New York, he slips through the customs inspection with the necklace in his pocket, escapes the members of the gang, buys new clothing, and as Wilbert Clarke, registers at the Hotel Winser. At dinner, he sees a girl who is, he feels, the only girl he could ever love. But at that moment a waiter brings him a note scrawled on a menu by the girl warning him that he has been recognized as Baline and is in grave danger.

He at once goes to his room. Hearing voices inside, he enters a room across the hall, and while he is in hiding, the girl of the warning note, Rose Bellair, comes in. She whispers that the hotel is watched and then departs to join the men who were in his own room, leaving him to wonder whether she too is a member of the gang.

Escaping from the Winser, and going to a quiet eating place, Baline's interest is roused by a girl who is sitting at his table. Her name is Minnie Humphrey, she tells him, and she is down on her luck. Baline lends her money enough to get to her home in Boston and she leaves for the station. Then he telephones his room at the Winser. Rose answers the call and warns him to keep away, but a man's voice interrupts, telling him to come to the hotel at once or Rose will suffer. Before going there, however, Baline meets Minnie at the station and entrusts the necklace to her, instructing her to go to the Bennings Hotel, where she is to register as Mrs. Peter Parker and await a call from him.

At the Winser, he finds Rose held prisoner by the gang, and the Chief demands the return of the necklace as the price of her safety and Baline's. Baline goes to the Bennings, but when he inquires for Mrs. Parker he finds that Minnie has not registered. Desperate at the thought of Rose's danger, he telephones the Chief and is given twelve hours in which to recover the necklace. Next morning Baline reads in the paper that a Mrs. Peter Parker has been injured in a taxicab accident. He finds her in a hospital, takes the necklace and starts for the Winser in a taxicab.

On the way he sees two members of the gang following him in another cab. Boldly playing a hunch, he tosses the necklace into the lap of a man in a passing limousine, whom he recognizes as ex-Senator Parsons. The gangsters enter the taxi and when they cannot find the necklace they telephone the Chief. Baline again obtains an extension of time and the Chief's promise to call off his men.

Baline goes at once to Parsons's office, where he learns that the necklace belongs to Parsons himself and that a large reward has been offered for the recovery. Then Parsons shows Baline a picture of Rose.

"Do you know her?" Baline gasps.

Clothing

By Arthur Somers Roche



Down in Washington Square lounged Vanelli. He would know where Candish was hidden. "If you could get him alone somewhere—" Minnie suggested to me.

"Know her? I love her—I adore her," Parsons tells him; "but what father really knows his daughter?"

BENEATH old Parsons's shaggy brows were a pair of the hardest, keenest, *seeing-est* eyes that ever glanced at a poker hand. Surprise nor excitement could ever make that grand old bird read his lines incorrectly. And yet the things that Berry Baline did in the ten seconds following the Senator's statement that Rose was his daughter comprised much that the Senator never saw.

For I tossed life itself out the study window! I picked up the rosy fragments of a shattered dream and crushed them into dust! I shut off, as the operator stops the motion-picture projector, the sweet vision that had been unfolding itself before my eyes, a vision which held Rose and myself, apple orchards, rural vistas . . .

Berry Baline was a thief. But Berry Baline had been born a gentleman, and he had the will to cease thievery and walk that honest road which his forefathers had decently trod. He had it in him to renounce the devious ways of the criminal and proceed in rectitude to the end.

But could I alone! With her, the woman of my hidden hope, beside me, the thorny road would have been rose-petaled; barriers that had been erected by a murky past would have been torn away by a sunny present. Life would have loomed long before my ardent eyes.

Well, the fool dreams, but he must awake. I was awake now. Rose Bellair was Rose Parsons, and Berry Baline was a thief.

"So, Baline," Parsons's voice boomed, "Candish is my meat. That clear?"

"Oh, why talk like a ham actor in a thriller, Senator?" I said. "So long as someone gets him, what matter who? Besides, your daughter's safety is more important than anything else."

"I hadn't forgotten that, Baline. I just was—a little crazy for the moment. Maybe not merely for the moment; perhaps it just cropped out so you could see it. There never was a Parsons that didn't belie his name—or hers. That fool girl of mine, God love her . . . Baline, I rang the bull's-eye a minute ago, eh?"

"Listen, Senator," I advised him. "Only a yellow dog bites at someone that can't bite back, and you're not yellow."

"Meaning, I take it, that any little ideas you had have been tossed overboard?" he inquired.

"Exactly," I said. "When I didn't know who or what she was—and didn't care—I may have thought that maybe she, sometime—well, it's good comedy, Senator. The ex-crook sees the lady and thinks that story-books are true. Only don't laugh, Senator."

"Listen, son," he said, and his sonorous voice was gentle, "I wouldn't have said anything, only—guessing who the girl was, I wanted to know just how far you'd go."

"To Hell," I said

"I knew it. And a white man doesn't laugh because another white man loves his daughter, Baline. He only says, 'Don't tell her.'"

"I'd be likely to," I jeered. "A girl like that—well, we've killed enough time discussing matters that didn't need talk. What is your daughter doing with Candish?"

I'd told him everything of Rose's desperate plight; she was his daughter, and I needed no affidavit to know that he was dying inside of him. But he grinned pridefully because his daughter was a chip of the old block.

"Baline, there's only one thing on God's green earth wrong with that girl—she's too husky to spank. I've been afraid of her all my life. Not—don't think it for a minute—that she isn't



I thrust Minnie into the trees. So confident was Spaghet that I would try to

honey itself to her stupid old daddy, but—she's got all I ever had in the way of nerve, and in addition she's the winsomest, wheedlingest little daughter-of-a-gun that ever told a parent where to head in.

"Me, I never exactly *ducked* trouble; it could always find me if it looked hard. But with this girl of mine, trouble can't get a hide-out to lie low in. She wants to *do*. Get me? Dances like Pavlowa but thinks a man that's a real good dancer oughta be hung at dawn. Quiet, demure existence, waiting for Mr. Right to come along? Not for that flame-spouting girl of mine. The man that marries her will have to hog-tie her first. Lord knows, I crashed every social gate in the world for that girl, and she just naturally don't care. See? Wants to *do* something.

"Well, she came to me a couple of months ago, kissed me once, pulled my whiskers two or three times, sat on my knee, and I told her that I'd hold out a grub-stake for myself, but she could have the rest. She laughed, called me a darling old dunderhead and said she wanted a *job*. She wanted to be a reporter on the Sentinel, and didn't want any pull because she was the boss's only child.

"I told her that there wasn't a newspaper man in America half worth his salt who wouldn't recognize her at once, but she said that if she blew in casually, simply dressed—well, I told the city editor that a girl named Rose Bellair, daughter of an old pal, wanted a job, and he was to give it to her if she came in and asked for it.



outrun him, that it had not occurred to him I would try to outfight him also.

"Next thing I knew, a month later, the editor told me that she was the best girl reporter he'd ever known. Had that natural flair for news that's so rare. Wrote pretty well, too; in fact, darned well. I began to have visions of best seller novels, plays maybe, poems written by my girl. I ought to have known better; she was in that city office for excitement and not another darned thing.

"For I get a note from her a week ago saying that I needn't worry if she doesn't show up home for a while. Says she's going to give the Sentinel the biggest 'beat' it ever had.

"Well, I hotfoot it to the office and casually ask the city editor how the Bellair girl is coming along. Great, until a day or so ago, he told me. It seems that then she came to him and said that she wanted to be dropped from the regular assignment list for a while. Had a great lead that may develop into something big in the way of news. Won't tell him what it is, and, of course, he tells her that she can't stay on the pay-roll if she runs off on wild goose chases. She comes back by saying that this lead is so good she'll bet her job on it. She'll take the chance of getting her place on the paper back, and—that's the end of her. Until you blow in here an hour ago."

"But how on earth," I objected, "could a girl like that, your daughter, get in touch with a man like Candish?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Don't ask me. Only, I never knew the girl licked in her life; what she wants she goes after and—gets. How she did it is over my head, but what difference does that make? She succeeded, and—well, he's got her. It's our move, but—what's the move?"

"For me to take the necklace, give it to Candish, bring her away——" I began.

"But you can't deliver the necklace for twenty-four hours, you said," he interrupted.

"Does that mean you're afraid to trust me with it?" I demanded.

"Try to be no more of an ass than nature intended," he cried. "Of course I trust you. Your story is straight. And you came here prepared to shoot your way out for the sake of my girl. Don't you ever talk trust to me again, Baline. You stand with me like aces back to back in a stud game. But we have to think sensibly. The obvious thing isn't so good, perhaps. What's the phone number? Candish's? Ring him up—on the off chance that he may be there."

I got the number, Butterfield 707071, and a voice told me that Mr. Candish could not be reached today. I had barely hung up when Parsons seized another receiver—a special telephone, I gathered—and was instantly connected with the city editor of the Sentinel.

"Find out the location of Butterfield 707071," he ordered.

Newspapers, of course, have sources of information that are sometimes denied even the police. It took less than three minutes for the Senator to ascertain that the telephone was situated in a Third Avenue cigar store.

I rose instantly, but the Senator waved me back to my chair.

"Why spill all the beans at the same time?" he whispered. Aloud, he said to the city editor, "Send Lennard right up to my house. Tell him to break speed records.

"Good boy, Lennard," he told me. "Best reporter in New York, and I guess that means in the world. He can look up that cigar store and not arouse any suspicions. Whereas, if you show up there, they know that you're not meekly waiting around to deliver the necklace as per orders, but are maybe hunting a little mix-up. Say, Baline, tell me more about yourself. How'd you start this boob stuff of being crooked?"

But I had come to his house neither to give advice nor to receive it, neither to confess my past nor to make promises about my future. I put him off with a question about himself, and kept him on the subject of his early career until Lennard arrived. And, interesting as the old Senator was, I hailed Lennard's arrival with gratitude.

A clean-cut, alert youth, this reporter, half a dozen years younger than myself and extremely good-looking.

"What you hear here, you hear in confidence, Lennard," was Parsons' greeting.

The young man nodded; no protestations, nothing like that. I liked him. His blue eyes were honest as well as alert, and he wore the indefinable manner of the gentleman.

"Lennard, this is Berry Baline. You've heard of him?"

Lennard held out his hand. "Glad that for once the newspapers were wrong, and a good man still lives," he laughed.

"Yes, I reckon Baline was good," said the Senator. "Well, that's all behind him now, Lennard. Baline, tell him your story, will you?"

I COULD see no particular benefit to be derived from taking another man into my confidence, but—it was Rose's father who requested it. I obeyed him, with an uneasy feeling that soon the door would open, that I would walk through it—forever. I felt usefulness dropping from me as leaves fall from a tree as the apples ripen. Whatever fruit I might be, I had been plucked, tasted . . . I felt a sudden anger toward Lennard, that ripened into something like hatred at his expression when Rose Bellair's name was mentioned.

Instinctive jealousy possessed me. That flash in his eyes denoted more than recognition—it argued an acute interest in the girl reporter; possibly even more than that.

And why not? "Simple" clothes, as the Senator had put it, could not diminish the charm and beauty that were Rose's. This handsome young chap, seeing her every day for weeks . . . And he was honest, embarked in an honorable career, a man of reputation and even slight fame already, marked with the approbation of his publisher; while I was Berry Baline, international crook, whose name stank in the nostrils of decent men and women. Was there not, in Lennard's greeting of me, a sneer? I wondered, as I began to hate.

"Your daughter?" gasped Lennard, as I finished.

"Well?" Parsons stared at him.

The reporter flushed to the roots of his blond hair, slicked back as is the fashion of the day. Jealousy had made me guess at his feeling for Rose a moment ago; ordinary acuteness made me now certain that my guess was correct. I fancied that the publisher could have made an equally correct guess, too, for I thought that he cast a side glance at me. But he forbore to challenge Lennard as he had challenged me.

That little forbearance aggravated the hurt already stinging my soul. He could ask me as to the condition of my heart because I was a notorious thief, whose feelings need not be considered. But young Lennard was an honorable gentleman, and one hesitates to hurl leading questions at a man of repute.

"It—it just seems so—well, surprising," said the reporter, in response to Parsons's monosyllable.

"Huh. When you've known my daughter longer, nothing she does will surprise you. Well, I've made the situation clear. For some reason—in pursuit of a story, we must assume—Rose has become tangled up with a gang of crooks, of whom this Candish is the leader. Upon return of the necklace—*my* necklace; rather, *her* necklace, though she doesn't know that—Candish will let her go. At least, he so promises, and Baline seems to think his promise is good, and says Rose thinks so too. But the last time Baline saw her, she was tied, hurt—oh, my sweet girl, Candish will pay! We can't get in touch with Candish." He recovered from his momentary emotion swiftly. "That means that until tomorrow Rose is his captive. But—you might, snooping around, find out something. If, without risk to Rose, we could rescue her——"

"Putting a trinket ahead of her safety, eh?" I jeered.

The publisher stared at me. "What right have you to talk this way, Baline?"

"Right? The right any man has to see that a girl isn't jeopardized by selfishness," I told him.

Parsons glared at me. "Are you insinuating that I want to rescue my girl in order to save parting with this necklace?"

"What else are you driving at?" I demanded.

His frown faded. "You're a nice lad, Berry Baline, crook or no. You're all right. But—I'm not thinking of the necklace. I'm thinking of my girl. Another day's confinement—how do I know what they're doing to her? I don't want to think about it. So—if Lennard can stumble on any clue to her whereabouts——"

I had done him an injustice. "Sorry," I said. "But—this gang——" I turned to Lennard. "Don't jeopardize her by any foolish move."

"I've been knocking around several years," he retorted.

Well, I might have known that a young fellow couldn't have gone as far as he'd gone without acquiring a certain cock-sureness. But the play had been taken away from me now. Further advice would be resented, might cause stubbornness

"I don't see what good I can do now," I said.

I must have sounded like a small boy who, feeling that he isn't wanted, desires reassurance. And like the small boy, too often, I failed to acquire the reassurance I craved.

"I don't see, either," said Parsons. "But—you've played a white man's part, Baline, and I'm not through with you. I want you to drop around—I'll phone Candish in the morning, if I don't get in touch with him sooner—give him the necklace—and Rose will want to thank you herself——"

"I'm afraid," I sneered, "that it wouldn't do for her to tell a common thief of her appreciation."

"What's biting you?" demanded the Senator. "Don't high-hat me, young man. I tell you—I'm going to give you a good job, straighten you out——"

"Oh, go to hell," I cried. I whirled around and started for the door.

"Hey, wait—what's the matter—stop him!" cried Parsons to the men at the slid-back shutters.

My own automatic slipped from my pocket into my hand. "I'd as lief shoot my way out as con my way out," I said.

The Senator was the most adept person at changing his moods I ever met. He burst into a guffaw.

"By the Lord, I believe you. There, there, Baline, just because you've reached the end of your usefulness in this little play, it doesn't mean that there aren't other ways, jobs——"

"This time, *stay* in hell," I snapped.

Patronage! How I hate it, have always hated it. The minute that someone who smelled of respectability showed up, was able to run an errand, Parsons gave me the gate. I was Berry Baline, a white man, until Lennard arrived, and then I was someone who, having shown unexpected worthiness, was to be helped to a job.

Patronized! That was what reform had done for Berry Baline. He who had walked erectly—though mayhap warily—was now to bend over that his shoulder might be the more easily patted.

OF COURSE, this was all silly and unjust and ridiculous, and I was just as aware of it then as my readers are now. But resentment, anger, disappointment, hurt pride—these are things that cannot be instantly assuaged by application of the unguent of common sense. For, you see, if we had common sense in the beginning, we'd have no pride to be hurt, we'd not be capable of disappointment or anger.

Of course, my more astute readers have already guessed the reason for this psychic whirl in which I floundered. I was jealous of young Lennard, hated anyone who would perform a service for Rose. Lennard had known her for two months; how intimate had been their association I couldn't guess, and hated to try. And now young Lennard, who'd probably never faced a gangster's gat in all his life, would be the errand boy to retrieve Rose, would reap the glory.

And then, little by little, as I visualized the smile on Rose's face as she would thank Lennard, decent sanity returned to me. She had given me a glance from her gray eyes, serene though horror menaced her. What did I care what she gave to another man—I who, while I lived, would not forget her gift to me? I had served her, at risk of my life. To serve, for no reward; that was enough.

So I told myself as I stumbled away from the Parsons mansion. The Senator had followed me to the door, renewing his proffer of aid, but I hadn't answered him.

But the rest of the Candish affair would be cleared up without my aid. That was the end of it all. But was it? The necklace would go back to the Chief. Parsons, for all his brave talk, would be weak as watered milk where his daughter was concerned. He'd promised immunity to Candish, and the Chief would possess the necklace, unless—unless Berry Baline stole it from him.

Now here was an idea worthy of Berry Baline at his top-notch best, an idea that promised as much excitement as any previous exploit. And as much danger, too. More, if one came right down to it. I almost rubbed my hands, like some old miser, gloating



¶ *"Mr. Candish?" said the picture-book old lady. "I never heard of him." My eyes saw something bulging in her apron pocket. And then came recollection . . .*

over his treasure, as I saw, in anticipation, the battle of brains—and brawn—between Candish and myself.

Of course, it was a boastful, melodramatic gesture that I planned, but—it added savor to living, and savor had slipped away since I had learned that Rose was remoter than an angel from me. Also, it was a gesture—even though anticipatory—that would enable me to endure twenty-four hours of idleness, which must elapse until I knew of Rose's release. For I had promised old Parsons that I would ring him up tomorrow and learn what had transpired.

Now suddenly, I thought of Minnie Humphrey. Worry for Rose and pity for myself had driven her completely from my mind these past few hours. Had she escaped from the Sisters' Hospital? Was she at the Welland, in Washington Square, whither I had directed her?

Hailing a taxi, I had myself driven instantly to the Welland. Mrs. Murphy—I grinned inwardly as I thought of the number of names under which I had masqueraded recently—was in her apartment. This was Mr. Murphy? Very good, sir. Yet I noticed that the clerk cast a dubious glance at my Third Avenue suit. However, he permitted me to ascend in the elevator, and a bell-boy showed me to the Murphy suite.

Minnie was curled up in a rocking-chair, looking north over the Square, as I entered. She turned swiftly to greet me.

"Berry!" she cried.

I grinned at her. Little gamin, what did she care that I was a crook, wanted by the police, tolerated by such decent folk as Parsons only because I had rendered service and promised reformation? Minnie Humphrey was glad to see me, and I felt a little yearning toward her. Why (*Continued on page 149*)

By H. C. *Witwer*

Here's



Illustrations by C. D. Mitchell

ALTHOUGH the maxims of Publius Syrus were written two thousand years ago, time has burnished rather than furnished their subtlety. One may—and should—read them today with much profit. Indeed, many of the most pungent epigrams of Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, La Rochefoucauld, Bacon, Montaigne, Hazlitt, Shakespeare and countless minor sages were "suggested," to put it charitably, by aphorisms of Syrus. Homer was by no means the only smiter of lyres who "went an' took—the same as we!"

Syrus is seldom trite, but it is one of his rare platitudes, "*Powerful indeed is the empire of habit!*" that brings instantly to my mind "Whistling Willie." Here we have an authentic artist nipped in the bud of an interesting and highly lucrative career by a ridiculous habit that he allowed to become his identifying and besetting sin.

I first met "Whistling Willie" under most bizarre circumstances. It was in my father's room at the Fitz-Charlton Hotel and William was giving a clandestine demonstration of his skill at his calling, namely, safe-cracking. But first permit me to introduce myself and the events leading up to and following my meeting with this fatally tuneful individual.

I am Arthur Justin, twenty-one, former gentleman farmer of Wales, New York, and at the time of this adventure assisting my sinfully wealthy father, Calvin Justin, to dispose of his vast real estate interests in Florida. I am afraid that as an up-and-coming, go-getting realtor I left much to be desired, a belief in which my irritated father heartily concurred. However, gentle reader, his sarcasm fell upon deaf ears. For I was desperately in love, and to me father's Gargantuan acres were so much dirt.

The object of my affection was beautiful Helene Howe, who operated the Mayfair Beauty Shoppe on upper Broadway, Manhattan. Helene and I, with her two handsome brothers, Aubrey and Jack, had just returned from Miami, leaving father there to close up his sales campaign. The gentle, refined Aubrey, ex-hairdresser in his sister's shop, and now a dancer of parts, had just closed a season in "Well, Well, Wilhelmina!" a successful musical comedy backed by my parent. Jack, a slangy, cynical husky with a deep-seated aversion to toil, resumed his vocation of vermin exterminator. With a dollar's worth of ordinary drug store insecticide, Jack would engage to annihilate all the vermin in a given apartment-house for a hundred dollars and up. His business-card might bear reproducing:

JACK HOWE, ESQ.
Vermin Exterminator
"Why Bugs Leave Home!"

Lacking the dollar for the poison, Jack was not above substituting talcum powder, as he naively confessed. It was, as he said, "A grand racket!"

Father was seriously considering my earnest plea that he finance the fair Helene's proposed opening of a chain of beauty parlors under the trade name "Mayfair." The authentic figures we had shown him convinced him of the vast profits to be made in this gigantic industry. I say gigantic advisedly, for the Department of Commerce stands back of the assertion that thirty millions of dollars a day are spent by the women of the United States for that school-girl complexion and the skin you love to touch.

Ten billion dollars a year for bobs, marcels, cosmetics, creams, powders, perfumes, lotions, beauty clays, wigs, eyebrow pluckings, manicures, scalp treatments, nose-shapers, chin-lifters, ear-pressers, face packs, hips that pass in the night or what have you? Well, it is a splendid investment! The beauty parlor more literally than the revered M. Ziegfeld "glorifies" the American Girl, and is she not the most entrancing in the world? Ask the man who owns one!

Unexpectedly, father returned to New York with his suave valet, whom he had dubbed "Miami" in deference to the font of his riches. Helene and I viewed my eccentric father's arrival with some misgivings, but the mercenaries of Broadway regarded his advent with unholy delight, for father had a violent pleasure-seeking and spending complex. Known in the intemperate zone by the undignified appellation of "Cabaret Cal," my gay progenitor was hailed as King of the Big Dairy Products Men by every night-club hostess from Times Square to Van Cortlandt Park. He was an accomplished exponent of the Charleston and an undesigning "Heavy Sugar Daddy" to various Broadway butterflies, but withal, as Helene's brother Jack put it, my sire was "Nobody's chump!"

Father's raiment was the last gasp in smartness and he lived in a gorgeous suite at the Fitz-Charlton, where he daily held Lucullian court. He also maintained several expensive automobiles and a string of blooded saddle-horses, and shortly after his return to New York he purchased a magnificent yacht that became the scene of many wild parties on the placid Hudson. He scorned golf, referring to it contemptuously as the relaxation of the aged, but he was no mean opponent on the tennis and handball courts.

My remarkable parent was a frequent patron of Helene Howe's beauty shop, not an unusual habit, as in common with other such temples of rejuvenescence, about forty percent of Helene's customers were masculine—battered pugilists who greatly desired to resemble collar ads, collar ads who wanted to keep that way, home-bred sheiks, lounge-lizards, men who do not subscribe to the dictum that gray hair is *distingué*, victims of curiosity and those who seek vicarious thrills, aging dandies, actors, what-not. The other sixty percent is comprised of elderly

A Comedy of Complexions

Howe

ladies in love with juvenile Lotharios, *passé* actresses gamely attempting a comeback, wives whose husbands have begun to cool, sales girls, stenographers, clerks, movie stars and extras, chorus girls—the whole gamut of femininity.

Though I was myself an almost daily visitor to Helene's beauty shop when I should have been peddling father's lots, it was not personal pulchritude that I sought, but the lovely Helene. Thus I was much annoyed by the attentions she was receiving from one E. Wesley Le Moyne, a sandy-haired, good-looking director of motion-pictures. When he had lingered overlong with Helene in a manicure booth one day and left with a languishing look at her and a quizzical glance at me, I sat down in the cushioned chair he had vacated and gazed at this pretty lady reproachfully.

"You once told me," I said, "that if you gave those fellows an inch they would take the yard for granted."

"But I'll have you know I've built up a nice business by letting 'em think I'm liberal-minded," she smiled, placing my fingers in the little glass bowl of tepid water. "No fooling, that Le Moyne has a great line—he slays me. For no reason whatsoever, he told me I was a find for pictures and offered me a part in his next production!"

"You're going to enter the movies?" I exclaimed in alarm.

"Be your age, Big Boy!" she laughed. "I've got the soundless drama cheated with my face-retreading plant here—much more money and ditto laughs. I told him thanks for the buggy ride, but I couldn't be annoyed. Besides"—she bent over my nails and I observed she was flushing—"besides, there was a Hollywood *if* connected with Le Moyne's proposition."

"A Hollywood *if*?" I repeated, puzzled. "If what?"

"If I told you, you'd choose Le Moyne!" Helene answered. "And I want to get Aubrey in pictures, so leave Le Moyne alone. I know how to handle that type of John—he'll get nowhere building me up!"



I was much annoyed by the attention Helene was receiving from one E. Wesley Le Moyne.

With an oblique glance at my troubled face, she added that she had a decided antipathy for blond men. As I am a pronounced brunette, I was greatly encouraged and dropped the subject and Le Moyne from my mind. After all, I could not expect Helene to be rude to her male patrons simply because I had fallen in love with her. I thought no more of the fellow at the time, blissfully unaware of the part he was to play with us in the baroque drama Fate was then staging.

When the night before had not been too strenuous, it was a practise of father's to go for a canter in Central Park at daybreak. Helene and I usually accompanied him at his wish, which amounted to a royal command with us. We were both anxious to keep in his good will in the hope that he would advance the capital for Helene's longed-for chain of beauty shops. Her stalwart brother Jack, who professed to love horses as did Richard III, came along perforce, father having retained him as a sort of combination body-guard and court jester.

One morning at dawn we four were galloping briskly along the bridle-path when a lone horseman approached us and drew rein. It was that infernal picture director Le Moyne, and he was obviously delighted at the chance meeting. As he virtually barred our path, it was impossible to ignore him and with a forced smile Helene introduced us. Father cast an admiring eye at the well-groomed Le Moyne's perfect carriage in the saddle and his sleek, spirited mount; a glance that the director was quick to turn to his advantage. Without invitation, he fell in with us, riding beside Helene and dividing his gratuitous attentions between her and father. In the rather restrained small talk that followed as we walked our horses, Le Moyne deferred his opinions to father's and generally was at pains to insinuate himself in my parent's good graces. Regardless of how arbitrary father's views and statements on a given subject might be, Le Moyne was continually in unctuous agreement.

Having noticed the sudden, inscrutable glint in this chap's eye when he was introduced to father, I was at once suspicious and irritated. Helene's cynical brother Jack appeared to share my appraisal of Le Moyne, and motioning me to fall behind the others, he inquired in a hoarse whisper:

"What d'ye make of this egg which declared himself in on our gallop?"

"I think him a bit too smooth," I answered. "What do you think of him?"

"What I think of him would get me deported!" sneered Jack. "He's one of them fifty-eight carat yes-men and tomato sauce to me! I can't use him. You better snap into it, young-feller-me-lad, or that proper scissorbill will promote your old man and make your girl friend, and I don't mean I guess so! I can't figure women out. Helene's up-towned a flock of right guys, yet she lets this ape tune in!"

"That's on Aubrey's account," I said. "Helene thinks Le Moyne may give Aubrey a chance in pictures."

"Man's your old so!" retorted Jack. "Aubrey wouldn't know what to do with the chance if he got it. And as for Le Moyne bein' a big director—well, he must of throwed his first movie this mornin' for I never heard tell of him. I think he's plenty nothin'!"

At that moment the sudden piercing wail of a fire-engine siren cut off further conversation and startled our mounts into snorting and plunging wildly. I spurred to Helene's side and had her bridle in a twinkling, just as father's big stallion reared and bolted. Le Moyne promptly seized this opportunity to further ingratiate himself and dashed to the rescue, stopping the frightened

animal in approved motion-picture style—an unnecessary *coup de théâtre*, as my lusty pater was an expert horseman.

However, father was absurdly grateful to Le Moyne and to my great annoyance insisted upon his joining us at breakfast in his suite at the Fitz-Charlton. Le Moyne accepted the invitation with alacrity and I could have sworn he recognized my hostility to him and gave me a triumphant grin. At table, father's versatile valet Miami, acting as butler, seated us on each side of the charming Helene, whose faint amusement at the situation further provoked me. Nevertheless, I retained my poise and successfully kept her in ight conversation, forcing Le Moyne to devote his comments to father. Jack, who as usual came to meals to eat and not to talk, applied himself to grapefruit, toast and eggs with speedy gusto, confining his remarks solely to gruff requests for salt, pepper, sugar, et cetera.



AT LENGTH, the inner man gorged, Helene's comely brother lighted a cigaret, sat back and quizzically examined the scene before him. He eyed Le Moyne edgewise.

"In round numbers, what's the name of the frolic you're goin' to dumfound Europe with next, Mr. Le Moyne?" he asked abruptly.

Le Moyne hesitated, carefully buttering his toast.

"Er—at present I'm between pictures."

"Ouch!" I ejaculated involuntarily and half rose from my chair, glaring across the table at Jack.

"Why, what's the matter, Arthur?" demanded Helene, staring at me curiously.

"I—I have a bad tooth," I stammered, flushing. "And I bit down on the nerve."

I did not think it necessary to say that her impish brother had kicked me violently in the shin at Le Moyne's evasive answer to his query.

"I suppose it takes a whole lot of influence to get into the movies these days, doesn't it, Mr. Le Moyne?" asked Helene.

"Well, it is becoming more difficult," he conceded, with an insufferable air of authority. "You see, my dear Miss Howe, we in executive positions are besieged with applicants almost hourly, and, alas, unlike your beautiful self, so many are hopelessly incompetent. Influence may get the candidate a hearing, but——"

"Nux vomica!" interrupted Jack rudely. "I got a buddy, Ignorant Joe Mug, which bounded over to one of them movie drums the other day with all the influence in the world. yet the casting director wouldn't give him a tumble."

"Why not?" asked Le Moyne politely.

"Wrong kind of influence," returned Jack. "Joe was under the influence of liquor!"

"Jack, be still!" reproved Helene, while father laughed uproariously. He was a splendid audience for Helene's brother.

"Speakin' of eggplants, is that name of yours Eyetalian or Eskimo?" queried Jack, ignoring his sister and returning to the attack on Le Moyne.

"My parents were French," answered the director coldly, "but I am an American."

"You can't be a American unless so's your old man!" said Jack.

"The nativity of my parents has nothing to do with it," returned Le Moyne, somewhat nettled. "I was born in the United States and that automatically makes me an American!"

"That's a pay-off!" grinned Jack. "I suppose if you'd of been born on the ocean you'd of automatically been a fish, hey?"

The usually impassive Miami coughed violently and father went off into a fresh spasm. Le Moyne returned my own guffaw with a frigid stare.

"Stop clowning, Jack!" commanded Helene. "Mr. Le Moyne will think we're a lot of small time comedians!"

"That's o. k. with me!" rejoined Jack, winking shamelessly at me. "Maybe he'll haul off and give us a job in one of them pictures he's between."

"I may send some of my company to your beauty shop, Miss Howe," said Le Moyne, with a transparent air of changing the subject. "What are your lowest terms for actors?"



¶ *Le Moyne, about to propose a toast to "Alyce," almost fell into the ocean when Aubrey confessed the deception.*

"She can't use that kind of language here!" interposed her brother.

Le Moyne surrendered and smiled saturninely with his lips, but his eyes seared Jack's grinning features.

Father then expressed a desire to visit a film studio and see a picture in the making, and Le Moyne, obviously grateful for this interruption to Jack's baiting, promised to conduct him personally around one. By the time I rose to depart with Helene, forestalling Le Moyne's intention of accompanying her, the director had won father's confidence to such an extent that he insisted upon showing Le Moyne his priceless collection of rubies. Father had a passion for the incarnadine stones and was inordinately proud of his rich accumulation, gathered from the ends of the globe. He took the lambent, glowing gems from the wall safe and explained the history of each one to the highly appreciative Le Moyne, who exclaimed over them with the enthusiasm of the connoisseur he casually averred himself to be. The avid glitter in his eyes as he weighed each sparkling jewel in his hand rivaled the brilliance of the rubies.

Unable to get a production engagement in what was then the off season, Helene's brother Aubrey composed a vaudeville act for himself—as a female impersonator. At Helene's request I went to their apartment to see him rehearse and I was struck dumb with amazement at Aubrey's positively uncanny impersonation of a woman. In voice, gestures, carriage and dress, he was a faultless personification of feminine grace and beauty. He out-Eltinged Eltinge. As he minced daintily back and forth across the room, Helene delightedly called my spellbound attention to her brother's art, but Jack regarded Aubrey in a sullen and scowling silence.

"Isn't he a panic?" inquired Helene ecstatically. "Aubrey designed all his own gowns, too!"

"Ain't that a fine break to happen to our family?" growled Jack. "The old man was a boiler-maker and if he could get a load of his youngest son in that layout, he'd leap out of his grave and crown that cake-eater with the tombstone!"

"Oh, for heaven's sakes!" exclaimed Aubrey indignantly.

"Hush your mouth, Jack!" cried Helene. "Aubrey's ambitious and that's more than you are, with your old ants and your roaches!"

"Don't get new with me!" retorted the vermin exterminator. "I'm a boon to mankind. If it wasn't for me and my ilk the nation would be up to its ears in them old ants and roaches, as you call 'em. Who drove them beetles out of the Grand Arms Apartments, hey? Who made the rats like it at the Hotel Egram? Who broke up that ring of spiders in this very trap we live in? Who——"

"Listen—we don't crave your biography!" interrupted Helene impatiently, making a mouth at him. "What we want to do now is exhibit Aubrey to Mr. Le Moyne. If he doesn't give him a contract on the spot, I hope I never tint another hair!"

"Blaah!" snorted Jack and began idly to scan a magazine, muttering sarcasms on poor Aubrey under his breath.

"Have you already spoken to Le Moyne about your brother, Helene?" I asked, to relieve a rather strained situation.

"Not yet," she answered, brightening instantly. "But I've got a wow of a scheme. I'm going to have Mr. Le Moyne meet Aubrey just the way he is now and I'll introduce him as my sister!"

"Whoops, my dear!" Jack burst out. "Are you goin' to stand for that, Aubrey?"

"W-e-ll!" Aubrey hesitated. "I—I really must get an engagement at once. My gowns cost me a perfectly fearful amount of money. And sister's idea is a good one. If I can fool Mr. Le Moyne, that will indeed be an acid test and I think my future is assured."

"What do you think, Arthur?" Helene appealed to me.

"I think your idea is splendid!" I (*Continued on page 196*)

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT



Sturdy pack-ponies carry back the trophies from the field.

Luck Hunts *With* Us

THERE are many ibex in the Tian Shan mountains, but anyone who believes that a good head is therefore easy to get makes a very real mistake. It is one thing to see them through the field-glasses, and another to get them and bring them back in triumph to camp. Stalking the big ibex is hard and tricky work.

The day after we reached the Ken River, Rahima Loon and I started out for our tenth day of fruitless search for the Karelini. It was almost dark and we had worked up into the rocky mountains before we saw anything. Then it was not Karelini but a large flock of ibex.

At first there seemed to be nothing but females, kids and young males. I counted sixty-four and there may have been more.

Suddenly Rahima Loon nudged me and whispered *"bura walla!"* (big fellow). They were lying around a large rock. There was no doubt that they were big, for the horns showed the sweeping curve that comes only with age and size.

There was no chance to stalk them. Long before we could have reached their rocky stronghold it would have been too dark to shoot. We watched until the light failed, and planned our campaign for the next day.

Early next morning we left camp. For seven long hours we toiled over ridges and like the wizards "peeped and muttered," for the ibex had shifted their ground during the night and we could not find them. It was afternoon when we finally sighted them again. The big males were lying high on the hillside with the rest of the flock spread fanwise around them. Two stalks lay open to us—one over the top of the mountain, the other up a nullah to a point where the small fry that surrounded the big animals were fewest.

We chose the latter as it was shorter, and for nearly three hours we worked our way towards them. The last half-mile was over slide-rock. Trying to walk over slide-rock without noise is like trying to cross a room in the dark without upsetting a chair. Careful as we were, an occasional rock would clatter down the slope. Before we got within range the noise alarmed the females, and the whole herd began moving away over a ridge. We made a desperate eleventh-hour attempt to cut them off but failed and rode disconsolately into camp in the dark.

By this time, however, I was reasonably sure that I knew the general habits of these particular ibex. Next day Kermit and I decided to hunt them together. We started with our *shikarries* and *jungli wallas* about five in the morning. A thick hoar frost covered the grass. It was nipping cold.

We rode up the side of a ridge that would in many circles be considered very fair mountaineering on foot, for a Kazak pony climbs as if it had a monkey in its ancestry. Just below the crest we dismounted and tied our horses. Then we got out our field-glasses and searched the mountainside. In a short time we found the flock, tiny light-brown specks on the slate-gray rock. A few minutes later we spotted our big fellows.

After a hurried discussion, we decided that the best approach was to work up the reverse slope of the shoulder on which we were, to the crest of the mountain, then to push our way through the snow until we were directly above them. Accordingly we set out for a preliminary four miles of what Kermit calls "side-hill grouging," that is, walking diagonally across the face of a slope with an angle of forty-five degrees.

After two hours' climbing we reached the snow, and through it we plowed for another mile to a point we had marked as nearest the animals. We worked cautiously over a jutting rock

and saw the big ibex below us. They were nearly three hundred yards away, and were half-concealed by the overhang of the rock around which they were lying. A hasty whispered conference ensued. We decided to go on through the snow until we were on the other side of them, and then to work down a rocky buttress to a point from which they would be about one hundred yards distant.

Fortune was with us and we got to the spot we picked without frightening the ibex. After cautiously looking them over, we prepared to shoot. At this critical moment one of our *shikarries* lost his head and ran like a wild man along the sky-line. The game saw him and were alarmed. There was no time to be lost. It was my first shot and I fired just as they were moving off. Kermit followed suit immediately. We wounded but did not stop our animals.

In a moment we caught sight of them again as they ran swiftly in single file through the rocks somewhat farther away. Again we fired in the same order. Luck perched on our shoulders, for both ibex fell and rolled head over heels down the steep slope. My animal was dead, but Kermit's, though very groggy, was up and away again. Kermit finally stopped him with a phenomenally long shot near the mountain crest.

We both started for our kills at once, Rahima and a Kazak with me, Khalil and another Kazak with Kermit. My buck had rolled some three or four hundred yards down-hill. It is surprising how far animals will roll down these steep mountainsides, sometimes with disastrous results to their horns. Several times I have nearly rolled down a mountain with an ibex while trying to skin him where he had fallen.

When we got to my ibex we found he was a fine animal with horns measuring fifty-one and a half inches. While we were skinning him we heard a rumbling roar above us. We knew instantly what it was. Without even stopping to look up, Rahima and the Kazak started running as fast as they could to a buttress of rock that jutted up a short distance away. I paused just long enough to glance in the direction of the noise and saw, silhouetted against the sky, rocks leaping like ibex. I joined the other two as quickly as I could, and from the safe shelter of the great rock we watched the avalanche churn by, taking our ibex with it. A short distance below, on less steep ground, it slowed up and stopped. We gingerly made our way down to it and were delighted to find the head of the animal uninjured. The body-skin, however, was so badly torn that it was useless to try to save it.

I had been carrying around some strychnin to poison the carcasses of such game as we might shoot in order to get specimens of the scavenger birds and animals. This seemed to me an excellent opportunity to make use of it. Next morning the boy we sent out to look at the poisoned carcass came back with an enormous vulture, a lammergeier. It measured ten and a half feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. Unfortunately the Kazak who brought it to camp had used it in part as a saddle, so that it was too much torn to be worth skinning.

Here in the Kargai Tash our caravan was a more complete, self-sustaining unit than it had been at any other time. We had a flock of sheep. They were fat-tailed sheep, with a ridiculous bustle of wool on their hindquarters which flounced around as they trotted along. It gave them an even sillier appearance than sheep usually have. On cold nights they coughed exactly like fussy old men. We had also a cow and a calf. The former was brought along to give us milk, the latter presumably to share the milk with us. We never found out who came first, but we got little milk and the calf prospered.

In recognition of our letters to the Chinese officials we had an indeterminate guard of Chinese soldiers. We used them for carrying messages. Like all troops of their type, they were always practising petty oppressions on the natives. We would hear sounds of shrill altercation in some village we were passing, and know that something was going on that should not. Then soldiers and villagers would troop out, all talking at once, to lay the case before us. It was very difficult to administer justice, for with our limited means of communication it was impossible to find out just what had happened.



Theodore Roosevelt *Suydam Cutting*

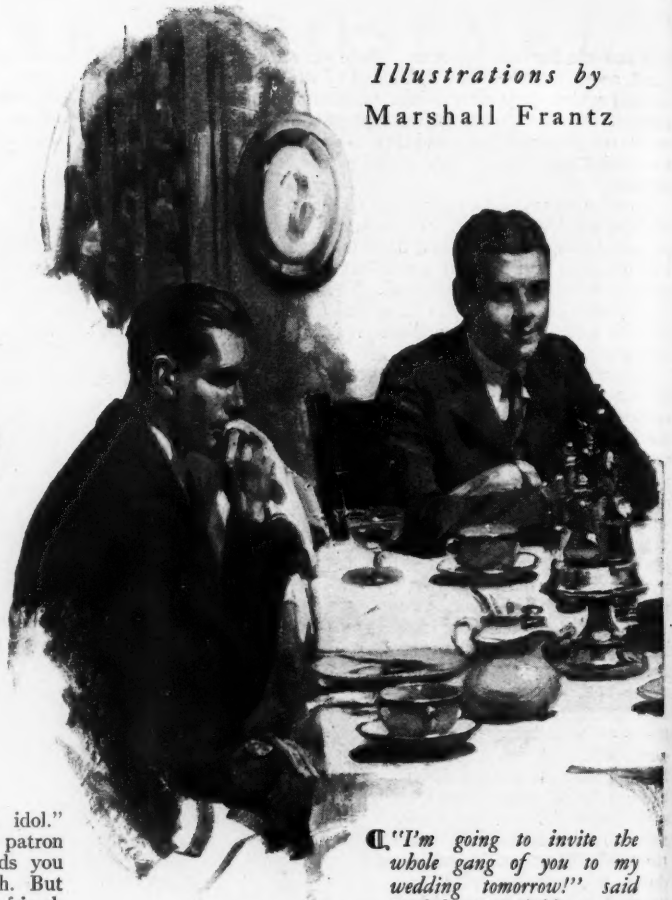
As guides we had three Kazak *jungli wallas*, headed by old Tula Bai, reputed to be eighty-six years old, but as spry as a cricket. We became genuinely fond of all three, and were really sorry to part with them when the time came for them to leave us. Our pony men came from Aksu. They were a cheerful lot who almost invariably seemed in a good temper, rain or shine, snow-covered glacier or sun-scorched plain. They were very hardy, and I often saw one or more of them stripped to the waist striding along through a snow-storm.

Last but not least came our own men whom we had brought with us from Kashmir. The best of these was Rahima Loon, our head *shikarry*. He had the dignity that is peculiar to the best type of Oriental. He was tall and slight with a black beard and hawk nose. He knew game and their habits thoroughly. He also had courage. Rarer than all these in the East, he was economical with our money. He unquestionably saved us many hundreds of rupees during the trip. He had been taken to England by one of the "*sahibs*" with whom he had hunted, and had a general knowledge of the world that far exceeded that of any of the others. He was cautious in his statements and refused to prophesy as to game. When

(*Continued on page 128*)

The God of Women

Illustrations by
Marshall Frantz



¶ *"I'm going to invite the whole gang of you to my wedding tomorrow!" said Rachel. "But, children——" her mother began blankly.*

"DAVY—he's gone! No mistake this time—I've lost him."

"Not little old Qua'non?"

"Little old Qua'non. Oh, dear, there goes our luck, after twenty years! He was here on my chain yesterday—and now he's gone!"

"Perhaps he's fallen into your trunk somewhere, Lisa."

"Oh, perhaps he has. Perhaps he has. I'd hate to lose our luck——"

The man laughed indulgently. "You superstitious Mick! You ought to be asking one of your saints to find him, instead of bewailing a little pagan idol."

"You're quite right, Davy. Saint Joseph is the patron of happy marriages, and Saint Anthony always finds you anything you lose—I'll engage the kindly services of both. But Qua'non," the woman mourned, "was our little special friend, the god of women! I've had him—how long is it? About twenty years."

David Forster came to the window to stand beside his wife, and put one arm about her waist. They looked down at the main street of a small country town together.

The hotel room in which they stood was typical, bare, clean, utterly uninteresting. It had a wide, flat bed with a comforter folded lifelessly across the foot, shiny brown furniture, limp cotton runners on tables and bureau, stiff, cheap, white lace curtains looped with white cord. It had a spittoon painted with pink roses, and a china match-stand, corrugated, and stained with brown scratches.

Jefferson Square, below the windows, was as true to type as the room. The heavy, clothy leaves on elms and maple-trees hung without life or motion in the burning heat of a June afternoon. The City Hall, obliquely opposite the hotel, had been built in the ugly era of narrow high windows in walls of red brick. Railed grim windows, a little below the chipped and dingy entrance stairway, were explained by a plain black sign, curved over the basement doorway—"Jail."

All about the drooping shrubs and grass of the square, cars were parked in even angles, between painted lines. Shabby, small cars, some with fanning women waiting patiently in back seats. On three sides the square was bounded by a disorderly jumble of shops; on the fourth was a narrow strip of park, with benches in it, above the sluggish movement of the river.

Bakeries, fruit shops wilted under awnings, cigar shops with pencils and gum displayed in shallow cheap cases and opened magazines slung on lines, groceries with pyramids of tomato cans in their windows, markets cool and bare, the telegraph office a restful note of order and emptiness in the confusion, the drug-store's screen door creaking and creaking as girls in white loitered in and out.

"Any Hat in This Window Five Dollars," said Lisa Forster, looking down at the milliner's window.

"Lisa, you can't read that!"

"No, but I know it just the same. You forget that I was born and raised in a town this size."

"Well, so was I!" the man said jealously.

"I know just how those girls in the broad basket-straw hats drifted together this afternoon," the woman went on, smiling musingly. "Helen came over to Barbara's house, and they thought they'd go see what Rita was doing. And Rita, all dressed and powdered and cool, was out in the grape arbor, and suggested that they go down to Millen's and have sodas. So there they are!"

"Millen's!" the man said, struck. "Lord, I'd forgotten the name. It was Millen's, wasn't it?"

"It was. And this one——" Lisa narrowed her eyes to read it, across the street. "This one is Ripley's," she announced. "They always have names like that—easy to say. 'Let's go down to Ripley's.' "

"And you with your ginger marshmallow special," David said, with a tender sort of reminiscent amusement in his voice.

"It was good, too."

"Yes, but that wasn't why you always took it," the man asserted.

"All right, then, why did I take it?"

"Because it was different. You wanted to be different."

The woman threw him a glance over her shoulder, smiled cryptically, pursed her lips slightly and resumed her study of the street.

"Yes, that's true," she presently conceded, with a sort of ache in her voice; "poor puzzled, struggling thing that I was, it seemed to me a relief to do things just a little differently from the other girls—the girls that were going to marry and build and settle down right there in their home town. Even in ice-cream sodas, and trifles like that."

"I remember 'issue' and 'tissue,' " David interpolated, as she paused. "You never would say 'ishoo' and 'tishoo' as the rest of us did. And your bowls——"

"Bowls!" She laughed and turned a little red. "Do you remember that collection of bowls? I used to eat everything out of bowls. Why my good mother didn't give me a box on the ear for my notions I never will know!

"Only a girl would know what agony that is," she resumed after a pause, speaking as if half to herself. "The agony of wanting to express oneself—of wanting to get out into the world, to make good, to succeed, to be somebody! The weariness and

By Kathleen Norris

A Romance of Youth, Love & Luck



impatience and discouragement of having the days come and go—everything the same, setting the same old table, wearing the same old clothes, meeting the same old tiresome neighbors! Davy, if one could *know* that it's going to come out right, that one *is* going to get somewhere—that, even although it means sailing under sealed orders for a few years, there *is* a port."

"And you've reached it!" the man reminded her. "When the local newspaper sends out a girl to interview you, like that girl who is just gone——"

"We've reached it," the woman amended.

"Oh, well——" The gray-headed man shrugged, smiled at her through his strong glasses. "Say that I am an excellent eye-surgeon, and that that is an important work in life," he reasoned. "It is the great singer in whom they are interested. What did she ask you?"

"This little newspaper girl?"

"Little! She seemed a great rangy creature to me; she looked as if she needed to be currycombed."

Lisa Forster laughed. "That's just small-town influence. Give her a few months in a city, and you wouldn't know her! She was a fine girl, young and wistful, and breathless over talking to me at all. I kept wanting to say to her: 'You're the amazing thing. You're twenty-three, and I'm forty-four. You're the enviable one, with the glorious road all ahead! I'm the one to be pitied—I've made my harbor!

"And it's a very wonderful harbor," Lisa added sensibly. "It *is* good to succeed, to be famous, to have more money than you need, and a nice boy in school, and a nice little girl at home in the nursery. It's not half as romantic or thrilling as it promises to be, but—don't misunderstand me, Davy!—I do appreciate it. These newspaper interviewers, with their everlasting questions as to what I think of the flapper, and what I think of prohibition and birth control and the latest adolescent murderer, are tiresome—this girl seemed a cut above the rest, by the way. But all that is what I wanted, and I've got it, and I don't complain. Only—only they—they have so much, and they think we have it all. They are wonderful——"

"By they——?" the man questioned as she fell silent.

"By they I mean these ambitious, wistful, small town youngsters. This very girl today."

"You liked this girl today?"

"Yes, I did. She was a natural sort of girl; you call her rangy. But it was a promising sort of gawkiness; one felt big bones, mental and spiritual bones under the awkwardness and youngness. One of those girls—I was one—who grow up slowly. She's—young. Not even the tiniest tissue-paper wrinkles about her eyes, not one gray hair for fifteen years to come! She's probably over at Ripley's now with her beau, having something with chopped nuts and cherries and whipped cream in it, thinking what a 'jay' town this is and wondering how she will ever get away from it. Do you remember how blue I was the night you gave me Qua'-non?"

"Do I remember how blue we both were?" the man altered it, at her shoulder.

"David, I shall be sick if I've lost him!"

"You haven't. You're always imagining you've lost him."

"I remember that I was absolutely down and out," Lisa resumed, in a musing tone. "Our family life was a gipsyish sort of

business, mother always dreaming of better days, dad perfectly indifferent to shabby carpets and haphazard meals. You and I had been engaged a whole year without any change in our prospects——"

"Oh, Lisa—how can you say that! I graduated from med. that summer, and you got a job singing in the First Congregational Church."

"For thirty-five dollars a month—imagine it!"

"Little dreaming that it would be thirty-five thousand from the phonograph people a few years later."

"Little dreaming that there were thirty-five thousand dollars in the world! But that night—the Qua'non night—you were going off to Germany, David, do you remember?"

"Lord! Lord! Going away for six terrible months! My mother crying into her teacup, you as white as a sheet, old Doc Porter telling me I was a fool to specialize, that there were too many young specialists in the world and too few good general practitioners."

"Davy, wasn't it terrible? That night—a hot summer night like this, when you came to my house to say good-by, and we were so young, and so poor, and so discouraged, and it all looked so dark!"

"And I picked up Qua'non in the road. I've often wondered who dropped him. Little old beggar, do you remember that from the first instant we knew he had brought us luck!"

"We said that very night that he was our mascot, and didn't I sleep every night with him under my pillow all that lonely time you were away? Even the day we were married, Davy, that next spring—what lilacs there were that year, and how adorable Sally looked in her dotted Swiss!—even on our wedding-day I slipped him inside my gown, for the 'something old.' I've always known he was thousands of years old, even before that old man in China told us so. Sally had made me blue garters for 'something blue,' my dress was new—hadn't we made our dresses ourselves?—and I borrowed Kitty Marshall's veil. 'Something old, something new,' " Lisa repeated it thoughtfully, but her eyes were far away. " 'Something borrowed and something blue!' David, what a day of spring and tears and laughter that wedding-day of ours was!" she added, suddenly.

"Would you do it over again, dear?"

She did not answer in words. Her lips brushed his ear in a light kiss as she turned her head.

"That first housekeeping in the old hospital, when I had the two rooms on the roof that always smelled of ether, was ahead of us," she mused. "And Toots, the darling."

"Lord, we haven't called him Toots for fifteen years!"

"And the hard years, Dave, when you got that infection, and I took care of all three of us, and sang in the movie house."

"Don't remember it, Lisa," the man said quickly, wincing.

"Ah, but I love to! Do you remember that I used to threaten Qua'non that he would be hung out of the window in a snowstorm if he didn't change our luck?"

"Threaten! You barbarian, once you held a lighted match to his fat bronze legs."

A guilty note in the woman's sudden, surprised laugh was good to hear.

"David, what wonderful days, working our way slowly and steadily up to the top. The time we took a chance and went back to Germany for more postgraduate work and more music lessons——"

"Sheer luck," he nodded. "I was there for all that priceless war work!"

"And coming home, and rushing West to surprise mother and dad—David, what a night that first night at home was! Our boy and our girl, your new job at Beverley, my new contracts, the hideous war over——" Her voice fell. "And Sally," she said slowly. "My little sister! Looking back it seems as if we might have known, that night, when she was so radiant over her baby and mine, so unearthly—so gay and sweet ——"

Silence. Silence.

The man looked at the slender back, silhouetted against the window, the beautiful drooped head. And he knew that she was crying.

"Lisa, she was always happy. She never knew what disillusionment and growing old meant."

"Yes, I know. But oh, David, if just once—for one of those old despised evenings, we could go back to youth!" the woman said presently, in a steadying, thickened voice. "Just once, you and I, be those same restless, ambitious—what was your word?—rangy kids again. But here's Deacon, with the car!" Lisa broke off to say suddenly in a different tone as a big closed car drew in at the curb below, and a driver in tan whip-cord began to adjus luggage and cushions inside.

"No hurry, he'll come up for the bags and settle the bill." The man smiled as he stood beside her, looking out. "Are you enjoying our runaway holiday?" he asked.

"Oh, enjoying it? It seems to me almost the nicest we ever had!" his wife answered dreamily. "I was so tired, and you were almost ready for a breakdown. Now next week, when vacations begin, we'll be all fresh and rested for the summer."

"How'd you like to be Elizabeth Morrison again, going into the drug store for a soda?"

"No, we couldn't go back, Davy," the woman said, half smiling and half sighing; "we can't be young again. Our dreaming time is over. But how much more patient, how much happier we would be if we could! Remind me to ask Deacon to hunt through the car thoroughly for dear old Qua'non," she broke off to say in sudden recollection. "And oh, look, David!" Her voice had become animated. "There's my girl, the girl who just interviewed me, coming out of the market. She telephoned mother from the office," Lisa improvised, "and mother asked her to bring home some lettuce and some tomatoes—if they looked firm and fresh! That man with her must be her beau."

"Nice-looking beau."

"Doesn't he look nice! I love those big, ugly boys, all elbows and feet. Good luck to you, children! Good luck to you!" Lisa Forster said wistfully as she descended the bare hotel stairway, and came out into the hot, wilted street, and took her place in the limousine.

The row of shops, shabby in the afternoon glare, the gum and magazines and tomatoes, the poison-ivy specific in the drug-store windows, and the cool blue and white of the telegraph office, swept away. The car passed the New Garsborough Park Manor Development, five-room bungalows with garages and wire fences and baby carriages, passed the factories with their tall chimneys, and was gone. The girl who had been eager, restless, dissatisfied Elizabeth Morrison was gone, too, and in her place was the great singer, Lisa Forster, traveling luxuriously with her famous surgeon husband, successful, rich, admired, her hazards thrown, her game well played.

And middle-aged. And middle-aged. And middle-aged.

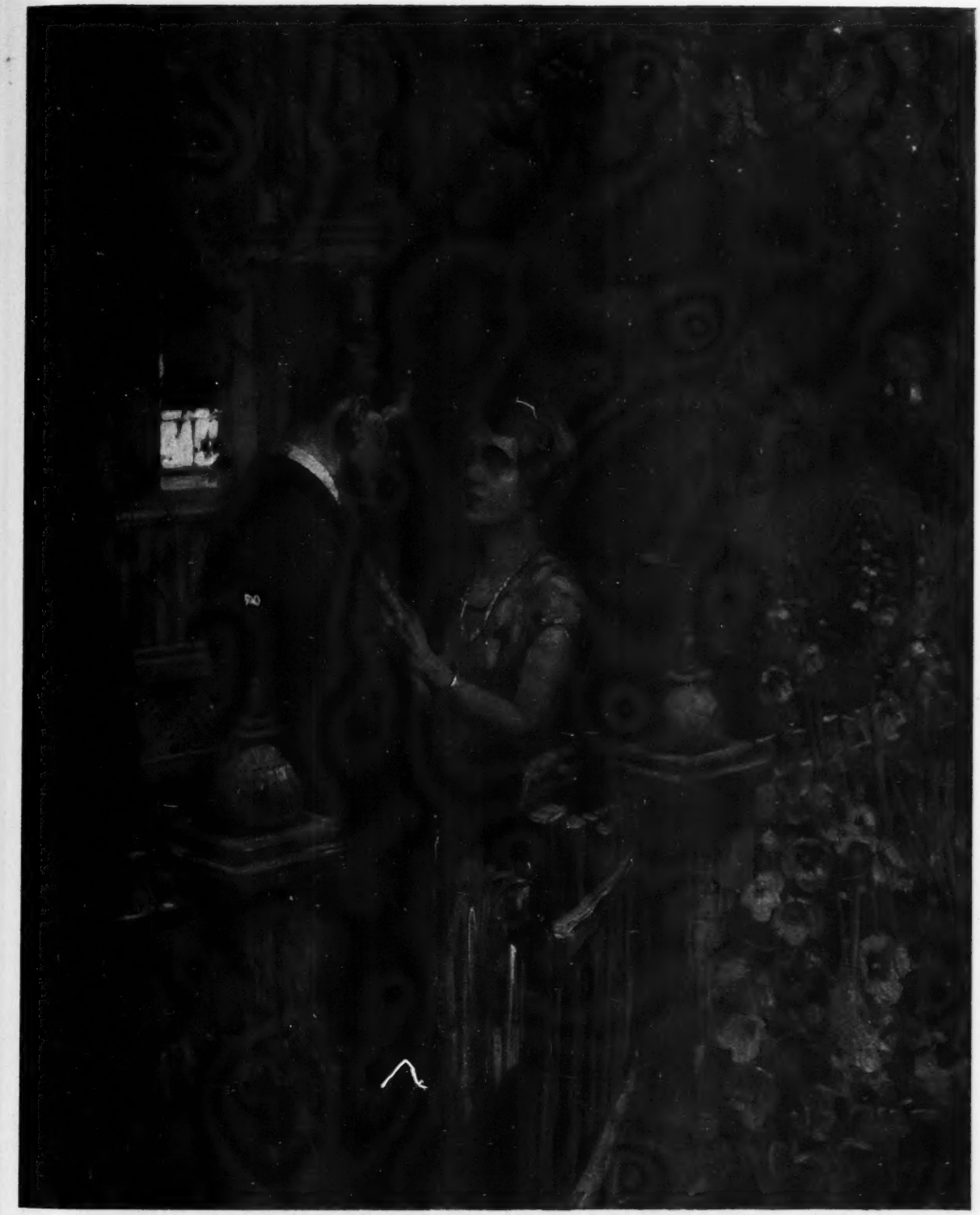
"Tonight we'll be in Syracuse, where you can have a shampoo, and we will be at a real hotel, and have a real dinner, and perhaps see a play," said David, settling himself for the nap he loved to take in the car.

Dinner, and a shampoo, and a play. Of course. The best rooms and the best seats, tipping and service and comfort. And the best thing to do now was to follow David's example and rest one's head, with the little feathers of gray beginning to soften its rich brownness, against the cushions of the seat, and doze. Lisa's thought went back to the eager, awkward, wistful girl who had interviewed her that afternoon, the "rangy" girl with the smoldering fire in her eyes. What was she doing in that hot, sweltering, commonplace little town, what would she do in the twenty years that were ahead of her?

The girl, with her paper bag of tomatoes and lettuce, had meanwhile left the main street and crossed the river by a wooden bridge, and turned down a quiet lane of shabby wooden houses, houses that looked wilted and jaded on this hot, early summer afternoon, as if they too felt the untimely, enervating warmth of the day.

The last house in the row was the Richies', an elegant, faded old mansion with its sorry history writ upon its face. It belonged to the day of shutters, balconies, bay windows, mill-work. It had a cupola, with two narrow fretted windows facing the four points of the compass. It had no garage, but there was a dusty, shabby open car standing outside of a splendid old stable, fallen into sad decay now, like the chipped and weather-beaten windmill tower beside it.

On the north side of the incredibly decrepit and neglected old garden, whose scalloped poles of fencing were tight against the unfriendly brick walls, rose the "Comfypad Mattress Mfg. Co." Fifty feet high, lighted on its third and fourth floors with innumerable high, ugly windows, and crossed, not once but five times, by the painted letters of the slogan, "Sleep deep—sleep cheap—your troubles will keep," the intrusion of the Comfypad factory upon their decent and secluded descent from affluence to beggary seemed sometimes the last drop in the Richies' bitter cup. The delicacy store at the corner they could bear, like the apartment-house, "Richie Manor," on the site where mother had once played lawn-tennis and galloped on her own pretty pony. But the Comfypad!

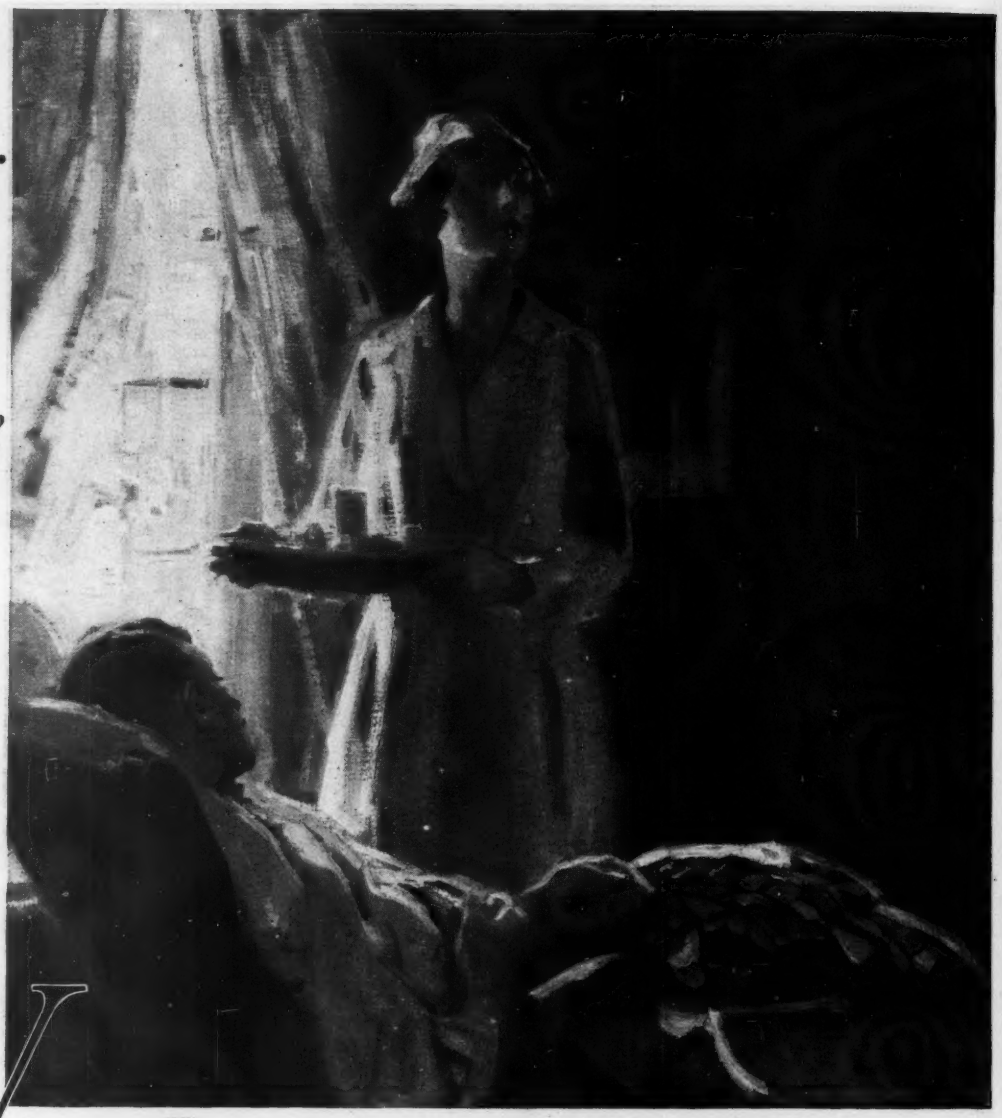


"I want the most adoring, successful husband any woman ever had," Rachel said. "You needn't worry about the adoring part!" said Chess.

That was too much. Mrs. Richie never entered her gate, with the limp widow's veil hanging on her slightly bowed shoulders, and the decent black lisle glove ready to nip a few dead marguerites or border pinks in passing, without lowering her indignant eyes from the contemplation of the outrageous burst of signs that bounded her garden on the north. Rachel Richie, even with an overdeveloped sense of humor, never could see anything funny about the Comfypad, although she did concede a reluctant and shocked laugh to her brother Joe's spirited suggestion that he tunnel an entrance for bedbugs and cockroaches into the very heart of the mattress shipping room.

Rachel, twenty-four, sick of the heat and glare and damp breathlessness of the day, coming up the path between the dead marguerites and border pinks and geraniums, eying the languidly interested fowls in their dust bath below the willows, eying the place of the missing balustrade on the side steps—it had been missing for seventeen years, but in moods like this Rachel always counted it as a fresh grievance—and (*Continued on page 120*)

By Peter B. Kyne



The Understanding

The Story So Far:

MONICA DALE and Anthony Garland fell in love with one another at first sight. She was the lookout on Bogus Mountain, in the San Dimas National Forest, and he was a forest-ranger who had given up law and taken to outdoor life on account of his health. They met first when she outwitted him, together with Sheriff Bentley and a posse, in a search for Bob Mason, escaped convict, who had taken refuge with her.

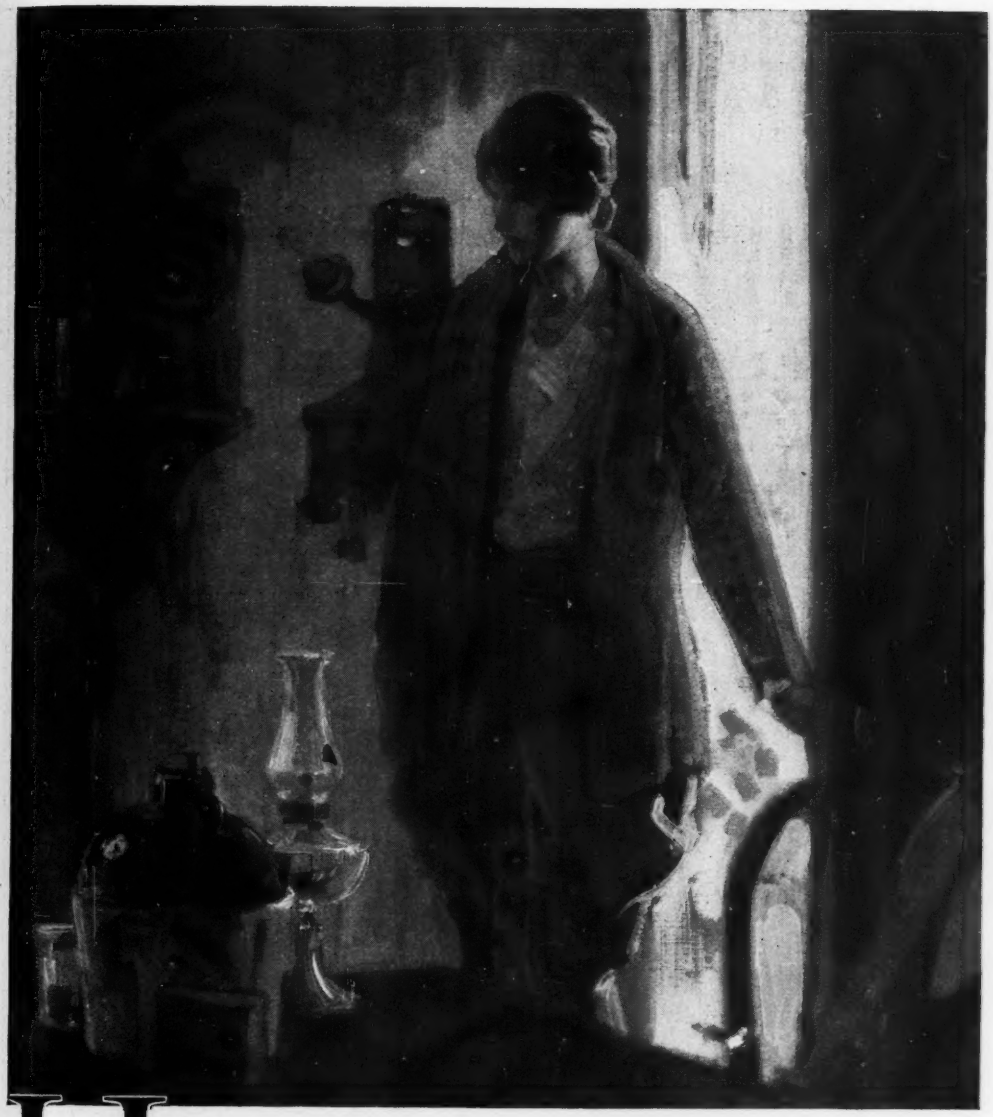
Bob Mason, as a matter of fact, had killed the superintendent of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company in self-defense and after the latter had ruined the reputation of Bob's wife Kelcey. He had been railroaded to prison largely through the efforts of the Hercules Company, who wanted a chance to buy his Honey Valley ranch cheaply. There was gold in the hills above it, they knew, and they had to have the ranch to impound the débris from these hills.

The gold-bearing land itself was supposedly the property of Uncle Charley Canfield, a lovable old local character; but actually Uncle Charley had sold it to his partner Ash Dale, Monica's father, though the deed had never been recorded, nor, after Ash's death, could it be found. Therefore when Thurlow, the new Hercules superintendent, offered Uncle Charley $150,000 for the land, Uncle Charley accepted, intending to turn the money over to Monica. Death interfered with his plan.

Just after Bob's escape from the convict road gang, there was a raging forest-fire in the San Dimas. On leaving Monica's cabin, Bob ran head on into the fire, and was witness to a tragedy when a woman, in trying to escape the flames, overturned in her automobile and was killed. Bob rescued her baby and brought it back to Monica's at the risk of his own life. Uncle Charley was at Monica's also, and later, when rain had come to put the forest-fire out, the sheriff and Tony arrived.

As a result of the excitement and strain of the fire, Uncle Charley succumbed that night. Before his death, he made a will in Monica's favor, with Tony as executor, but did not have time to sign it with his mark. He also told how Ash Dale knew that Bob's wife had thrown her lover's pistol down an old well, and thereby destroyed her husband's self-defense evidence.

Sheriff Bentley determined to find and identify this pistol and call for a new trial for Bob. His plan seemed the more certain of



Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

¶ *One glance at the telephone showed Monica that someone had used it. In the nurse's eye was a look of serene triumph.*

Heart

A Novel of the BIG TREES

success when he discovered that the baby Bob had rescued from the forest-fire was Jim Kerby's son; and Jim Kerby was the district attorney who had prosecuted Bob for murder. Kerby, in gratitude, would certainly work for a new trial, or else a pardon by the Governor. Tony was to act as Bob's attorney.

After installing a nurse at Monica's to look after Bob, who had been badly burned in the fire, Tony went to Dogwood Flats and there met Thurlow. When, in a confidential mood, Thurlow confessed he was in love with Monica himself, Tony told him of Uncle Charley's unsigned will. Thurlow took the will, forged Uncle Charley's mark, and urged Tony to file the will for probate.

Tony doubted the advisability of this illegal proceeding; but, "I like that man Thurlow," he thought sleepily the last thing that night. "He's a quick thinker."

WHEN Monica Dale arose the following morning, the San Dimas, despite the recent fire, never looked more beautiful and Bogus had never been quite so lonely. With the baby and Anthony Garland gone, and with a trained nurse at hand to care for Bob Mason, Monica's life automatically returned to its old allegiance—the safeguarding of the San Dimas National Forest. Yet even that was a perfunctory duty, a habit for the nonce, for with the telephone-line out of order she would not have been able to report a fire had she seen one. With the line out of order she felt, too, more isolated than she had ever been. Even the presence of the nurse accentuated more than alleviated this condition.

Monica was not accustomed to the society of women. She had known few women and those few, all older women, had plagued her with much advice and unwarranted and quite frank queries regarding her private affairs, particularly those believed or suspected to be of a sentimental nature. As she had grown to womanhood and the stress and strain of her surroundings had forced her to accept life from a masculine rather than a feminine view-point, a breach had gradually developed between her and the mountain-women of her acquaintance. Ash Dale and Uncle Charley had put upon her the imprint of their peculiar personalities—a high courage, a high sense of honor, a certain aloofness, a certain confidence in her own strength and ability, a transcendent optimism. She never asked questions. Rather, she listened and looked!

When the nurse, mystified at having been met by the county sheriff and brought out to Tantrum, then met by a forest-ranger and brought up to Bogus, discovered she had a silent, burned man to care for, the situation became too acute for her feminine curiosity. Who was her patient? she asked herself. Why was the sheriff of the county interested in him to the extent that he had paid her two weeks' salary in advance and promised to come out and pay her two more weeks' in advance, provided the exigencies of the case required that she remain that long? Why did he not remove the patient to a hospital? He had told her the patient's name was Mason Lee, yet she had heard him call the man Bob. Who was he? Who had brought him up to this lonely lookout station after he had been burned? Was he the husband of this lovely, grave mountain-girl? She looked at Monica's left hand and saw no wedding-ring. To whom, then, did the baby belong?

Her woman's intuition warned the nurse that tragedy overlay this lonely outpost, but with the tact that comes of training and long experience she forebore asking questions—wherefore Monica knew she was thinking, that she was suspicious. And when Sheriff Bentley departed with the baby, the tension was very great indeed. The nurse followed the departing sheriff down to the gate and asked him bluntly what was what.

"You're paid well to nurse that man," Bentley replied shortly. "All this mysterious business is *my* business. Suppose you let it go at that. And whatever you do, don't ask Miss Dale any questions. If she feels like telling you things, she'll tell them. If she doesn't you'll wish you hadn't asked her. Good afternoon, ma'am!"

But women seldom heed a man's warning. This may be due to a number of causes, but principally, perhaps, to their contempt for the intelligence of the stronger sex. No woman depreciates her own intelligence to the point where she believes the handling of any situation, however delicate, is beyond her control, and Mrs. King was no exception to this rule. She had waited patiently to be taken into Monica Dale's confidence and now she would wait no longer. The instant she returned to the cabin she said to Monica:

"I will be frank with you, Miss Dale. This case presents unusual aspects. Who is my patient?"

"Would he get well any quicker if I told you?" Monica asked.

"No, but then, one wonders——"

"Yes, one does. But it isn't a fatal affliction, I hope, although there is a legend to the effect that curiosity once killed a cat. Do you expect me to tell you the relation of your patient and that baby to me?"

The nurse evaded the question. "The sheriff's interest—the mystery of it all——" she began.

"Well, you asked Sheriff Bentley about it, didn't you?"

"Yes." The nurse was outmaneuvered and red of face.

"He answered you, did he not?"

"Yes, of course."

"But his answer wasn't satisfactory, so you have come to me. Mrs. King, if Sheriff Bentley or I believed it would help Bob Mason to get well by satisfying your curiosity about him, we would tell you. We do not regard that as part of your professional business."

"The sheriff told me his name was Mason Lee." Quick as lightning the other woman struck, and glowed with an inner satisfaction when Monica's face told her the blow had landed. And then, in one revealing moment, she knew. "I read about a Robert Lee Mason, an escaped convict, in a newspaper I purchased on the train coming up. The paper stated that he was cornered in the San Dimas National Forest and his capture was momentarily expected."

"Well?" said Monica steadily.

"He is a murderer, and the sheriff, who is probably an old friend and neighbor, is secretly aiding him. In all probability he doesn't want to recapture him. He has been making a magnificent gesture!"

"Get along with the end of the story," Monica begged patiently. "What do you intend doing about this extraordinary situation?"

"I think it is my duty to report it to the proper authorities."

"I agree with you. Well, Mrs. King, when your services are no longer required here you will be quite free to make your dutiful report."

"And, in the interim, this murderer will be in condition to continue his flight from justice."

"His friends all hope so."

"I'm sorry, but I cannot seem to be a party to this conspiracy, Miss Dale. I shall have to resign this case."

"You will leave Bogus when I grant you permission and not a second before. Do you understand me, Mrs. King? I'm the law on Bogus and I'd advise you to obey the law."

The nurse paled. "How dare you?" she demanded quaveringly.

"Because I'm strong enough to manhandle you if you betray me. Now, you stay put. Hear me? I do not like catty women. Do your job and ask no more questions. If you attempt to leave Bogus I'll ride after you and drag you back at the end of a riata." She smiled her grave, kindly smile. "Now that we thoroughly understand each other, let's be friendly and nice."

"I think you're a bad girl, Miss Dale!"

"There is no longer any novelty for me in that thought. I'm not a bad girl, and that knowledge so satisfies me that I must decline to defend myself. Frankly, you're talking through your hat. Be quiet. A doctor wouldn't betray his patient. He would remember his oath of Hippocrates to refrain from gossiping about whatever of a private nature he stumbled upon in the course of his duty."

The nurse, rebuked, flushed and was silent.

"That telephone will be connected in a day or two," Monica reminded her. "When it rings, under no circumstances are you to answer it."

"But if I do?"

"I'll wear out a quirt on you, Mrs. King."

A look of fear and repugnance—hatred, almost—convinced Monica that her bluff had worked. She walked over to the radio and tuned in.

During the week that followed all was serene on Bogus. The day following that memorable interview the telephone was repaired and Forest Service Headquarters called Monica to test out the line and get a report; in the late afternoon Tony Garland called up. Building materials had been sent up and he was busy erecting a new station farther out in the middle of Tantrum Meadows—out of future spark range as he described it. Of course he had lost all of his books and personal possessions, but as these were few and not very valuable he was not disposed to be unduly depressed at his loss. He reported an accumulation of magazines and her monthly consignment of books addressed to Monica at the Dogwood Flats post-office and promised to bring them up to her at the earliest possible moment.

"Read them first, Tony darling," Monica begged, "and come up as soon as you have a roof over your head."

Four days later he called up again—he called up daily, in fact, but this time he had news of importance to communicate. "Bentley dropped in on me this afternoon," he said. "He's been over to Honey Valley looking for evidence. He scraped the bottom of the only well on the ranch and has cleaned out



¶ *"The man whose heart wouldn't go out to the Dale girl, Jethroe, would be about ten percent human," said Thurlow.*



Monica found herself alone on Bogus again. But the great loneliness was gone. Her Prince Charming had found her, and all was well with the world.

half a dozen water-holes. Also he pronged around in a mile of that creek that runs down through the valley past the scene of the killing. He was about to give up when, on his way back to the ranch-house, he passed a big oak-tree with a hole in it about five feet from the ground. He tapped it and discovered it was hollow. So he drove back to Dogwood Flats and bought an ax at the general store, returned and cut down that oak-tree. In the hollow trunk he found a loaded pistol and six empty cartridge shells. The gun was only slightly rusted and the number is quite legible. Tomorrow Bentley will wire the manufacturers this number and start running down the history of that pistol since it left the factory—manufacturer to jobber, jobber to retail dealer, retail dealer to consumer, consumer to that hollow oak-tree! The record will be there, although the search will require time."

"That's very wonderful news for everybody except poor Bob."

"The man out-Galahads Sir Galahad. Well, if we can run down the record of the ownership of that pistol, Bentley and his chief deputy, Nott, will testify to finding it, and that testimony will be strong enough to support Bob's contention that he killed his man in self-defense. It will create more than a reasonable doubt in his favor at a new trial—and with only a doubt I can stampede a fair jury. It may be that (*Continued on page 174*)

By O. O. McIntyre

I Enjoy Being a Hick

IT WAS the luncheon hour in the amber-lighted, egg-shaped dining-room of the Ritz. A fire-wagon suddenly sirened its way across town. A man jumped up from a table and hurried out.

He wore spats, a rather modish suit, a cravat blending with his gay-colored shirt, and he did not stop for his walking-stick or pearl-white hat. There was a fleeting glimpse of suppressed smiles. I know because I was the man.

It has been some twenty years now since I was yanked from the south end of a north-bound plow, but the thrill of a fire holds the same old lure.

I have seen New Yorkers idling before shop-windows without turning around as fire-wagons passed. As I romped by I have been tempted to clap them on the shoulders and shout: "Hey! there's a fire down the street!" I am unable to fathom such diffidence.

New York is just as much of an adventure to me as it was fourteen years ago when I landed here in a pop-eyed bewilderment. If I see Charlie Chaplin on the street I turn and follow him until he is swallowed up by his hotel or wherever he is going.

I linger in front of millionaires' homes in the hope of getting a peep at the great. Sometimes I am rewarded only by the lowering of the drawbridge and the lifting of the portcullis for an owl-eyed butler to put out the cat, but I never give up.

Not a week passes that I do not visit one of the great railroad terminals to see the crack fliers thunder in. There is always drama at the train gates. I see movie stars, flowering with orchids, on the first lap of the journey to Hollywood. Shackled prisoners off for many long, gray years at Sing Sing. Sometimes a President.

I am thrilled by those alert young men at the information bureau who seem to function like rapid-fire guns. They can name the leading hotel in Spokane, the boarding-house at Pride's Crossing and the stop-over time at the Grand Canyon in one breath.

I walk along Fifth Avenue and am fascinated by those Englishmen posing as Englishmen with a monocle clapped in the eye, wearing doggy tweeds and staring with a sort of adenoidal vacuity. And twice at my hotel I have stepped from the elevator at the wrong floor because of a woman passenger who wore a monocle and carried a cane.

When seedy sidewalk salesmen who wear shiny blue serge and smoke brown paper cigarets lay three quarters along the library wall on Forty-second Street and make mysterious gestures, I remain a front-row visitor until a confederate signals the approach of a cop. I know it is all the preliminary ballyhoo to selling knitted ties, needle-threaders or coiled wire sleeve-garters, but I am entranced by their "spiels" and their mocking manner toward the law.

It has not been six months ago that I squandered fifty cents in front of a shadowy doorway on Forty-seventh Street. I was given a sealed package with a whispered implication that it was something "very Parisian" and must not be opened until I reached home. I had quite forgotten until I opened it there were still free patent medicine almanacs.

When "Doc" Cook came back from his pseudo-polar triumphs, I was the fellow on the right at the edge of the gang-plank with the celluloid American flag pinned on the coat lapel.

I have it from an assistant district attorney that my name on a famous Wall Street "sucker list" was marked "E." That means an excellent prospect.

Most of the time in cafés I cannot eat for looking. If I suddenly discover at a near-by table Jim Corbett—I followed him around for a day at the St. Louis World's Fair—Jeritza or Charles Schwab, it is quite a while before my knee-jerks are restored to normal.

One of my biggest thrills was in a swank café. I took a man from home there. The imperious head-waiter with that strangely aloof obeisance of his guild uncorked a pavement-kissing bow and inquired: "Your usual table, M'soo?" It matters not that he mistook me for someone else. I had had my moment.

And my friend went back home so impressed with my importance that the weekly paper carried a story head-lined "Local Boy Makes Good in Gotham."

All manner of people have always interested me. I have found that the gunman, the thief, the prostitute, the confidence man and all the odd human flotsam spewed up from a great city's depths are searching for happiness—and missing it—just as many of us do.

I find as much interest along the Bowery and in the teeming ghetto as along Park and Madison Avenues. Chinatown's curious smells and sepulchral blobs of blue lights in the subterranean passageways are just as mysterious to me today as they are to the latest group of school-teachers trundled there in the yap wagons.

I have sat in the "free shave" clinics of the East Side barber colleges, where bleary bums come for gratuitous "treatments," and heard conversation as interesting to me as among the so-called intelligentsia.

In a ten-cent "flop room" in the rear of a five-cent whisky house near Chatham Square I heard an unshaven creature who had just pawned his shirt to add fresh fuel to his eloquence discuss Spinoza and the shortcomings of Anatole France.

I have heard last year's ladies tell of faithless lovers in Broadway speakeasies while they salted their drinks with tears. Like all country boys I still enjoy going to the barber shop to have the barber give me "the works"—everything from a shine to a baked clay massage. I am a regular patron of the Automat. And I invariably sit through the final turn of vaudeville to see the juggler, the hand balancers or the lady on the flying trapeze.

I have not missed a Fifth Avenue parade that I know of since I landed in New York, and Paul Whiteman will tell you I followed for ten blocks a band of several hundred pieces that he led.

I AM CONSCIOUS of my supreme yokelry, but there doesn't seem to be anything I can do about it. I live at the Ritz, spend several months a year in European capitals, loll on the sands of Palm Beach in the winter watching the Biddles and the Stotesburys and come eagerly back to New York to climb a stool in a chili parlor just to hear a red-headed waiter fire his strange orders to the cook. An order of stewed rabbit to him is "One limb to limb." It is easy to get a boy out of the country but in my case at least not so easy to get the "country" out of a boy.

I look about and see people hurrying past a Columbus Circle soap-box hot gospeler in the frenzy of his forensics and wonder. It doesn't seem probable these shock-proof New Yorkers are posing. It is evident their yokel enthusiasm has merely jelled and they have drifted naturally with the blaséists. But I do believe they are missing a lot of fun.

The other evening I dropped around to see a man who came from my part of the country. He has prospered. When I first knew him his sleeping garment was an abandoned flour sack with armholes. Until he was nineteen he wore his father's cast-off four-dimpled hats and overalls.

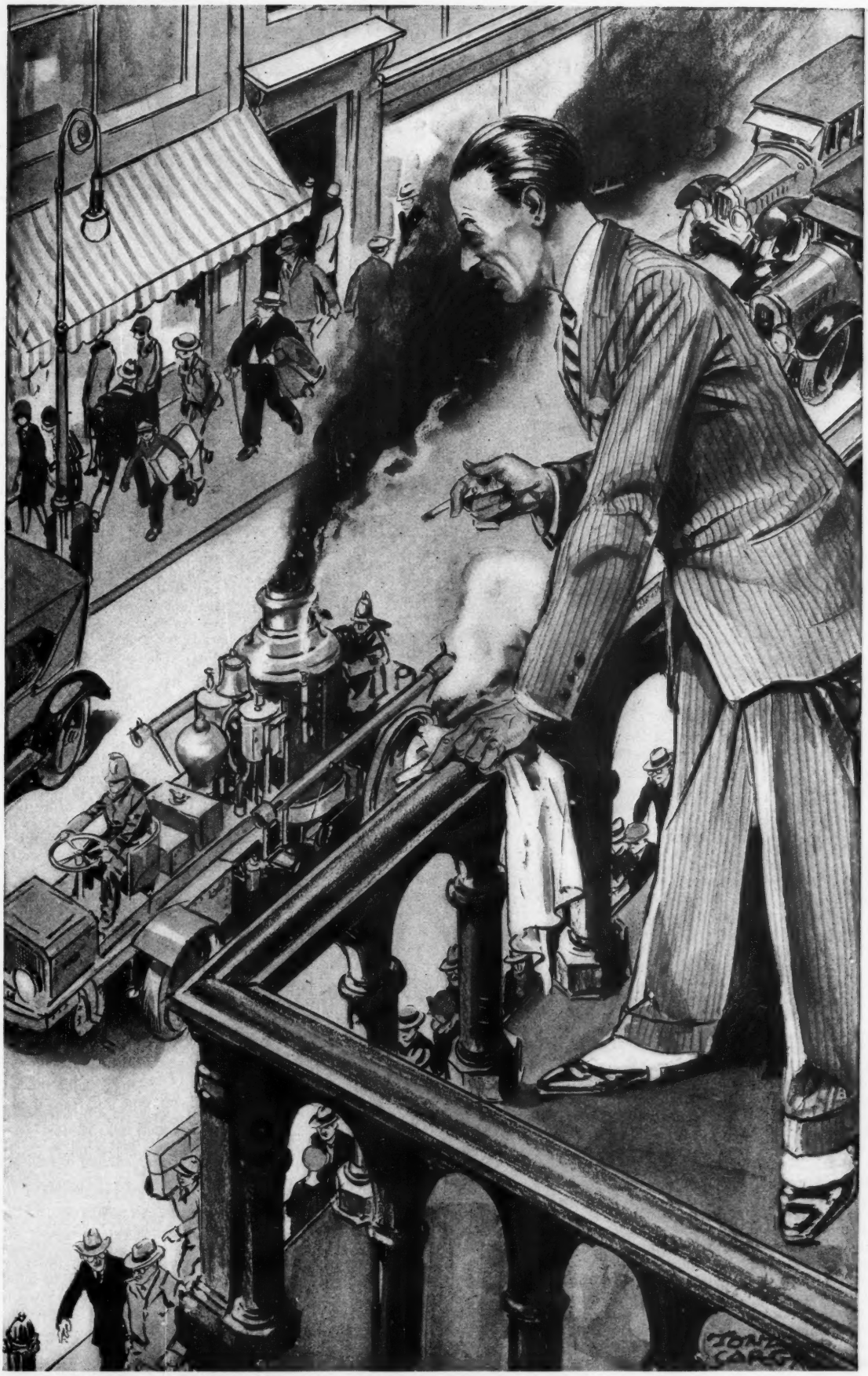
He was in a deep cushioned chair clad for the night. His *robe de nuit* was a gorgeously two-toned silken affair with pants cuffs, a cut-out pocket monogram and a waist sash tied in a fancy bow.

He was in a fret of annoyance because the chevalier house boots just received did not match his garments. Somehow that struck me as the ultimate in sophistication.

Not so long ago I went out to see a rough old cow-man on a Texas ranch. At the sight of my spats, walking-stick and other citified trappings he completely froze up. He talked to others for my ears rather sarcastically of "dude wranglers."

But that night around the open fire we were left alone and had a long talk. He thawed out finally and said: "Hell, you ain't nothin' but a gotch-eared country boy. I thought you was a New York jelly-bean."

I rather liked that compliment. It shows that tailors and haberdashers can't hide the hick. And I doubt if anyone has enjoyed being a hick more than I.



It has been twenty years since I was yanked from a plow, but a fire holds the same old lure.

A Story of the Old West

7 Bad Into



Small Bob was wearing his first breeches that day; and he had set his heart on that red wagon.

THE season's first skim of dry snow covered the ground. The air was tingling cold; the stars were snapping in a cloudless sky above the shabby town of Lame Deer.

There was not much of the place and nearly all of what there was lined the main street—two brief rows of board buildings with the usual false fronts straggling along a narrow wooden sidewalk, interrupted every now and then by a vacant lot. Most prominent among them was the general store, which still went by the name of trading-post; the three saloons ranked next in significance; then came the dismal hotel, the livery-stable, the blacksmith shop and—least of all—Old Man Tuttle's Drug Store. About the only thing you could say for the last-named was that it was the sole establishment of its kind within two hundred lonely miles.

Here at the outer edge of Lame Deer where the street wandered forth into the November night two persons were gazing into the store's front window. For nearly one year this window had been making a brave show of china dolls, tin trumpets, wooden jumping-jacks and Noah's arks, with one bright red toy wagon as a centerpiece. Tonight the stock still showed behind the frost-rimmed panes in slightly faded splendor.

Such holiday shopping as the community had done here last season had been too negligible to leave any traces in the scanty display. Which was natural enough when you consider the fact that there were only ten domestic establishments in this end of the county and six of these were half-breeds'. Since that time Old Man Tuttle had allowed the knickknacks to remain, fly-specked reminders of his over-sanguine expectations. Of the pair who were looking at them, he was one. The name by which the other went just now was Two Ga Tee Nell.

Men said of her that, in her day, she had possessed six husbands, but there was no man who had ever said her inclinations were domestic. It was a matter of common knowledge that she had left her last helpmeet hanging to the limb of a cottonwood tree down in the Wind River country and that the neighbors who had pulled upon the rope had warned her not to come back, lest they be constrained to forget her sex and serve her likewise. Since that occasion she had been, as the actors say, at liberty; and in Lame Deer she was waiting for what the fates might bring her. Like her reputation she was unlovely, a big-boned woman, cloaked in a cast-off blue army overcoat and wearing felt boots such as the teamsters used in winter, with a dingy old plaid shawl wrapped about her head.

For some unfathomable reason that array of toys in the drug store had attracted her interest. During these months while others had walked by unnoting, she had paused now and again to glance over them, taking a hasty inventory. She had kept track of the sales—rather, of their lack; and now she was commenting on it to the druggist.

"The trouble with you, Tuttle," she was saying, "is that you are too previous. Ca'tridges and whisky is all the stock a man needs in Lame Deer."

The druggist tugged upon his spade beard. He had a long face and this seemed to lengthen it still more.

"I reckon you are right," he acknowledged. "I'd had an idee of laying in a few notions—fancy writin'-paper and toilet articles; but I know better now."

Two Ga Tee Nell smiled grimly. "Them things," said she, "is fer the women and this is a stag town."

"I thought this evenin' "—Old Man Tuttle shook his head—"that I had made a sale. Bob Wilson come into town from over on Crystal Crick." He pointed into the window. "He told me to take that red wagon out and wrap it up for him, but just then Barney Simpson run down the street from Jew Jake's place and called him away."

"Bob Wilson." Two Ga Tee Nell repeated the name. "That's so."

She did not say what it was that she recalled, but remained silent, letting the scene repass before her mind—herself, standing not far from where she stood at this moment; near-by, gazing into the window, a woman and a little boy. She could see their expressions now as she had then: the patience in the mother's face and in the child's eyes the light of eager longing. That had been a month ago—Bob Wilson's wife and small son.

"Well, anyhow," the druggist went on wearily, "I figgered that Bob wasn't coming back and so I left the wagon in the window."

"You showed good sense when you done that," Two Ga Tee Nell told him. "It was the sheriff sent for him. The Graham gang is ridin' into town tonight; leastways that is the word that

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks

Men Ride Town



¶ *The name she went by was Two Ga Tee Nell. She was waiting for what the fates might bring her.*

has gone out. Bob Wilson is just as liable as not to stop a chunk of lead before the fun is over."

Jew Jake's saloon held a quartet of customers. They were seated around a table in the back of the room, just far enough from the stove to be within the zone of warmth, and they were playing draw-poker in sedate silence, broken now and then by a monosyllabic demand for cards, the terse announcement of a raise or call and the subdued clicking of chips upon the table's green cloth cover. Jew Jake draped half his lean body upon the bar, keeping an eye on them. Occasionally when one of the players raised a finger, he brought the whisky bottle and four glasses on a tray; otherwise he remained behind the counter where he was out of ear-shot. He would as soon that they had chosen a different establishment for their rendezvous, but since they had taken his, he minded his business with assiduity. It was his hope that what was to come might take place outside his doors where there was no glassware to be shattered.

"My deal," the sheriff said, "which makes it a jack-pot." He shoved the battered luck-piece which was serving as a buck into the middle of the table and picked up the cards. The ends of his long gray mustache had a mournful droop and the lids descended so far over his eyes that he seemed to be talking in his sleep. The others had to strain their ears to hear his voice across the table.

"The way I figger it," he murmured, "they will be seven of 'em and they'll ride in from the west. I left Barney Simpson on guard at that end of town. He'll have plenty of time to see 'em and bring us word. We ort to meet 'em when they turn the corner into the main street." He dealt the cards, picked up his hand and studied it in silence.

"I'll open for ten blues," Bob Wilson announced. The lilt in his voice betrayed that he had been reared down by the Rio Grande. His hat was pushed back, showing the mop of strong black hair, and his eyes were dancing like two large dark jewels. "I reckon Hank Graham will be riding in the lead?"

He glanced at the sheriff for confirmation. The latter nodded.

"Most likely," he murmured. "I'll say han's up. Then all of you cut loose."

"That's more chance than Graham or any of his bunch would give a man," Bob drawled and the other two players growled their assent. Their weather-beaten young faces hardened at certain memories which his words had awakened.

"I was there the day they got Jack Flagg," said one of them. "Three in the gang and they shot him from behind. He never stood a show to pull his gun." He shoved a stack of chips to the middle of the table. "I'll see yo', Bob."

"Me, I have been here ever sence the Grahams come into the valley," his companion announced, "and every killing they done was from ambush." He tapped the table to signify that he was laying down his hand.

The sheriff sighed. "Raise you a stack," he said in a gentle undertone and, as the betting went on around, "We'll see what they are good fer in a fair fight this time, boys." The front door opened as he was speaking. "There's Barney now," he muttered.

The sentry nodded at them from the threshold.

"Seven of 'em and ridin' fast," he called.

The players were rising from their chairs before he had finished. Bob Wilson picked up his Winchester from the corner of the room where it was standing. It was less than an hour since he had been in Old Man Tuttle's drug store, but his mind was far from that red wagon. His face wore the look of one intent upon a piece of work which must be done just so.

The street was silent when the five of them emerged from the saloon. As they were hurrying down the block the rat-tat-tat of hoofs upon the frozen earth came to their ears. They neared the place where the road branched off to the west and the sound grew louder. Seven riders burst around the corner of the building which had concealed their approach—black shapes between the star-flecked heavens and the snow.

"Han's up!" The sheriff's voice had lost all of its drowsiness now.

He had not needed to deliver the command which time-worn custom had translated into a deadly warning. Before the words had left his mouth a thin orange flash was yearning toward him from the revolver in the foremost horseman's hand. Bob Wilson saw him spin half round upon his heels as one who has been struck a heavy blow. He saw the clustered ponies sweeping down upon himself and his four companions. His own rifle went to his hip and his finger pressed the trigger.

The clatter of the firearms swelled into a sudden uproar. The trampling of hoofs was as a savage undernote. The horses swerved; they came together in a huddle, out of which bright streaks of flame sprang forth, to vanish in the instant.

So for a few fleeting moments while the uproar grew to its crescendo. A riderless pony broke away from the others. The group dissolved; the horsemen scattered. The fusillade dwindled



Now there would be surcease from the long months

off into half a dozen slow reports. Two forms lay black against the snow. The sheriff was swearing in an undertone.

"I think my arm is busted at the shoulder," he announced.

One of the dark forms moved; the head and shoulders rose; a hand swept over the white snow groping for a weapon which the fingers could not find. The head fell back; the movement ceased. A weary voice came upward.

"Damn you." The voice was trailing off already, growing weaker with every word. "I — hope — you — all——" It ceased.

"That's Hank Graham," the sheriff said.

"Well, he died fightin', anyhow," Bob Wilson stated dispassionately.

The other form lay just as it had been with a dark patch beside it on the snow. The hoof beats were barely audible now off to the west.

"They won't come back no more," the sheriff told the other four in Jew Jake's saloon a half-hour later while the doctor was setting his arm, "Hank Graham and Big-Nosed George. With them two killed we're shut of the gang from now on."

Bob Wilson was busy counting out chips; he had been banker.

"An' four is seven." He pushed the money across the table and rose from his chair. "I reckon I be:ter be shoving on for home."

"I am glad you was in town tonight," the sheriff told him. Jew Jake hailed him from behind the bar, over which he was dispensing drinks to a growing crowd of customers.

"This here is on the house," he called.

When he had swallowed the biting whisky Bob Wilson went to the livery-stable and got his horse. The cold was increasing; the pony humped its back and snorted violently passing the dark spots in the middle of the snow-covered street. Lame Deer had wakened at the sounds of shooting. Men were tramping back and forth along the narrow sidewalk on their way to the three saloons of the little town.

Now and again Bob waved his hand responding to a greeting from one of them.

It so happened that Two Ga Tee Nell was going by Old Man Tuttle's drug store for the second time that evening as the rider came toward this end of the street. She glanced out at him and something made her remember her talk with the druggist more than two hours ago. Then her mind went back to that other scene in this same place a month before. Her eyes shifted to the window and her hard face grew harder with a sudden twinge of cynicism, for the red wagon was still in its place beside the jumping-jacks and china dolls.

On Crystal Creek the snow lay deeper than it did down at Lame Deer, just deep enough to mellow every outline. There was no harshness left in all the landscape. A dark tracery of willows, stunted by the browsing elk, marked the windings of the stream across the blanched flat. The little groves of leafless, quaking aspens were like delicate etchings accentuating the whiteness of the hills beyond. The light in Bob Wilson's cabin window made a single dot of radiance under the throbbing stars.

The presence of this speck of brightness here beneath the myriad of celestial lamps robbed the surrounding hills of their austerity. It seemed to deepen the silence of the night, to make the stillness a benignant presence.



of fighting . . . "We put the Graham gang out of business for keeps tonight."

Inside the cabin also there was silence. It was a low room with heavy rafters of logs supporting the pole roof and its burden of clay. The walls of peeled logs and split chinking glowed in the lamplight like dull amber streaked with gold. A slit of red flickered through the stove grating, casting wavering high lights on the barrel of the Winchester rifle which hung on two wooden pegs above the door. Bob Wilson's wife was sitting by the table where a kerosene-lamp was burning. She was sewing.

Her fingers fairly flew. There was a tightness in the bend of her slender shoulders which proclaimed fierce concentration, and in her lips that tightness was more marked. It was as if she were sewing against time.

Now and again, in spite of this absorption in her work, she would look up. It was always in the same way, as if she had heard something—or were so anxious to hear that she could not forbear from the movement. When she had glanced out through the window into the night, holding her head a little to one side, she would let her eyes go to the other end of the room. There were two beds beside that wall; rather, there was a large bed with a crib close by it; homemade of split planks both of them. After her eyes had rested on the latter they would go back to her sewing. The tightness of her lips would increase; the needle would fly faster than ever.

She was a little thing. The harsh color which the raw winds of the sage-brush country had brought to her cheeks and the lines which the weariness of much waiting had brought to her brow, had not extinguished all her beauty. Traces remained—enough to make the largeness of her eyes the more pathetic, and the patience in them seem more sadly out of place.

A little thing, and there were thick callouses on the fingers which held her sewing. She had done enough hard work for half a dozen of her sex to share with some to spare. But, in this country where a man must be out in the saddle at all hours and often for weeks at a time, someone had to cut the wood and fork the hay into the mangers and chop the ice from the water-hole for the stock while he was gone. Work was a part of life and so was the endurance of long waiting.

Work and waiting and always the dark shadow of uncertainty before her eyes. Ever since she had come to Crystal Creek as a bride it had been the same—when she watched her husband ride away she never knew whether he would ride home to her or whether some all-too-tardy messenger would bring the word that this time the other crowd had got him.

A person can get used to anything. Work and waiting were an old story with her now. Even the uncertainty was not uppermost in her mind tonight. The poignant pan which brought her lips to a tight line while she was sitting at her sewing, which sometimes reached into her breast like a thin, sharp knife blade, was born of a new dread which stood between her and a new hope.

At this moment, while her husband was going down the street in Lame Deer with his four companions, holding his rifle before him ready to kill or be killed as the fates should will, she was sitting here in the cabin, hoping—as she had never hoped for anything before—that he might remember to bring home the red wagon from Old Man Tuttle's drug store window.

That hope was one month old. On an October afternoon, when Bob had driven into town with her and Small Bob, it had been born.

He was just short of four years old, Small Bob. The boy was beginning to show and the baby was still (*Continued on page 183*)



¶ *Captain Vivian (91), his wife (32) and his son Terry (5).*

At 91

This Man *is the* Father *of a* 5-year-old Son Works 10 Hours a Day Eats *and* Does *What He* Pleases

By J. *Bell* Woodside

CAPTAIN Avando Warren Hussey Vivian had a birthday a few weeks ago. It was the ninety-first time that Father Time had checked up on him and found him still going strong.

He spent that birthday, as he spends three of his days each week, by journeying thirty-five miles to the new factory he is building near London and which he will operate when it is completed.

You "old" men of fifty and sixty and seventy, who talk about being through, about having done your bit, about wanting to retire, should consider what this young man of ninety-one has done in the last ten years. And what he still hopes to do.

At 80 Captain Vivian was a millionaire.

At 81 he was broke.

At 84 he married a twenty-five-year-old girl.

At 85 he became a father.

At 91 he has made a flying start toward amassing a new fortune.

At 100 he plans to make a trip around the world.

Captain Vivian looks like John L. Sullivan—maybe because he trained the Boston Strong Boy for several of his fights in the United States and abroad. He is of the same physical vigor as that grand old man of the ring. Shave off his drooping mustache and he would not look more than sixty.

In his restless mental alertness he reminds one of Chauncey Depew. They are of about the same age, and, like Mr. Depew, Captain Vivian was a railroad man—and early empire builder. But Captain Vivian does not look his age to the extent that Mr. Depew does. This may be due to the fact that the Captain has led a more adventurous and spectacular life.

One life? He has led a dozen lives. He has been a lieutenant in the British navy. An instructor in the Japanese navy. A captain in the United States navy, under Admiral Farragut in our Civil War. He battled nature and the elements as a surveying engineer on the first American transcontinental railway survey. He has been a soldier of fortune, Indian fighter, boxer, catch-as-catch-can adventurer and business man.

At eighty years of age Captain Vivian had accumulated his pile. He was the Rockefeller of the tannic acid and fiber industries, a world-wide enterprise which he nursed along and built up into a great and prosperous business. All of his funds were tied up in this enterprise.

A year later along came the war and swept away that fortune as it swept away many another English fortune. Captain Vivian was broke. But the thing that hurt him most was not the loss of his money, not that he had to start all over again, but the fact that the British War Office told him he was *too old* to go to France, too old to battle for his country, when battling had been the thing he had done best all his life. They did, however, give him a job. They put him in charge of the bus transportation system in London.

This set of circumstances led to Captain Vivian's greatest adventure of all. Shortage of man power had also forced a girl into a man's job. Her job was that of a bus conductorette. Business put Captain Vivian aboard her bus one day. For the first time in



¶ *Once he trained John L.—and Terry is brought up accordingly.*

his life he stopped to look at a woman twice.

Captain Vivian was fifty-nine years old when this girl was born. When they met he was over eighty and she twenty-five. But that difference in age meant no more to her than it did to him. They married because she believed in him and together they started to build the first real home Captain Vivian had known since his youth. Together they started to build a family—their first child is now five years old. Together they are building a new fortune and success is again in sight.

He has invented a new wheel for motor-cars and a new type of tire, both of which he believes will revolutionize the industry. The factory in which he will manufacture his invention and which is now under construction gives work to 200 men. When it is completed it will provide work for 1500 men.

You ought to watch this able old warrior direct the work of his 200 laborers. He pays good wages and he sees that he gets a good return for his money. He also intends personally to supervise and direct the factory when it is a going concern.

Captain Vivian's daily régime, in these soft days when offices open at nine and ten o'clock and close at five o'clock, and Saturday as well as Sunday has become a day of rest, would put to shame a man less than half his age. His new factory is thirty-five miles from London and he spends three days each week there. The other three working days he spends in his London offices.



¶ *When this boy can carry on his business, he says he will retire—not before.*

On factory days he is on his way, driving his own car, not later than eight o'clock in the morning. He has a chauffeur, but he uses the chauffeur's younger legs for running errands and doing things which require more speed than concentration. He never returns home in the evening before seven o'clock so he is on the job from ten to twelve hours daily.

Office days in London are just as busy. He dictates letters to a thoroughly modern secretary, telephones, telegraphs, cables and talks business from early until late. He drives his car through the traffic of London, which is just as badly congested as that of New York.

You sit in the cozy drawing-room of Captain Vivian's house in Streatham, five miles from London, and as he tells of days as remote to you as the flood you can hardly believe your ears. You look at this man in the prime vigor of life.

And you listen to a voice from the past, to a man who opens the door of another world, a man who was born in 1835—three years before Queen Victoria began her reign. You listen to a man who tells of his experiences in the days when sailing ships still ruled the seas, when the railroad was new, when the telegraph, the telephone, the radio, the airplane were still of the future. Then you look at (*Continued on page 126*)

A Romance in

Little

By Wallace



The chorus takes a rest.

LEDNA'S shadowy eyes, darker with their brooding, looked up at her legs and rested moodily on her slender silken feet. She looked at her legs with no emotion. Or, at least, with no more emotion than any craftsman may have for the tools of his craft. Slim, symmetrical tools.

Ledna's glance was upward because she was lying on the floor. Her legs were propped perpendicularly against the wall.

"I love him—darn it!" said Ledna to her toes, which wriggled in sympathy. "There's no use trying to kid myself about it. But, by jingles, I'll fool *them*. They'll never know."

She lowered her right leg, stiffly, until the toes touched the carpet beside her ear.

She raised it slowly again.

"I love Eddie," she repeated. It was like a problem of her haphazard school-days. "And he loves Shari. And Shari—I guess Shari just loves herself. Well, I can't blame either of them. She's lovely."

She lowered her left leg and sighed.

"Little Ledna is right," she remarked. "I'm a flop as a performer and I'm a flop in love. Little Ledna. That's my name."

This was not as cryptic as it may appear. Not even when it is added that Ledna's name was not really Ledna but Lily Wagner. Two years before, when she came to the chorus, they had tried to argue the stagy homeliness of the name Lily Wagner.

"It'll be time for a phony monniker," replied Lily, "when I get pinched for being the life of some rough-and-tumble booze party or I sue some fathead who's written me a mash note."

Finally they called her Little Ledna. Not quite openly, because even among the sturdy ones of the chorus she had soon become known as a fiery, merciless battler—with her fists as ready as her capable tongue. And to be called Little Ledna, although it is a fond tradition, is nevertheless an unwelcome distinction.

And the way of that is this:

In the chorus there is always one girl less apt than the others. She rises clumsily from the Russian step known as "doing hocks" or moves heavily in a swift pony number. Or swings to the right instead of the left in the ensemble march. That one is always named Little Ledna.

Ledna is a slurred abbreviation of "lead in her feet." Lead in her—Ledna, see? It's a bit involved, but for generations it has been a prized jest back-stage.

At any rate, it clears the cryptic character of Lily Wagner's despair. Little Ledna, lying on the floor of her room at Mrs. Fisher's with her feet in the air.

The attitude was a restful one after a violent spell of dancing. It was the discovery of one of the most talented steppers in vaudeville. Ledna was weary. There had been a long afternoon rehearsal. In an hour it would be time to start for the theater again. Meanwhile, Ledna rested.

A light footfall outside the door. A voice that lifted the brooding cloud from her eyes.

"Are you decent?" it asked.

This was formality. Not only at Mrs. Fisher's strictly professional boarding-house but wherever there are stage folk. By it, the questioner desired to know if she was properly attired to receive a guest.

Eddie Dean, the nifty hoofer, followed his question into the room. Not only was Eddie Dean a nifty hoofer—which is to say, dancer—but he was known as a neat dresser on and off; and as regular a trouper as you'd find on any circuit.

Ledna, from the floor, translated his quick survey of the room. The cloud settled again on her dusky eyes. He was wearing a new suit—a frankly checked suit. Ledna thought she knew the reason for this, too. Her voice was carefully casual.

"Looking for Shari?" asked Ledna.

"Why, no——" began Eddie Dean.

"Don't get a Charlie horse being polite to *me*," interrupted Ledna. "I guess we understand each other good enough to pass up the drawing-room drama dialog."

"But you got me wrong, Miss Wagner."

Under the fan of black hair that tumbled across her forehead, Ledna frowned. Miss Wagner! She permitted herself an indiscretion.

"And also," she said, "we don't have to 'mister' and 'miss' each other like a couple heavy legits."

The nifty hoofer grinned down at her. "I'm no sap," said Eddie Dean. "I ain't forgot the time you tagged me in the pan with that snappy left hook. Just because I called you 'dearie.'"

"Oh, that 'dearie' business." Ledna's voice had loathing in it.

"But I didn't mean a thing by it," protested Eddie.

That was just the trouble, of course. He hadn't meant a thing by it. But she couldn't tell him that. She'd been indiscreet enough already. Eddie was the chief one from whom she must conceal her little, sad secret.

"Shari will be here any minute." Her voice was cold and casual again. "She stopped on the way home from rehearsal to get some new stockings. She ruined her best pair—Shari just will wear her best stockings at a rehearsal."

"She would," commented Eddie. "But the chances are the babe's stepped into some tea-joint to work them stockings out of one of her Johns."

"You listen here, Eddie Dean!" exclaimed Ledna. "You got no call to make cracks about Shari. Shari's straight as a tight rope."



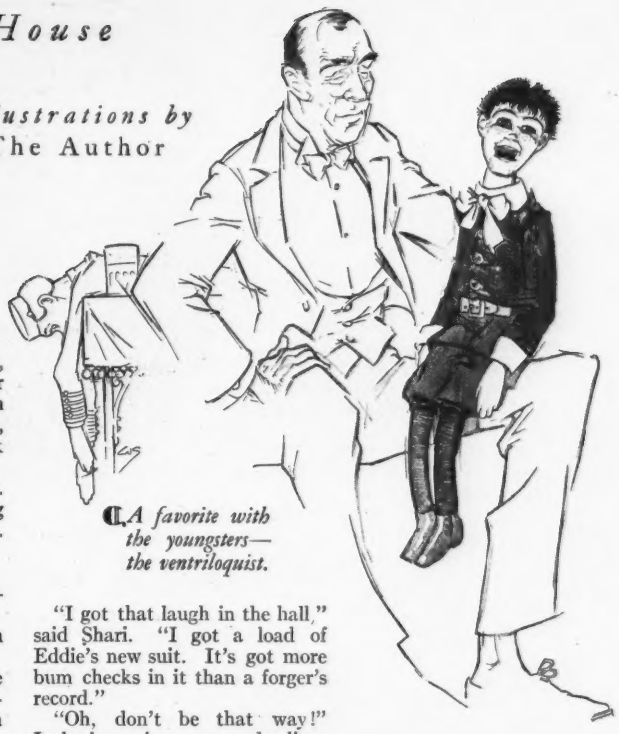
Old Dad—thirty years a stage doorkeeper.

Mrs. Fisher's *Boarding House*

Ledna

Smith

Illustrations by The Author



¶ *A favorite with the youngsters—the ventriloquist.*

She had scrambled to her feet, facing the abashed hoofer, before she could control the instinctive fire of defense for her roommate. After all, she had to remember that Eddie Dean loved Shari. Men in love said things like that. Eddie Dean, cautiously retreating, halted at the wistful look in the dark eyes.

"Don't let being jealous make you unhappy," said Ledna softly. "Shari's young and likes excitement. But there ain't a wrong hair in that pretty blond head of hers. Always remember that. She'd be true to you."

"True to *me?*" sputtered Eddie. "Jealous? Me? Say!"

He was blushing. Ledna smiled again in that wistful, understanding way and shooed him toward the door.

"Exit, trouper," she ordered. "And save the speech for an encore."

Shari came home to Mrs. Fisher's barely in time to change stockings before starting for the evening performance. Certainly there was not time to linger over the decision of which of three new pairs to wear.

Shari was blond as the picture of a blonde. She was the sort of girl for whom peach silk underthings are made by hand; and fine-spun French fillet. She was cuddly and fluffy and spoke with a fascinating drawl. A helpless sort of girl, if you were careless in reading the slow smile in her Delft-blue eyes. She had a little trick of humming lullaby tunes. She was humming one as Ledna tried to hurry her.

"Did that Cliff Romley stake you to those socks?" demanded Ledna.

"Why not?" countered Shari. "He can afford it."

"But you can't," retorted Ledna.

Shari tipped her blond head to contemplate the gleam of bronze silk along one leg, the sheen of taupe along the other.

"That Cliff Romley is out for no good," Ledna went on darkly. "He's not giving you these things just because he likes you."

"Well, he ain't doing it because he hates me," drawled Shari. "And I don't hold it against him because he's rich."

"He can't help that," snapped Ledna. "Old man Romley left him the important bank-roll, you know."

"With you it's all right if a man is, like they say, poor but honest," observed Shari. "But with me that *but* doesn t mean a thing."

"If you were as hard-boiled as you sound," said Ledna, "I wouldn't have anything to do with you."

The blue eyes were suspicious of the suddenly propitiating tone.

"What gets me," declared Ledna, "is not so much that you waste time giving Johns like this Romley a play, but at the same time you cancel a regular fellow."

"Meaning your boy friend, Eddie Dean?" queried Shari.

"He was up here a little while ago," said Ledna quickly. "Just like a kid, Shari—to show you his new suit."



¶ *Slack wire artist extraordinary. Where balance counts for everything.*

"I got that laugh in the hall," said Shari. "I got a load of Eddie's new suit. It's got more bum checks in it than a forger's record."

"Oh, don't be that way!" Ledna's voice was pleading. "He's dead in love with you, Shari. Give him a break."

"Can I help I'm good-looking?" smiled Shari. "It's a gift, dearie."

"Don't talk like that, I tell you!" cried Ledna. "It makes you sound like one of those demi—demi——" She halted over the pronunciation. She was not quite sure, either, which was the word that meant a woman of evil and which meant a small cup of coffee. "It makes you sound," she substituted, "even blonder than you are!"

She slammed the door behind her. Shari's blue eyes crinkled with amusement. Humming leisurely, she changed into the third pair of stockings. They were black lace.

After the show that night, Clifford Romley, waiting at the stage-door, saw Shari's roommate. He was disposed to be gracious. He had heard her name spoken among the other girls.

"Ah, good evening, Miss Ledna," said Romley.

Thereafter it took the stage-door man, two members of the pony ballet and a juvenile lead to disengage Lily Wagner's furious hands from the carefully arranged hair of young Clifford Romley.

With Mrs. Fisher's lodgers, no less than with the musical comedy troupe in which the two girls danced, the friendship of Ledna and Shari was a whimsical mystery.

Temperamentally, if the frayed word may be forgiven, they were further apart than the color of their hair and eyes. Ledna was defiantly self-sufficient. From her earliest days she had been a violent crusader against the easy familiarities of the shadowy wings and the chatty dressing-rooms. She worked hard—and remained Ledna. It was she who arranged their room together. She felt that Shari needed her guidance and protection.

Almost everybody felt that way about Shari. The blond dancer seemed so helpless. Shari drawled through her work, laughed a little more easily with men than with women and had achieved a brief solo dance in the second act. She accepted Ledna's chaperonage with her easy, blue-eyed smile.

"She's just too lazy to give Ledna air," remarked Dan Sawtelle, king of all sword-swallowers. "And also this Ledna sort o' keeps house for her."

"Ledna does that," vouchsafed Mrs. Fisher.

Kitty LaVelle, wife and target of M. Jacques LaVelle, vaudeville's premier knife- and ax-thrower, had her own theory.

"The real reason this blond mamma stands for Ledna," she offered, "is that having a chaperon like that makes Shari harder to make. Which is smart business."

"But you'd think," said Signor Constricto, the snake—or, rather, contortionist—"where a girl like Ledna would scare off Shari's Johns altogether."

Mlle. Blanchette, the strong-jaw act, was embarrassed at the ingenuousness of her husband.

"Did you ever pass a 'Get paint' sign," she asked, sweetly, "without wanting to see if it was on the level?"

"Shari's so helpless," put in Mrs. Fisher.

"Helpless just like a hungry tiger," responded Julius Tark, husky understander of the Four Tumbling Tarks. "The thing that stops me is why this Ledna is so hostile personally towards the Johns."

"She's plenty forte on looks," declared Bert Coons, of Coons and Cooney, smart sidewalk chatter and extemporaneous rhymesters, "and could cop legitimate insults without half trying."

"But she won't even stand for a little friendly clowning," added Signor Constricto, still puzzled.

"Even Eddie Dean calls her Miss Wagner," marveled Dan Sawtelle, "as refined as if they ain't knew each other nearly a whole season. And Eddie's a quick worker, usually."

"Eddie's about as close as she ever got, I guess, to having a boy friend," said Kitty LaVelle.

"And she's only using him," replied Sawtelle, "to learn his dance routine. He's learning her as patient as if he was getting ten bucks per lesson."

"Eddie's no chump," defended Bert Coons. "He's giving Ledna this play so's he can get next to the little blond sugar."

"Oh, what designing creatures men are—leading innocent girls on!" exclaimed the younger of the Savannah sisters, singers of ballads old and new.

"And Ledna has no squawk, at that," concluded Bert Coons. "Even if Eddie does give her the run-around, she at least learns a lot of elegant bucksteps and soft-shoe work."

"It ain't like he was blowing his bank-roll to make this blond sharp-shooter," said Julius, "or making a clown out of hisself the way a fellow will over some dizzy dame."

"No; that would be all right," responded Sawtelle. "But giving up your secrets, handing over your specialty, is serious."

"It's like I'd get hooked by some frail," Julius went on, "and learned her best friend my soft neck-fall to win her love."

"Or like me getting so daffy over a girl," agreed Dan Sawtelle, "that I'd learn her my secret way of downing a saber."

JULIUS could not resist speaking to the hoofer himself. Very discreetly, of course. Oh, very!

"How's Little Ledna coming on with your dance routine?" asked Julius.

"That Ledna gag is out," replied Eddie. "No, I ain't sore. I'm giving you a professional tip. That girl's a natural-born dancer, Julius."

"Then why ain't she broke out of the chorus?"

"She ain't ready yet," explained the hoofer. "It's hard to explain. She's got a kind of stage-fright."

"After two years in the chorus?"

"It sounds kind of humpty-dumpty," admitted Eddie Dean, "but the girl's bashful. Don't laugh, Julius. I know what you're thinking. But that scrappy front she puts up is just a cover for her being shy. Like it was so much make-up."

Julius did not seem impressed.

"It's like some people when they're having their picture took," Eddie fumbled on with his explanation. "You know how it is. They make mugs at the camera and can't act natural. She's like that. In front of people she does her stuff all right but she does it mechanical like and stiff."

"I've saw her," said Julius. "I thought she was turrible."

"But when there's just her and me in a room," Eddie went on, "and I'm whistling a little tune for her or just clapping my hands, say, for tempo—well, I've caught 'em all and I ain't never seen the dancer who could risk showing on the same bill with her."

"I've heard of sailors who get a little seasick every time they make a trip," mused Julius, "but a chorus girl with stage-fright——"

"Do you suppose——" Eddie hesitated. "Do you suppose getting in love would cure her? They say great artists have to have a love-affair before they're real head-liners."

"The party which tries that business on Ledna," said Julius, "better wear a catcher's mask."

Afterward he remembered uneasily something in the voice of the nifty hoofer. He felt much better when Mrs. Fisher's lodgers whispered that Eddie Dean had been to the Mock Turtle cabaret with Shari.

"What did I tell you?" triumphed Bert Coons. "Here's where smart little Eddie collects heavy for them dancing lessons he s gave Little Ledna."

IT WAS Ledna who arranged that party in the Mock Turtle. At least, the beginning of it. Her plot began on a morning when Shari lay especially late in bed.

Shari was in a blondly despondent mood. She had quarreled with young Cliff Romley. It wasn't a serious quarrel. She had only told him, at its end, to go chase himself and had added that if he never came back that would be too soon.

Nothing serious at all. Merely discipline for young Romley. Meanwhile, though, time threatened to drag. There came another idea as Ledna brought her a coaxing cup of coffee and urged her to step out with Eddie Dean. Shari pouted.

"The trouble with me," she purred, "is I'm too darn agreeable."

"If you're that way," said Ledna, "it's better that you listen to me than some of these Johns you travel with."

"But why promote this hoofer with me?" asked Shari.

"Because he's in love with you," replied Ledna, "and because he's on the square."

"Why don't he brace me personally?" demanded Shari. "It's like that old poem: 'Why not boost for yourself, John Hancock?' "

"He ain't one of these fresh guys," said Ledna, "that wants to paw you or crack wise as soon as he knows you're in the chorus."

"He sounds like a wrap-up for you, Ledna." Shari, peeking over the rim of the coffee-cup, looked like a languorous kitten peering up from a saucer.

"Oh, Eddie Dean and I are just good pals," answered Ledna.

After a second cup of coffee, Shari agreed. She had known she was going to, in the beginning. Helpless as a hungry tiger.

"But tell him not to wear that awful check suit," said Shari.

Ledna was about to reply to that. Instead, she kissed Shari. And that was astonishing, because Ledna hated women that kissed each other.

"Be good to him, Shari."

"Golly!" exclaimed Shari. "If that don't sound just like the crack the bride's mother pulls on the male half of the skit."

Ledna's plot moved on to the nifty hoofer that same afternoon. They had gone into Mrs. Fisher's parlor, as usual, to use the phonograph for her dancing practise. But, as usual, they worked better when Eddie Dean whistled dance tunes—or just kept time for her by clapping his hands.

Strange that Eddie Dean, who was known as such a quick worker, should always fail to interpret the look the brooding, dark eyes had for him. But then, Eddie Dean never forgot her snappy left hook that time he had called her "dearie."

Then, too, when she danced so naturally for him, the hoofer had eyes only for her dancing. It brought to him the sense of magic beauty that is in a tangle of silver aspen saplings set in a forest of fir; the inspiration of a courageous, solitary bird flying into the lavender mists of a painted canyon. Which was more than strange, for such things Eddie Dean had never seen.

At the end of each day's rehearsing, they danced a comical little duet, singing together:

> "While strolling through the park one day
> In the merry, merry month of May——"

Old troupers know that song well, and love it. But this afternoon Ledna chose not to dance the comical little duet.

"Why don't you ever ask Shari to go out with you?" she asked.

The hoofer was surprised. "There's plenty answers to that riddle," he replied. "Just one of 'em is that the babe's too busy with her heavy Johns to book me."

Ledna thought she saw through that pretense. It was a lovable trait—this modesty and bashfulness. Just like a boy.

"Will you ask her—on my say-so?"

Even then the instincts of the quick worker were not aroused. If it had been any other girl who made this strange request——

"I'll proposition her," said Eddie Dean, "if you'll come along. Will you?" She hadn't expected that. "Come on, Miss Wagner," urged the hoofer. "It'll do you good to get out for



Ideal for luncheon or supper!

So tempting! So hearty! So convenient!

In summer when you serve so many cold foods and beverages, don't overlook the fact that a hot dish, with the meal or as a meal, acts as a **HEALTHFUL STIMULANT** and aids digestion.

Tempting, nourishing, hearty soup makes a wonderful luncheon or supper these days.

In Campbell's Vegetable Soup there is **THE IDEAL COMBINATION OF FOODS**—fifteen fine garden vegetables, invigorating beef broth, substantial cereals, appetizing herbs and seasoning.

A meal in itself! And the kind that **SAVES KITCHEN WORK**, too. For Campbell's famous French chefs blend this delicious soup and it comes to you already cooked.

To taste this soup at its very best, add the water COLD, bring to the boiling point, and allow to simmer. Serve piping HOT!

32 ingredients

12 cents a can

a change. You work too hard. Will you?"

She said she would. But she knew, as she said it, that she wouldn't. It was hard enough right then to watch the boyish anticipation that lighted his face at the thought of being with Shari.

"By the way," she said, "will you wear your blue serge suit?"

"If you'd say the word, Miss Wagner," vowed Eddie Dean, earnestly, "I'd wear a Prince-Albert."

He wore the blue serge on the night he met them at the Mock Turtle cabaret. For Eddie Dean had asked to be excused from calling for them at the theater. "I don't want to look like one of them stage-door clowns," he had explained to Ledna.

Ledna went in a cab with Shari to the Mock Turtle rendezvous. Eddie, in blue serge—he did wear rather an emotional bow tie—came to the door of the taxicab. Ledna did not leave the cab. The last of her courage went into the words with which she left them together.

"You two enjoy yourselves," she told them. "Sorry I must run out on you. At the last minute I got a date—with a gentleman friend. Back to the theater, driver."

She saw Shari's soft smile. She didn't dare look at the face of the nifty hoofer. The taxicab jolted away.

Eddie Dean turned to Shari.

"Well, babe," queried Eddie, "do we kick up the heels, regardless?"

"Either the party is on," said Shari, in her helpless way, "or I'll tell that cop on the corner you insulted me."

"Jerry don't get many laughs," grinned Eddie "But come on, blondie, we'll make a night of it."

It may have been a caprice of brunette conscience that moved Ledna to make good her plotted excuse. Ledna with a gentleman friend! Or a psychologist might explain to you her behavior with a strange man on the night she made sacrifice of her love. Or another woman could have told you.

A wheezy sort of man in a dinner jacket was waiting for her at the theater.

"Where to, dearie?" wheezed the dinner jacket.

"I've told the driver," said Ledna.

The gentleman friend was not too curious. He was vastly satisfied at the strange acquiescence of this most difficult of chorus girls. She had made the engagement herself.

He was complacent as the taxicab jogged along dim streets. There was an expectancy in his manner when the cab stopped and he wheezed out to help her to the curb. Ledna had instructed the driver to go to Mrs. Fisher's.

Mrs. Fisher was waiting up for them. That, too, had been part of Ledna's conspiracy.

"Meet my mother, Mr. Holtz," said Ledna.

"Pleased to meet you, mister," spoke Mrs. Fisher. "Step right in the parlor."

The gentleman friend gasped and was lost.

Even Ledna was surprised when Julius Tark appeared and was introduced as her brother. That had been Mrs. Fisher's contribution to the plot. Such a brother! Julius, with the bulging shoulders on which his three vaudeville partners pyramided easily. Julius scowled at Mr. Holtz, who smiled nervously.

What Mr. Holtz had expected may not have been too difficult to understand—if one understood gentleman friends. What he endured was such an evening as might have been provided for a young man caller in a younger generation.

Julius glowered as suspiciously as any older brother. Mrs. Fisher cheerily brought in lemonade and cookies, discussed ailments and even unearthed a plush album.

They allowed Mr. Holtz to escape after one o'clock. He bolted down the stairs, too breathless even to wheeze; too confounded to hear the giggle that followed him. The other lodgers of Mrs. Fisher's had been eavesdropping. They talk about Ledna's gentleman friend to this day at Mrs. Fisher's.

"That overstuffed carp will meet many's the girl who'll cost him more dough," commented Julius Tark, "but he'll never meet one who'll give him a worse trimming."

Ledna wasn't asleep when Shari came home. But she pretended to be. Shari arrived about four, crooning one of her little lullabies. Once she chuckled. Ledna did not stir.

Early next morning, as early is reckoned by such as Mrs. Fisher's lodgers, Ledna crept noiselessly out of bed. Shari looked so blond and so helpless, lying there. Long before the matinée hour, Ledna was at the theater. She was dressed for the first chorus number by the time Shari, who still dressed in the chorus room despite her solo distinction, sauntered in.

She undressed lazily and loafed into her costume. She was reaching for the single button at its back before she spoke.

"Your party worked swell, darling," she announced.

"Yeah?" Ledna bent closer to the mirror, shaping the rouge on her lips.

There came a tiny bleat of the clarinet, trying out its reedy larynx before the overture.

"Yeah," drawled Shari. "He asked me to marry him."

The ruddy tip of Ledna's little finger jerked. She didn't turn from the mirror. She couldn't. She could barely speak.

"That's great," she managed to say. This was what she had wanted, wasn't it? Yet Shari's words numbed her. She closed her eyes to the misery that stared from her mirror. "That's great," she repeated. "Eddie's a grand boy."

Shari laughed. "Eddie?" she exclaimed. "Did you think I meant the hoofer? It was Romley, dearie, who asked me to marry him. Romley was at the Mock Turtle. He got all smoked up when he saw me with another fellow. I figured he would. Anyway, he came over and begged my pardon. And then, like I say, he asks will I marry him."

The second shock of words had lifted Ledna to her feet. This was different. It meant Eddie's happiness—and Shari's.

"But you ain't going to listen to that Romley!" cried Ledna.

"Oh, I ain't, ain't I?" smiled Shari.

"He don't mean marriage!" Ledna's voice was harsh. "That's old stuff, that marrying gag. This Romley's out for no good."

"Cliff wants me to elope with him."

"But you can't, Shari! You can't throw yourself away like that. You've got—you've got your career!"

"Cliff's bank-roll is a pretty good career, too."

"Oh, you can't! Promise me, Shari——"

"Overture! Overture!"

The voice, a passionless monotone, sounded outside the dressing-room. The stage-manager stuck his head in the door.

"Say, you two prima donnas," he said, "hurry and haul your shapes down to the wings. Curtain in two minutes. Shake it up, now. And for the Lord's sake, Ledna, who made up your kisser?"

He grew more voluble over her dancing that matinée. Lead in her heart as well as in her feet. There was no chance to talk with Shari between numbers, before the other girls in the crowded dressing-room, making swift costume changes. No use trying to talk to Shari in her present mood, anyway. It would be better to reach Eddie Dean, warn him of the danger that threatened Shari; the peril to his own happiness.

Ledna rushed back to Mrs. Fisher's after the matinée.

"Eddie went out about an hour ago," Mrs. Fisher told her. "Said he wouldn't be back for dinner. He didn't look none too gay, either. He didn't even get a tickle out of me telling him about Mr. Holtz."

There was just time for her to get into the opening number costume again when she returned to the theater. She saw Shari in the wings after the first number.

"Did you see who's sitting on the aisle, third row center?" asked Shari.

During the chorus number with the tenor juvenile, Ledna saw. It was Eddie Dean, in his neat checked suit. It braced her mightily to see him there.

"Don't it mean anything to you, Shari," she whispered in the wings, "that he's making a regular John of himself for you?"

"Right back at you with that riddle," said Shari, and then Ledna had to dance onto the stage again for the chorus encore.

Ledna felt the quick wave of panic that swept through the twilight behind the curtain just before the time for Shari's solo dance. She sensed it even before she saw the whispering group of girls at the dressing-room door. Before she heard the mad rumbling of the stage-manager.

"Shari's run out," one of the girls told her. "Left the show flat right between acts. What do you know about that?"

Instinctively Ledna started for the stage-door. She must save Shari. Shari was so helpless. Romley and that old gag about marrying her. Poor Eddie!

The stage-manager loomed like an accusing minor deity in a derby hat. His rumblings had grown madder and more profane.

"Get to the orchestra leader!" he stormed at the property-man. "Tell him to skip Shari's dance."

He turned on Ledna. The other girls had scampered out of his range. Where? Why? What? He held her responsible. She knew all about Shari. Why hadn't she told him? Was that trouping? To leave a show flat?

Ledna scarcely heard him. There was in her mind now only pity for the boy in the third row, center. When he found out! That thought obscured even the thought of Shari caught in the ancient trap set by Romley.

"You're fired, see!" said the stage-manager. "You got it coming, anyway. Ledna! Ledna is right——"

The sweep of string instruments like a sudden rushing of wind over the top of a forest. A quick, high challenge from the trumpets. Shari's music cue! The property-man had been too late. The dance would be played. And the dancer was gone.

The stage-manager gasped. He gave one horrified glance into the dim recesses of the stage. His hands went despairingly, imploringly, into the air—and fell on Ledna.

"Get out there, you!" he cried. "Do something. Try to dance. Fake it!"

He pushed her roughly toward the stage and into the white snare of spot-light that had dropped from the balcony—for Shari.

Thus, stumbling and all but losing her balance, Little Ledna made her entrance for the first solo dance of her career.

She was not bewildered. There was no room left for any new emotion in her dark, disordered head. She simply did not hear the music. The orchestra leader was making frantic signals to her.

She did not see the audience. Her eyes went to the aisle, third row center. Eddie's eyes were on her. There was suffering in them. He was trying to say something, silently, to her. He was nodding his head. His lips were pursed as if he was whistling. Eddie was telling her to dance. She saw his hands come together to give her the tempo.

Ledna danced, her eyes upon the eyes of Eddie Dean. She danced as she danced when they were alone—a disordered rhythm that was not like any other dancing an audience had ever seen; a dance that had in it the unstudied grace of playing children. Ledna was dancing for Eddie. Once more, still keeping time for her, he was reminded of aspens, silver and slim, tangled in a green forest; of the lone flight of a courageous bird. Things he had never seen.

The stage-manager grabbed her when she danced off the stage. The storm of applause drowned the efforts of the orchestra, still playing.

"You're a riot, kid!" he shouted. "I never knew—go back out there. Mop 'em up! Take a bend. Take plenty!"

Again he pushed her, not roughly this time.



"I just knew you would come back to Fels-Naptha!"

Mother: "I've been tempted at different times into trying all sorts of soaps. I bought chips, powders and other new-fangled cleaners that claim to do about everything but the ironing and mending. But I always come back to Fels-Naptha. Nothing else gives so much help, and is so easy on the clothes."

Daughter: "Yes, isn't it wonderful how Fels-Naptha helps! I didn't realize how much until I tried other soaps. Then I began to see the difference. It must be the naptha, or the way it's mixed. It is so easy with Fels-Naptha to get my clothes clean and sweet and white. And I just love the naptha odor—don't you?"

Thousands upon thousands of other women—after trying "chips, powders and other new-fangled cleaners"—have also come back to Fels-Naptha. And for a very good reason.

Fels-Naptha gives you *extra help you cannot get from any other soap, no matter what its form, or color, or shape, or price.* That's because it is more than soap—a great deal more than just "naptha soap." It is good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha combined for perfect teamwork in one golden bar.

Ask your grocer for a bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell its clean naptha odor.

Then prove the *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha by trying it in your home.

—•—

No matter how you prefer to wash clothes—in a washing machine or tub—in boiling, lukewarm or cool water—you can get more help from Fels-Naptha than from any other soap. Millions of women are getting the benefit of this *extra* help. Why not you?

—•—

Camping or traveling this summer? Be sure to have Fels-Naptha's *extra* help! Loosens ground-in dirt from clothes so easily. Removes grease from dishes, even with cool water.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © Fels & Co.

The whole cast was waiting in the wings after her encore. And the rest of that performance was done in the fever of her spectacular success.

Ledna left the theater with her coat thrown over the flimsy costume of her dance. Eddie Dean was at the stage-door, more jubilant than the others had been.

"Go to Mother Fisher's and wait for me," she told him. "Don't ask me why—just wait!"

"Is it another gentleman friend?" queried the hoofer.

She might have known then. But her one thought now was to bring Shari back to him.

"Oh, Eddie!" she cried, and climbed into a taxicab.

Outside of the apartment-house in which Romley lived another taxicab was waiting. In it was Shari. Ledna was out of her cab before it had fairly stopped.

"Shari, you come with me!" she commanded.

"You can't talk like that to a bride," replied Shari.

Ledna reached for her.

When Romley appeared only the driver of Shari's cab was there to greet him.

"It looks like your girl's kidnaped," he grinned.

"What? How many of them were there?"

"Just one. It was a girl. Quite a girl, I'll say. She had lots of what they call personality."

Eddie Dean waited in his room at Mrs. Fisher's. It was nervous business, waiting. Eddie Dean had several things on his mind. One thing especially. "I'm going to tell her, cold turkey," he promised himself.

A scuffle of feet in the hallway. The door was flung open. And into the room Shari was projected. Shari, her blond hair in pretty disarray and her fluffy feathers ruffled.

"What's the matter, babe?" asked the surprised hoofer. "Have you gave up married life so soon?"

Then Ledna stalked into the room, a stern captor. The stage make-up was too vivid under the regulated, hissing gas-jet. Her voice was not as steady as she wanted it to be.

"There she is," said Ledna. "I've brought her back to you. Take care of her, Eddie. She's——"

"Say, will you give the girl friend an earful?" broke in Shari. "I've been trying to tell her the dirt. She wouldn't listen."

"Shari's tried to give me a song-and-dance about marrying that Romley," sneered Ledna.

"Well, she done it, all right," said Eddie Dean. "I seen her. I was the best man. It come off this evening, between shows. And very nice, too, what I claim."

Ledna stared. Married! Really married! And Eddie, just standing there——

"And you don't—don't care?" stammered Ledna. "You don't—love her?"

"Listen, Miss Wagner," said Eddie earnestly, "and don't get up on your ear. I'm going to say my say—left hook or no left hook. I never could make out why you try to promote cutie here with me until her and I have a talk last night at the Mock Turtle." He moved away from her a little, defensively. "It's you I'm in love with, Miss Wagner," he went on. "I won't blame you if you get sore, and I'll exit like a gent. But it goes as it lays—I love you."

Then he stepped forward, swiftly. For the self-sufficient, left-hooking Ledna had fainted. She had always hated the fainting kind, too. But it *had* been a mad night. Eddie held her in his arms.

"Say it again," murmured Ledna.

"Say what, Miss Wagner?"

"Not that—not Miss Wagner!"

"Lily, then—dearie," he gulped.

She smiled rapturously. And Eddie began saying other things. Many other things.

Shari glanced down at them, amused.

"Little Ledna right to the grand finale," she smiled. "But she's a great girl. Be good to her, hoofer."

He did not hear her. From the doorway she spoke again.

"Well, I'll try anything once—even being a bride," drawled Shari. "But really, I'm just not the type for a chaperon."

Neither of them heard her.

The Dark Ages *by George Ade* (*Continued from page 83*)

in our midst had acquired either honorable wounds or the liquor habit while putting down the rebellion, and the blue army overcoats were just as plentiful as buffalo-robes.

I remember the white plug hats and the oilcloth capes of the 1872 campaign. Before me is a clipping of 1876 and I learn that Samuel J. Tilden was "a public plunderer—a dishonest and disreputable creature, whose election would bring disgrace to this country." If an editor of the 'seventies disagreed with someone he used such terms as "hell-hound," "dirty dog" and "contemptible scoundrel."

Just as far back as I can remember I loafed around the Gazette office and performed all kinds of small chores, mostly for the glory of the Republican cause. In the campaign of 1878 I stole some proof-sheets which were hanging on a hook in the office of the Democratic organ and thereby gave our party complete information as to what attacks were to be made on our candidates in the last issue before election. For this criminal exploit I was warmly praised by our own campaign committee. The democratic editor never could find out who sauntered in and borrowed his proof-sheets, but he came out in the paper and said that whoever did it was an "infamous skunk" and "never again must the air of our sanctum be contaminated by the fumes emanating from his filthy carcass." Any twelve-year-old boy who could get that kind of a piece written about him was certainly making headway in politics.

From the beginning, the warm smell of printer's ink smote pleasantly on my nostrils and the itch to write was there. In my early teens I composed an essay and read it at the Friday afternoon exercises in the grammar school and the teacher thought it was so good that she had the manuscript sent to the editor of the Gazette and the whole thing was published. This was absolutely my first piece of writing to be set up in type and printed. If the evidence were not so overwhelming, I could hardly believe that I ever wrote anything so cock-sure and orthodox and uplifting.

I am going to print the essay which I wrote when I wore copper-toed shoes and carried no handkerchief. There is no need of wasting time on explanations or apologies. Probably I should be ashamed to admit that some of my views have changed after forty-five or fifty years of contact with a dissolute world. At least, I was morally sound and altogether rock-bound in my convictions when I wrote the following, back yonder in the 'seventies:

A BASKET OF POTATOES

A very common subject, and one on which it would seem as if little could be said. Just a common basket of potatoes composed of large potatoes, small potatoes and medium-sized potatoes. And yet by this basket of potatoes we can illustrate the great problem of success of life, of how men rise to the top of the ladder, and how men stay at the bottom and why men can never rise to high places. Now let us begin our investigations.

Here is a bushel basket and here is a bushel of potatoes. We pour the potatoes in the basket and now we will make our first comparison or supposition. Each one of these potatoes is a young man not yet entered on his life's great work. The large potatoes are large-minded, large-hearted, honest young men. The small potatoes are small-minded, small-hearted, mean, dishonest young men. The medium potatoes are a mixture of the good and the bad. As we have them now, the large ones and small ones are mixed all over the basket. There are large ones at the bottom and small ones at the top and *vice versa*.

Now let the battle of life begin. Let these young men be put upon a level footing and be put face to face with the stern realities of life. We will illustrate this with the basket of potatoes by lifting it up and jolting and shaking and tipping it very thoroughly for some time, and then when we stop we find to our surprise that the small potatoes have gone to the bottom and the large potatoes have gone to the top, while the medium-sized have stopped in the center and do not seem to go either way. Friends, remember this; in the tough, earnest battle of life the big potatoes will go to the top and the small ones will go to the bottom.

There are few rules which have no exceptions and it is thus with this rule, for here right on the top of the basket we find a small potato and we are puzzled accordingly, but it is soon clear, for upon investigation we find that it is held in its place by two large ones and from this we draw the following conclusion: Whenever you see a small potato in the top of the basket, somebody's holding it there.

And here are several more exceptions, for down in the bottom of the basket we find several large ones and again we are mystified, but it soon clears away and we know the cause when we discover projecting from each one several large knots or projections and in order that these potatoes may have a fair chance we break off these knots and discover that the most common knot is intemperance. The others are love of gain, inactivity and several other bad habits. And from this we draw the conclusion that if we would rise to the top we must break off our bad habits and vices and be as big a potato as possible.

What is true in one case is true in another and we find that small potatoes are kept on top by these projections and when these are examined we find that smooth tongues and lying words have put them on the level of the big potatoes.

And now when we have everything fixed to our satisfaction and are satisfied with our examinations, we casually pick up the largest potato in the basket and look at it and discover something which we had not before noticed, viz.—a large rotten spot in its otherwise solid body. And from this we draw the conclusion that even the big potatoes are not all perfect and man is apt to be sinful in spite of everything.

And so it is everywhere; life is but a basket of potatoes. When the hard jolts come, the big will rise and the small will fall. The true, the honest and the brave will go to the top. The small-minded and ignorant must go to the bottom. And now I would like to say something to these young potatoes. Now is the time for you to say whether or not in the battle of life you will be a small or large potato. If you would be a large potato get education, be honest, observing and careful and you will be jolted to the top. If you would be a small potato neglect these things and you will get to the bottom of your own accord. Break off your bad habits, keep away from rotten potatoes and you will get to the top. Be careless of these things and you will reach the bottom in due time. Everything rests with you. Prepare for the jolting.

* * *

Of course, when I wrote about those potatoes I didn't know that there were so many rutabagas, turnips and yams mixed up with the other vegetables. Notwithstanding which, this youthful outcropping is a perfect specimen of what it was intended to be.

Rewarded..

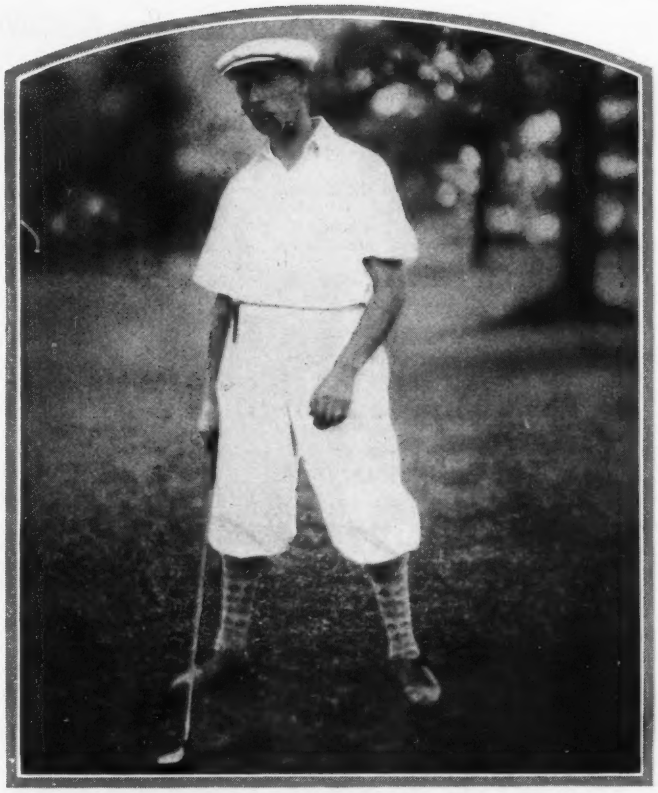
in Vigor, Energy, Ambition.
How thousands have corrected constipation, skin and stomach disorders — regained the vitality of youth— with one natural food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. K-43, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"AS A PROFESSIONAL GOLFER, I became run down with overwork. I got a bad attack of indigestion. I could not eat. I had no life of any kind. I suffered from constipation till I gave up all hopes of ever getting better. I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so. My friends were surprised at the change in me. I was eager to have the golfing season commence for I felt like a different man."
JACK YORGAN, Chicago, Ill.



"IT ALL STARTED in the rain-soaked trenches of Flanders Fields. The air was kept in violent vibration by the pounding of high explosives. I was sent home with shattered nerves. I was also troubled with a stubborn constipation. I commenced to take Fleischmann's Yeast daily. In a few weeks my constipation vanished and I felt generally improved. At the end of six weeks my nerves were steady as ever, my health was of the best, and my appetite was ravenous."
MARK HYDON, Detroit, Michigan



"I AM A DANCER. Three years ago I had so much indigestion and constipation that I got terribly run down. I was very skinny and was too tired and nervous to take my lessons. A lady recommended yeast. In about three weeks I could tell a difference. The constipation was relieved and I had much less trouble with gas. In about four months I began my lessons again. Now I am strong in every way."
IDABELLE BARLOW,
Fort Lauderdale, Florida



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

The God of Women *by Kathleen Norris* (*Continued from page 99*)

the empty little strips of glove-kid that, with a very cobweb of spidery brown stains, were indicated against the paint of the house where a rose-vine once had climbed, Rachel Richie wondered drearily why she was alive at all—or why anyone was!

"Rachel!" a young voice from the kitchen called, "did he have the tomatoes?"

"Oh, for heavens' sake—*yes!*" Rachel answered, her own voice surprising her with its sudden violent irritation.

"Rachel," said the first voice, mildly reproachful, "is that any way to speak to your mother?"

"Mother—I thought it was Missy!" the girl exclaimed, with genuine horror in her voice. "I do beg your pardon," she apologized, in the kitchen doorway.

"Well, I didn't *think* you'd speak so to me," Mrs. Richie said. "Hot, isn't it? That pongee looks as if it had been through the war."

"Mother, do you have to *iron* on a day like this?"

"I'm not ironing—really. I'm just pressing out a few things. It's just as cool down here as anywhere."

"Cool! It's simply broiling. I'm soaking," Rachel said gloomily, sitting down at one end of the kitchen table. "It's awful down-town."

"The reason I phoned for tomatoes," Mrs. Richie explained, "was because my jelly didn't harden. I made a real nice tomato jelly this morning. I thought if Chess is going away so soon, we might's well have his favorite."

"Who told you about Chess?" the girl asked, in a thick, suspicious voice.

"Who told me what about Chess?"

"That he's going."

"Well, for pity's sake," Mrs. Richie said, looking up amazed, "don't this whole town know he's going to Colorado?"

"He's going tomorrow—that's what I meant, mom."

Rachel did not face her mother; she remained staring out into the motionless heat of the yard. But her teeth caught suddenly at her lower lip and her eyes brimmed with hard tears.

"For goodness' sake!" the older woman said. "Does he feel badly about leaving you?"

The girl gulped. "Yep. I guess he does."

"It isn't forever, Rachel deary. He'll be back in October," the mother suggested timidly.

"I know."

"They sent for him, huh?"

"Nope. The man's here—Kinhart. He's been talking to Chess all afternoon."

"Well, deary, the sooner Chess gets away, the sooner he gets back—we know that. October's only four months off."

There was a silence. The kitchen seemed to grow hotter every instant.

"Chess has signed up with Kinhart for the rest of this job," Rachel presently began in a hard, resentful young voice. "He'll be at Pine Crossing until October. Then if he's lucky he'll be sent on to the big job, down in Buenos Aires. And if all *that* happens, and nothing goes wrong, and we both *live*—maybe we'll be married this time next year!"

"Well, even then you won't be but twenty-five, dear. That's young."

"Yes, but we've been waiting four years, mother! Is it fair," Rachel asked passionately, "is it *fair* that little brainless flappers like Ethel and Olive Peterson should have their families just hanging round to make everything easy for them when *they* want to get married—houses and silver and honeymoons in New York? And Chess and I have to worry and worry, and wait and wait——"

"Maybe your luck'll come later!" her mother suggested optimistically. But as the girl's dark face did not brighten, she cast about for sounder ground. "My tomato jelly never went back on me before," she mourned. "I put it down cellar—it's cooler than the ice-box. Maybe it's hardened, and if it has, I'll certainly have it tonight, if it's Chess' last night."

"He's *heart-broken*," Rachel said somberly. "He looked fifty today."

"Why, I thought he was crazy to get this job!" Mrs. Richie said innocently.

"He's crazy to get a start in his profession, of course. But you know Chess. We're all he has in the world," the girl answered.

"Well, such is life!" was all Mrs. Richie could think of to offer.

"And I don't think much of life!" Rachel added darkly.

Mrs. Richie was the type of woman who could manage babies with great definiteness and judgment, and who had never been baffled by the problems of kindergarten, grammar and high school days. But of late years, with two young women and a young man on her hands, she sometimes felt vaguely puzzled. They were bold where she had been timid, rebellious where she had meekly submitted, derisive where she had been respectful.

Rachel especially, the brilliant, restless, ambitious eldest, was a creature entirely outside her mother's zone of comprehension. Rachel wore her hair and her gowns in a fashion of her own; she had picked up, even in Garsborough, a little French here and a little Italian there, she could speak intelligently of operas she had never heard and plays she had never seen; her whole attitude, overgrown and badly educated small-town girl that she was, toward art and science and letters was one of odd definiteness and authority. And this the family, even while they scolded her and made fun of her, confusedly sensed.

So that Rachel's despairs were beyond her mother's reach. Mrs. Richie could only silently finish her ironing now while the girl mused gloomily at the kitchen table.

"Mother, couldn't you lie down before dinner?"

The girl's voice was ungracious and unwilling. But a tender light came into the older woman's eyes.

"I never could rest afternoons, dear. I get all prickly, and it makes my head ache."

"Mom," the girl said, "why not take a nice, cool bath?"

"Well, I was just wondering why *you* don't do that, Rachel. It's after five now, and it'll be cooler from now on. Put a pitcher of hot water in Joe's room so's he can wash if he comes in dirty, and get real comfortable."

The girl rose abruptly and began to explore the damped and rolled dried clothes that were in a large basket in a corner of the kitchen.

"Didn't Geraldine do my other pongee?" she demanded despairingly.

Mrs. Richie stepped to the laundry door by way of answer and displayed the gown in question, freshly ironed, and on a hanger.

"Mother, you ironed it!"

"No—no, Geraldine did. She stayed and got lunch for grandma."

"Oh, mother, you liar!"

"No, honestly, Rachel."

"Golly, she made it look nice!" the girl conceded, in a satisfied undertone. "Here's where that baby of hers gets a present."

"Rachel, I wish you'd talk to her. Grandma and I were trying to today, but she thinks everything you say is Gospel," Mrs. Richie said, worried. "She says she's going to name that child Ether—I think that's terrible!"

"*Ether!*" Rachel caught her mother's shoulders in strong young arms and began to laugh. Mrs. Richie tried to see the averted face; Rachel never laughed that way unless she was close to tears.

"Darling, don't cry!"

"Mother, I can't h-h-help it. I can't *bear* it any longer. It's years, now, years—and still we have to wait! The best years of our lives. The best years of our lives! Now Chess goes away—thousands of miles, and how do we know but what something'll happen before October, and we'll have to wait again!"

"You mustn't think that, dear. The Lord has taken care of me and my children——"

"Oh, mother, don't talk like that! The town is full of old maids who could have got married if they'd had two hundred—five hundred more dollars."

"You and Chess were engaged on your twentieth birthday—I remember it well," Mrs. Richie said, slightly changing her tack, "and he's never looked at another girl since. He isn't the kind of boy——"

"I was seventeen when we began going together," Rachel said, in a subdued, heavy voice, sitting down at the table again. "He was twenty. I thought he was middle-aged. His father was going to send him to college then. But Doctor Crowninshield died that next year, and Chess went to work for O'Connor—went to work for a plumber! And for four years my beau was a plumber!"

"Rachie, that's a silly way for any sensible girl to talk. Why, look how Ford started, and Carnegie. And I'll bet Rockefeller——"

"Then his mother got sick and he sent her to California, with Alice."

"There never was a better son living," Mrs. Richie said, soberly, corroboratively.

"Then papa died, and I went to work," the girl continued the recital. "And now for two years Chess and I have been saying 'Next year—next year'!"

"His mother's funeral expenses ran over seven hundred," Mrs. Richie commented, "and he sent Alice a check for her wedding outfit—Lew Rogers, over at the bank, told Joe it was for five hundred dollars."

"He doesn't *see* it—he doesn't *see* it!" Rachel whispered, knotting her fingers and dropping her face upon them. Wonderful as he was, Chess didn't see her side of it, see that a girl wanted *her* life, too, despite all the funerals and marriages, the delays and changes of fate. Suppose he didn't get the important Buenos Aires job that they hoped would follow the lesser one in Colorado; suppose her mother was taken ill meanwhile, or Joe lost his job and had to stop contributing to the family finances. Things had gone like that for seven years; they might go like that for forty.

And meanwhile there was the world waiting out there—trips, friendships, experiences, opportunities. There was her first little home with Chess waiting somewhere out there. Wife—mother—all the wonderful new terms and estates; perhaps some day further titles too, further honors; "the story writer, the novelist."

"He doesn't see what, deary?" her mother's voice asked.

"I beg your pardon, mother!" The girl came to herself with a start. The dream vanished—the bright future beyond dull, commonplace Garsborough. Rachel was back in the home kitchen again. "I think I *will* take a bath," she said, lifting the fresh pongee dress.

"It's going to be lots cooler—there's a storm coming up," Mrs. Richie prophesied.

Rachel heard the sudden hammering of thunder; the back stairway window was lighted by a murderous blue flash as she went up-stairs. The air was insufferably close now.

Beyond the river were factory roofs and tree tops, in the town. Ice-cream signs, cigaret signs, and the unfailing "Comfypad." "Sleep deep—sleep cheap—your troubles will keep."

"I hate this house—I hate this town—I loathe and despise everybody in it!" Rachel said distinctly, looking out upon her world as the first warm, slow drops of the rain fell and rolled themselves into little balls on the dusty roof of the side porch.

The successful tomato jelly, ice-cold and ringed with crisp lettuce, was better than ever. Chess had brought a half-pint of cream, and Rachel had made her famous iced coffee. Missy had brought home a basket of peaches.

And the rain, the delicious, cooling, cleansing rain was falling in sheets. Gutters ran *café au lait*, sopping leaves swished, the air that rushed in at the dining-room windows was as sweet as champagne.



The Lady Diana Manners
at the Polo matches at Meadowbrook Country Club, Westbury, L.I. "I know," she says, "that every woman can have a fresh, undimmed complexion if she'll keep it supple and protected by the Pond's method."



The Two Creams *which keep the most delicate skin exquisitely supple and fresh the summer through.*



The Princesse Matchabelli
on the beach at Southampton, Long Island. She says: "American women do not allow the effects of exposure to mar their complexions. Women everywhere can acquire the same perfection with Pond's Two Creams."

What kind of Skin will you have at the end of summer?

Burned, coarsened, rough? Or fair, smooth and soft?

You wouldn't deliberately choose the first if you could have the second, would you? Yet, by neglect through the long hot summer, that's exactly what it comes to.

Sunburn has a certain charm—if kept within bounds. But blush-rose, before you know it, turns beet-red. A golden tan is a stunning accompaniment to the sports costume. But it quickly thickens your skin, makes it dry and leathery.

There is a way, however—pursued by the smart women of the social world—to keep that look of a young healthy skin, just the becoming part of sunburn and tan, *without* the coarsening and deep burning.

Pond's two fragrant, fluffy Creams, whose fine oils refresh, soothe, cool your skin, keep it supple, smooth, protected, are all you need—if you use them faithfully—though you stay in the hottest sun the summer through.

After a morning on the beach, an afternoon of golf or in your car, and always at night, cover your face, neck and arms with Pond's Cold Cream. Let its pure oils soothe the irritated tissues and gently lift from them all dust, perspiration and powder. Leave it on a few moments to sink deep into the pores. A soft cloth or tissue will remove both cream and dirt and leave your skin fresh and soft. Repeat, to get out every trace of dust. At night pat on more Pond's Cold Cream and let it remain, further to restore the suppleness of your sun-parched skin as you sleep. A dash of cold water or a rub with ice after each daytime cleansing will close the pores relaxed by heat and perspiration.

A protection of Pond's Vanishing Cream follows every Pond's cleansing, except the one you give your skin at night. Especially before going out into the hot sun, fluff a little of this Cream, light as thistle-down, over your face, neck, arms and hands. It gives you a lovely smooth finish, takes your powder evenly and holds it long, and—of greatest importance to you now—protects your sensitive tissues from all irritation, from the burning rays of the sun and parching wind.



Miss Elinor Patterson
of a distinguished Chicago family, has been riding and relaxing in Virginia after a successful season as "The Nun, Megildis" in "The Miracle." She says, "For the skin which is doubly taxed by society and professional life, Pond's Two Creams are perfect."

Free Offer: *Mail this coupon and try, free, Pond's Two famous Creams.*

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. H.
141 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Contentment in every draw—cards or tobacco

A new slant on pipe-smoking contentment is brought to light by Mr. W. H. Doughty, a furniture dealer of Greenville, Tenn.

Read what he writes:

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.
My dear Sirs:

For twenty years I have been engaged in retailing furniture. On rainy days my partner and I call up some of our friends and invite them down to a little poker game.

In this melange of our selection there happened to be a fellow by the name of Austine—a tobacco dealer. This fellow Austine was a most consistent loser—but losing never seemed to affect his morale.

His conduct became a study with me. My winning and losing moods were reflected in my actions. When winning I was the good fellow. When losing I was the grouch. All this time I noticed Mr. Austine, the tobacco dealer, sitting back unperturbed, pulling away on his pipe—contented—winning or losing.

Finally I put the matter up to Mr. Austine for a solution. He said, "Major (my poker title by brevet), there is no mystery to that—my contentment is due to the tobacco I smoke. When I need a friend in poker or business—Edgeworth has never failed me. It carries contentment in every draw—whether the cards run good or bad."

The next time I visited the Mason Corner Tobacco Shop I purchased some of this Edgeworth. It has made a new man out of me. I can look them in the face and smile—smile—smile whether they run good or bad.

Sincerely,
W. H. Doughty.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4T S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.]

Rachel, beautiful in the fresh gown, with her coronet of braids still curling in damp little feathers about her broad low forehead, was mysteriously radiant. She listened tonight to Joe's nonsense without the usual interruptions; she had only laughing sympathy in her comment upon Missy's disasters, caught in the storm. Tonight she was the first to jump up for mustard, to close a window. And every time she passed her mother's chair she, stooping, touched her lips to the rich brown hair.

"Darlings," she said, in a laughing voice that held just the hint of a break in it when the meal was over and the peaches under discussion, "we've had fun in this old place, haven't we? We've never quarreled, have we?"

Chess, turning a little pale, shifted his chair, put an arm about her shoulders.

"Quarreled?" Missy, eighteen and practical, said roundly. "My heavens, the day I took Chess' picture out of my own frame and put Jim Tilmann's in——"

"Ah, no, but I mean anything serious!" Rachel protested, still laughing.

"You didn't rag me when I forgot to call for you at Mason's—oh, no!" Joe added fervently.

"Well, I adore you all no matter how rotten I am!" she persisted. "And I'm going to invite the whole gang of you to my wedding tomorrow!"

"Rachel Richie!" her mother said faintly, pushing back her chair a little, and staring.

"Goody—goody—goody for you!" Missy screamed, jumping up to rush about the table for a wild embrace.

"That's right, if you'll give her to me, Mrs. Richie," Chess said a little thickly. "I want to take her with me to Colorado."

"But children—but, children——" the mother began blankly.

"But, mother——" the girl echoed, now on her knees beside her mother's chair, with her young arms linked about the figure that had faded to flatness and leanness so many years ago. "Mother, dearest, he's got the Buenos Aires appointment now. They've signed him up for five years! This Mr. Kinhart is the contractor for that too, and that's really why he came here, to see Chess for himself. We're to report in Buenos Aires on the first of December."

"She won't need many clothes in Colorado—there's nobody there but the bridge building people," the young man said, eagerly hoarsely, his strong, ugly, attractive face still pale. "He says the engineers have cottages—the company has built twelve already, and I'll have one anyway. He says the climate is fine, and there'll be a couple of other women there."

"But darling, you've not got your new dress or anything! And grandma was going over to Aunt Hat's tomorrow."

"We'll telephone her, mom. We want to buy some things and get our license tomorrow morning, and at three or four get married, and go off on the six——"

The man took stiff strips of paper ribbon from his pocket; pale green strips covered with fine print, little hinged pink tickets. He solemnly displayed them.

"Oh, *Chess!*" Missy screamed.

"I had to get 'em right away—I was lucky to get a section," Chess said seriously. "We get to Chicago at four the day after tomorrow."

"Chicago!" the girl breathed, her eyes stars.

"We leave Chi at eight-ten," Chess resumed casually, studying the tickets. "We get to Ogden two days later, take a train from there, and take a stage for half a day. That's all!"

"That's nothing!" exulted the girl who had never spent three successive hours of her life in travel.

"And what is the little one, Chess?"

"That's the Pullman, Miss."

"Oh, Rachel—aren't you *thrilled?*"

"I suppose I'm thinking about leaving you all." Rachel clung closer to her mother, laid her bright head against her mother's shoulder.

"You mustn't think of that now," her mother said unexpectedly. "Your place is with your husband now, Rachel."

She looked at him with a new expression in her widening eyes. Her place was beside him now, rather than with her mother and her brother and sister.

"Tomorrow," her mother was murmuring. "My gracious! I'll have to get hold of Geraldine right away! Maybe Miss Bush would rush your blue silk, Rachel."

"Your hat! You ought to get that adorable hat in Wilson's window, blue with a tan feather!" Missy exclaimed suddenly.

"You ought to telephone grandma right away, deary."

"Listen, sis—I'm home tomorrow morning, I can chase around and do all your errands!"

"You're all—wonderful!" Rachel's eyes were shining with laughter and misted with tears. "But—but we were just supposing really, weren't we, Chess? We could wait, of course."

"Supposing! I never was so sure of anything in my life!"

"But why should you wait, darling? It isn't the usual sort of marriage, but you'll see how much we can do before tomorrow afternoon."

After the years of dulness, of sameness, of delays, suddenly everything was stir and excitement.

"Grandma says she's coming straight over and bringing her veil for Rachel tomorrow, and she says of course you'll have to have sandwiches and iced coffee anyway, after the wedding!" This was Missy, back from the telephone. "And Aunt Ellen says she wants Rachel to go in and pick out her silver pattern at Ecrets' tomorrow, and she'll have it marked and sent after them. Uncle Charley says does Rachel want a check, and Hannah yelled up that she'd come over and help all day long. Grandma says that she wants to give Rachel a new suitcase. And Betty was there, and she just screamed she was so excited, and she and Don are coming right over. Geraldine's on her way here now; she says there hasn't been a wedding in this town her sister Robangela didn't make a bride-cake for, and Robangela says that Miss Rachel is a-going to have one if she's up all night making it. And Betty wants to know if you want Jean for ring-bearer. I stand up with you, Rachel!"

"Is Jim Tilmann standing up with you, Chess?"

"Well, I never thought of it. But why not Joe, here?"

Chess' arm across Joe's shoulder; Joe hoarse and red with excitement.

"I'd certainly like to, Chess—I'd certainly be proud to."

"Rachel! Frank McComb just telephoned, and he says that Billy Choate just came in and says that if you and Chess are really going off on your honeymoon tomorrow he's got you a drawing-room, right straight through to Ogden, for a wedding present——"

"A drawing-room! My gracious goodness!"

"It's the Times, Rachel. Mr. Williams says the boys in the city room send you their best wishes, and they want you to do your own wedding as a good-by story for them."

"Hoo-hoo! Where's everybody? Can we walk right in? What's all this we hear about marrying and giving in marriage—any kisses for uncles these days?"

"Rachel Richie—you sly thing! You're going to be married before I am, after all. I could die of mortification! Sa-ay—do you let Chess hug other girls like this!"

It was amazing, it was thrilling to the point where one lost one's breath, where one became tearful, hysterical, giggling.

Almost midnight, and Rachel and Chess out at the gate, in the last of the summer moonlight, for a dozen words alone before they separated—until the tremendous events of tomorrow.

The same old heavy-leaved elms, still dripping from the rain, still swishing reminiscently from the storm overhead. The same old-fashioned house, with unwonted light gushing tonight from its windows.

And inside, the shabby carpets, the fireplace where coal chewed lazily on wet winter



Paige Five-Passenger 4-Door Sedan, $1495, f. o. b. Detroit

Aside from having always at your command an abundance of power and speed··· *aside* from the sheer pleasure of driving a car so easily handled that it seems almost to drive itself···*aside* from the comfortable feeling that such perfect performance is costing you much less than it would in many another car··· there's the very flattering satisfaction that comes only from owning and driving

The Most Beautiful Car in America

(790)

Here's new dental way to Gums like Coral

Also lightens cloudy teeth remarkably

Accept, please, full 10-day tube of this scientifically-proved, film-removing *dentifrice*, urged by world's dental authorities. Note the great difference in your teeth and gums.



GLORIOUSLY clear teeth, gums like coral to contrast them! Add their attractiveness to your smile. Do this for social and business reasons.

Modern dental science now proves teeth seldom are naturally "off color"—simply clouded with a film coat that ordinary dentifrices do not clear off successfully. Clouded teeth now are given sparkling whiteness, and one's whole appearance thus often changed.

A way scores of motion pictures' noted stars use to whiten teeth before going on a scene. A way leading dentists of the world now are widely urging.

Just a film dulling them and inviting gum troubles

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it— a slippery, viscous coating that covers them.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color," dingy and noticeably unattractive.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

Old ways won't clear it off

Mere brushing is not enough. And even ordinary dentifrices won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent — entirely different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this new method.

Clears film off— Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once. Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget and mail at once.

See what a difference 10 days will make in the whiteness of your teeth.

FREE Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Mail this for 10-Day Tube to

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 654, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family. 2166

The Pepsodent Co., Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia
Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Can. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1

afternoons, the sideboard with the two empty old decanters in red and white glass, the dolphins in Rachel's room.

For she had taken a fancy to dolphins several years ago, when she had begun to dress her hair in the old-fashioned coronet, when she had begun to wear her plain pongees. Dolphin candlesticks and dolphin book-ends and dolphin plates in blue china. She had a panicky moment—suppose Chess should ever laugh at her dolphins?

That girl, restless, eager, romantic, that tall, gawky Richie girl, with the thick tawny hair and the gray-green eyes, the girl who hated the commonplace, who wore her hair and frocks differently from the other girls, who pronounced some words a little differently, who tried to satisfy the infinite hunger of her soul on the crumbs of a reporter's job.

Suddenly, and only for a few instants, Rachel saw the girl in her true colors tonight, saw the beauty of her unhappiness and the rich fulness of her hunger. Plain rooms, slipshod meals, half-defined hopes and fears, all bounded by the small-town streets—how big they were! How dramatic it was to be an American girl of twenty-four, with all those years of grammar school, high school, country newspaper office behind one!

Well, that was over. How short it seemed now, and how heartrendingly sweet! What if one's heart began suddenly to ache for it when it was too late? What if a wife, looking out at the raw gash in a strange mountainside that would some day be a bridge, wanted to be a care-free, loved, happy girl again?

"This time next year I might have a baby, even!" Rachel thought, her solemn beautiful eyes lifted to the clearing sky.

"You're tired, sweetheart. I'll beat it," said Chess, his face bent to hers for good-by.

"Aren't they wonderful to me, Chess? Am I a beast to leave them?"

"You! You're an angel, that's what you are. We've waited almost five years!"

"Four. And doesn't it seem short—now!"

"Not to me—you bet. Oh, but listen—I forgot." He put his hand into his coat pocket, drew out something to show her in the light of the swinging street lamp. A tiny figure, gleaming metally.

"What is it?"

"It's our luck. I picked the little beggar up right outside of the hotel this afternoon. I was going in to see Kinhart, scared to death. He's Chinese, I think—bronze."

"We'll keep him for our mascot as long as we live," the girl said, delighted. "Oh, I know *you!*" she said to the bronze figure. "You're Qua'non—he's the god of women, Chess. Miss Duval had him on her screen—he was carved on that piece of jade."

"How the deuce would you remember that?"

"I don't know—I just do. Pitiful Qua'non, that's who he is. The special god of women."

"Then you keep him. Here, Qua'non, go to the lady."

"Chess," said the girl, her eyes glinting laughter in the uneven lights, "I'll have him for my special luck. And whatever's ahead of us—he'll share. Qua'non, you're the first of my household gods. I've not got so much as an egg-beater yet—you're to manage all that for me, do you hear? I want plates and rugs and spoons and blankets——"

"And a typewriter——"

"And a typewriter, and the most adoring, successful husband any woman ever had——"

"You needn't worry about the adoring part—I'll take care of that!"

"And a garden with hollyhocks in it, and a guest-room, and a nursery——"

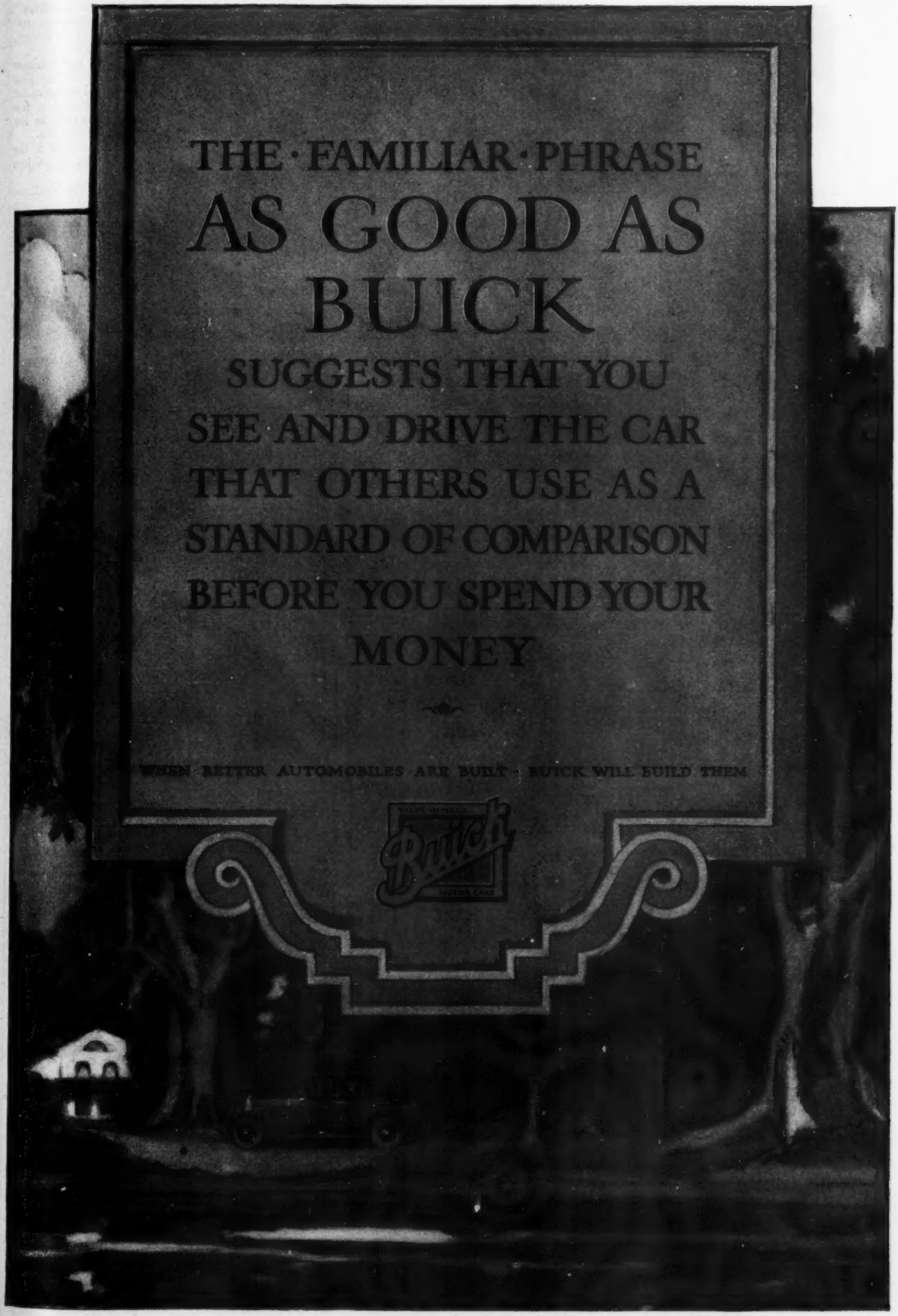
"You bet your life a nursery!"

"And some day books that I've written myself, Qua'non, ten of them in a row——"

"And to be twenty-four forever, hey, Rachel?"

She caught her breath quickly like a frightened child, leaned against his big shoulder.

"Ah, dearest, even he can't do that! This house, with all my little-girl goodness and badness in it, this street that you and I've


THE · FAMILIAR · PHRASE
AS GOOD AS BUICK
SUGGESTS THAT YOU SEE AND DRIVE THE CAR THAT OTHERS USE AS A STANDARD OF COMPARISON BEFORE YOU SPEND YOUR MONEY
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM
Buick

Here's new dental way to Gums like Coral

Also lightens cloudy teeth remarkably

Accept, please, full 10-day tube of this scientifically-proved, film-removing *dentifrice,* urged by world's dental authorities. Note the great difference in your teeth and gums.



GLORIOUSLY clear teeth, gums like coral to contrast them! Add their attractiveness to your smile. Do this for social and business reasons.

Modern dental science now proves teeth seldom are naturally "off color"—simply clouded with a film coat that ordinary dentifrices do not clear off successfully. Clouded teeth now are given sparkling whiteness, and one's whole appearance thus often changed.

A way scores of motion pictures' noted stars use to whiten teeth before going on a scene. A way leading dentists of the world now are widely urging.

Just a film dulling them and inviting gum troubles

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating that covers them.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color," dingy and noticeably unattractive.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

Old ways won't clear it off

Mere brushing is not enough. And even ordinary dentifrices won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent — entirely different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this new method.

Clears film off—
Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once. Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget and mail at once.

See what a difference 10 days will make in the whiteness of your teeth.

FREE Pepsodent (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

Mail this for 10-Day Tube to

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 654, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family. 2166

The Pepsodent Co., Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia
Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Can. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1

afternoons, the sideboard with the two empty old decanters in red and white glass, the dolphins in Rachel's room.

For she had taken a fancy to dolphins several years ago, when she had begun to dress her hair in the old-fashioned coronet, when she had begun to wear her plain pongees. Dolphin candlesticks and dolphin book-ends and dolphin plates in blue china. She had a panicky moment—suppose Chess should ever laugh at her dolphins?

That girl, restless, eager, romantic, that tall, gawky Richie girl, with the thick tawny hair and the gray-green eyes, the girl who hated the commonplace, who wore her hair and frocks differently from the other girls, who pronounced some words a little differently, who tried to satisfy the infinite hunger of her soul on the crumbs of a reporter's job.

Suddenly, and only for a few instants, Rachel saw the girl in her true colors tonight, saw the beauty of her unhappiness and the rich fulness of her hunger. Plain rooms, slipshod meals, half-defined hopes and fears, all bounded by the small-town streets—how big they were! How dramatic it was to be an American girl of twenty-four, with all those years of grammar school, high school, country newspaper office behind one!

Well, that was over. How short it seemed now, and how heartrendingly sweet! What if one's heart began suddenly to ache for it when it was too late? What if a wife, looking out at the raw gash in a strange mountainside that would some day be a bridge, wanted to be a care-free, loved, happy girl again?

"This time next year I might have a baby, even!" Rachel thought, her solemn beautiful eyes lifted to the clearing sky.

"You're tired, sweetheart. I'll beat it," said Chess, his face bent to hers for good-by.

"Aren't they wonderful to me, Chess? Am I a beast to leave them?"

"You! You're an angel, that's what you are. We've waited almost five years!"

"Four. And doesn't it seem short—now!"

"Not to me—you bet. Oh, but listen—I forgot." He put his hand into his coat pocket, drew out something to show her in the light of the swinging street lamp. A tiny figure, gleaming metally.

"What is it?"

"It's our luck. I picked the little beggar up right outside of the hotel this afternoon. I was going in to see Kinhart, scared to death. He's Chinese, I think—bronze."

"We'll keep him for our mascot as long as we live," the girl said, delighted. "Oh, I know *you!*" she said to the bronze figure. "You're Qua'non—he's the god of women, Chess. Miss Duval had him on her screen—he was carved on that piece of jade."

"How the deuce would you remember that?"

"I don't know—I just do. Fitiful Qua'non, that's who he is. The special god of women."

"Then you keep him. Here, Qua'non, go to the lady."

"Chess," said the girl, her eyes glinting laughter in the uneven lights, "I'll have him for my special luck. And whatever's ahead of us—he'll share. Qua'non, you're the first of my household gods. I've not got so much as an egg-beater yet—you're to manage all that for me, do you hear? I want plates and rugs and spoons and blankets——"

"And a typewriter——"

"And a typewriter, and the most adoring, successful husband any woman ever had——"

"You needn't worry about the adoring part—I'll take care of that!"

"And a garden with hollyhocks in it, and a guest-room, and a nursery——"

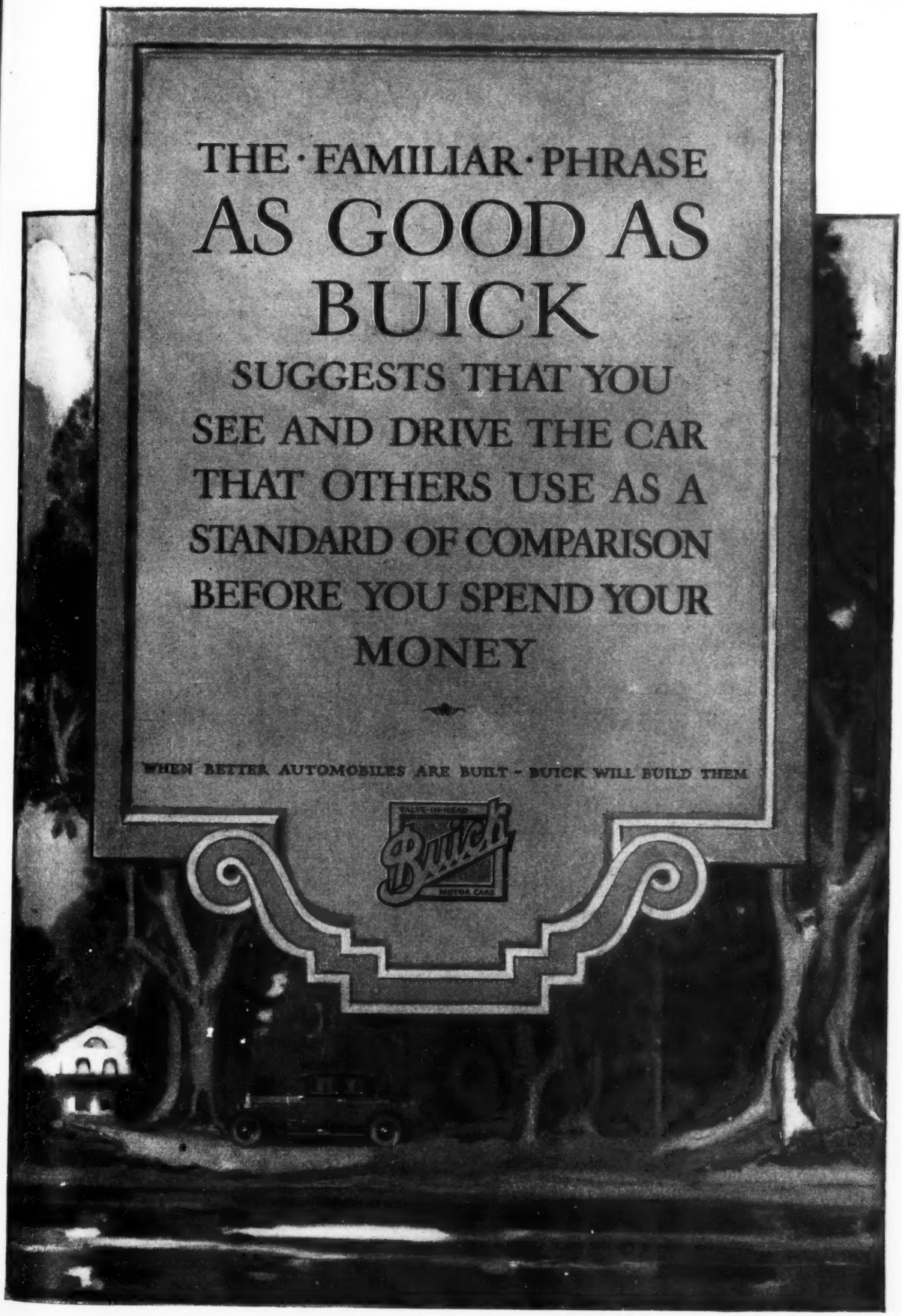
"You bet your life a nursery!"

"And some day books that I've written myself, Qua'non, ten of them in a row——"

"And to be twenty-four forever, hey, Rachel?"

She caught her breath quickly like a frightened child, leaned against his big shoulder.

"Ah, dearest, even he can't do that! This house, with all my little-girl goodness and badness in it, this street that you and I've


THE · FAMILIAR · PHRASE
AS GOOD AS BUICK
SUGGESTS THAT YOU SEE AND DRIVE THE CAR THAT OTHERS USE AS A STANDARD OF COMPARISON BEFORE YOU SPEND YOUR MONEY
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT - BUICK WILL BUILD THEM
VALVE-IN-HEAD
Buick
MOTOR CARS



This LATHER soaks the beard soft

ONCE you have worked up the quick, bulky mass of Williams lather on your face you are through with razor "pull." Because Williams soaks the beard soft for easy shaving.

First: Williams lifts the water-resisting oil-film from the bristles. That lets the beard absorb moisture.

Next: the thick, creamy lather—saturated with moisture—soaks the beard soft so that the razor seems to glide through.

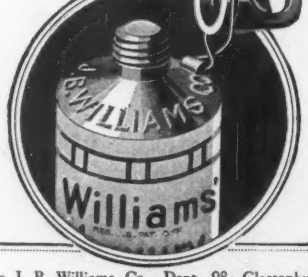
Tomorrow: treat your face to shaving comfort with Williams Cream.

Send the coupon—or a postcard—today for a week's trial tube—free. The large size tube is 35c. The double size tube costs 50c and holds twice as much.

* * *

AQUA VELVA *is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle FREE. Write Dept. 98.*

The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap



The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 98, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial size has no hinge-cap.)

_____

_____

Cosmo.—Aug.

walked down so often, our chocolate sundaes and our movies, the dirty old car, and Joe and mom and Missy going off with us on Sunday trips to the beach—that's over. We'll come back some day, Chess. But it won't be the same. We'll be happier, wiser, richer, busier, perhaps—but we won't be—*us*."

"But we're going to have a lot of fun just the same in the meanwhile!" the man said boyishly.

The girl laughed. "And when we're forty, and rich, and successful, we'll hand you over to some other young couple, Qua'non," she promised, "and you can do the same by them."

"That's right, we'll get old and die," Chess said, amused at the idea. "But this little bronze devil will go on forever! Where do you suppose he came from, Rachel?"

"He came from Olympus, of course, didn't you, Qua'non? And everything's different now that he's here!—I've got to go in."

"Kiss me once more, my darling, my-wife-to-be-before-this-time-tomorrow. Our new life begins—it's seven minutes of twelve—our new history begins with the new day, in seven minutes."

"And our old history ends in seven minutes!" the girl added, with an ache in her voice.

Fifty miles away, dining in the glass-roofed restaurant of a great hotel, and looking out upon the streaming lighted streets of a big city far below her, another woman was quite unconsciously speaking of her at that moment.

"Davy," this woman was saying, whimsically, "I'm not going to hunt any more for Qua'non. I know that little god too well. He's gone to some other woman—some girl, rather, who's just at the very beginning—some girl who needs him.

"And I'd much rather she should have him. He brought us all the luck in the world, and it would be stupid to cling to him any longer. No, he's gone on to a new job—as perhaps he's been going on for a thousand years, and as he will be going on a thousand years from now, like a thread through all sorts of human lives!"

"You don't feel," the man suggested seriously, yet with a smile twitching at his mouth, too, "that he's taken our luck, Lisa?"

In the felicitous hour of rest and coolness after the hot day, rested by her bath, enjoying her salad, reassured by the actual sound of her children's voices over the telephone a few minutes ago, Lisa could smile hardily as she dropped her soft smooth fingers over his.

"No," she answered gravely, "this is the time when it would be all wrong to conjure him back! He's busy."

And she looked down again at the blackness that was cut by the blocks of light that were hotel windows.

"Good luck, to you, you girl who has Qua'non tonight!" she said. "Take care of her, now, little old Qua'non!"

Rachel naturally couldn't hear her, across fifty dark miles. She had raised her face to the man beside her now for the sober, childish kiss that would be their last, until he kissed her as his wife.

"Happy, Rachel?" Chess asked, tenderly, anxiously.

"Oh, happy! But—it scares one just a little, when one's prayers are all answered and one's dream comes true!"

She walked back to the house, up the shabby old path that was made magical and beautiful in the bold silver and black of the moonlight. The elm-trees moved restlessly, and the man stood at the gate, watching her go.

He saw her stop presently and look up at the ugly, familiar, happy old house in which she had been born. He saw her raise her two hands and cover her face with them. The light from the hallway glinted upon the engagement ring that would not be alone upon the slim finger tomorrow.

Qua'non, in the pocket of her pongee gown, was forgotten now. Yet the man knew that she was praying, and that it was to the god of women that she prayed.

At Ninety-One (*Continued from page 111*)

the handsome young woman by his side, who might easily be his granddaughter but who is his wife, and you look at the bright-faced, alert little boy, who is his son, and you can't help thinking he is a remarkable man.

You hear him tell of his past as a captain in our Civil War in which he served under Admirals Porter and Farragut, of being in Ford's theater the night Lincoln was shot, of prospecting in Dead Man's Gulch in California.

You hear that he went as a common sailor in the expedition which went to the Arctic in search of Franklin, the explorer.

You have him show you a coffee set, decorated with the crown and imperial seal of the Emperor of Japan, presented him as an instructor in the Japanese navy.

You will learn that it was Captain Avando Warren Hussey Vivian who superintended the construction of the Washington Monument. And it will likely be as great a surprise to hear that he built, in Richmond, Virginia, the first electric railway in America.

After he had made a real stake, had laid aside enough money safely to back up his dreams of a gigantic business, he returned to England. He had spent years of study in planning and perfecting fiber decorticating and acid-making machinery which he himself had invented.

At eighty he was a multimillionaire. At eighty-one he was smashed. Just about as smashed as a man could be. But he didn't do what most old men would have done. He was down but he was far from out. He forgot his troubles and started in all over again.

Captain Vivian has no particular rules which govern his activities at present, his diet or his living régime. It is only by chance, he says, that he has never used alcohol. He says that it would have been just as likely that he would have lived as long and as well had he taken alcohol in moderation.

He has always used tobacco and has always smoked good cigars, except during such times as financial stringencies made it necessary for him to smoke bad cigars or none at all.

He eats the same as any normal Englishman who enjoys good digestion. His breakfast is a regular English breakfast and that is a breakfast which would suit any harvest hand. For luncheon he takes pot-luck wherever he happens to be, but his real meal in the day comes in the evening with his family.

Captain Vivian thinks his superior age is an advantage, rather than a disadvantage, in his late marriage. He says a man doesn't acquire sense enough to understand a woman until he gets well along in years, and all that women need at any age is understanding.

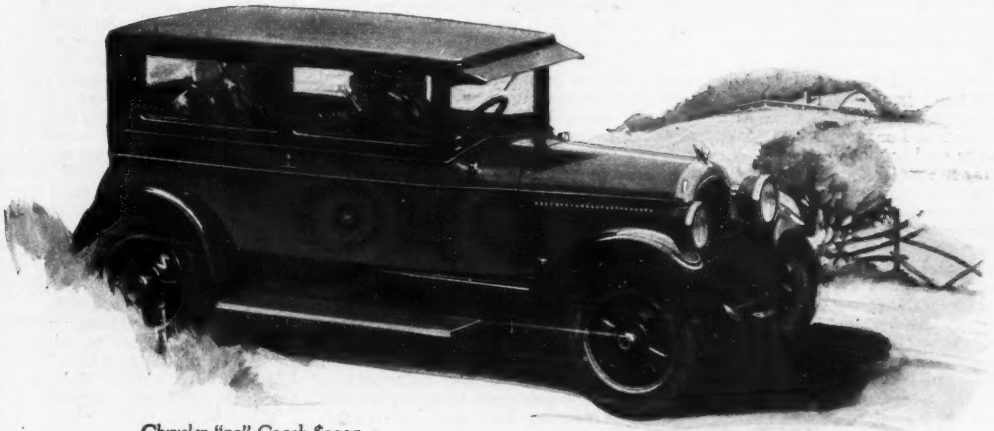
He says that nothing he did or failed to do caused his marriage so late in life. If Mrs. Vivian had happened along when he was twenty-five or forty, he says he would have married her just as quickly as he did at eighty.

At ninety-one Captain Vivian has put all his old lives behind him and is absorbed in a new career and a new era. No doubt the "will to live" has had a great deal to do with Captain Vivian's longevity; that and the fact that he always looks ahead. The future is the only thing with which he is concerned. At ninety-one he is planning what he will do when he is one hundred. He made his last trip across the Atlantic when he was eighty-six and he is going to New York on business soon. He says he is going alone because the rush commercial tour he is going to make will be too hard on his wife and baby. He will take them on a pleasure trip later—when he is one hundred.

Captain Vivian insists he will not retire until his son has grown up to carry on his business.

Chrysler "70"

Changed in No Way Except Lower Prices



Chrysler "70" Coach $1395, f. o. b. Detroit

Chrysler "70"— now at sensational lower prices—continues today, more than ever, to sweep all before it by the charm of its appearance, the delight of its flashing performance, the restful ease of its riding and unapproached roadability.

Truly, the famous "70"—changed in no way, except lower prices—expresses to the utmost the quality for which the name Chrysler is the hallmark the world over.

Long-lived; beautiful as only dynamic symmetry can give beauty; compact to meet today's traffic needs; roomy for comfort and luxury; easiest to handle on any road; 70 miles an hour plus; safe—and now with its savings of $50 to $200, it is beyond all doubt the best investment you can make in a motor car.

Chrysler "70" Prices Reduced $50 to $200

Model	New Price	Savings
Coach	$1395	$ 50
Roadster	1525	100
Royal Coupe	1695	100
Brougham	1745	120
Sedan	1545	150
Royal Sedan	1795	200
Crown Sedan	1895	200

CHRYSLER "60"—*Touring, $1073; Roadster, $1145; Club Coupe, $1165; Coach, $1195; Sedan, $1295.*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton, $2645; Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment, wood wheels optional), $2885; Coupe, two-passenger, $2985; Coupe, four-passenger, $3195; Sedan, five-passenger, $3395; Sedan, seven-passenger, $3595; Sedan-limousine, $3695.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All models equipped with full balloon tires.

Ask about Chrysler's attractive time-payment plan. More than 4300 Chrysler dealers assure superior Chrysler service everywhere.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, pioneered by Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER "70"

Luck Hunts with Us *by Theodore Roosevelt* (*Continued from page 95*)

we asked him what we should find in any particular place he almost invariably would reply "We go lookum see!"

Our gamble with the dogs did not turn up trumps. To begin with, the death of Foxie was a very severe blow, for we considered him our mainstay. Then there were far fewer "varmints" in the Tian Shan than we had anticipated. Though we tried, we were never able to get the dogs on any "varmint" trail that was fresh enough to follow. Naturally this disappointed us, not only because we missed the hunting, but also because we became very fond of the dogs and felt they deserved a chance to make good.

Neither Kermit nor I was very fluent in Urdu. Kermit was a good deal better than I was, which is merely damning his Urdu with faint praise. Rahima Loon and Khalil spoke English which in quality much resembled our Urdu. The result was that at times we had difficulty in understanding each other.

All through this region the hawks, vultures and eagles were numerous. I have rarely seen anything that approaches the eagles in power and effortless grace. At times there would be a gale blowing and they would swoop hither and yon simply by planing, or hold their position over a certain spot by a flickering motion of the wings. Among the small birds there were pigeons, sparrows, larks and swallows, but by far the most striking were the black and white magpies.

We saw only one species of snake, a small one, twelve to eighteen inches long. It was brown in color, the back banded with darker and lighter stripes. All the men were afraid of them and said they were poisonous.

By this time we had collected the males of all the principal animals that we expected to get in the Tian Shan with the exception of the wapiti, the Asiatic cousin of our elk. It is the largest deer of the Eastern hemisphere. Among living deer it is exceeded in size only by our wapiti. It became known to Western scientists later than the American variety and is named after it, for it is called Cervus Canadensis Songaricus. The mature males weigh between eight and nine hundred pounds. The horns when in velvet are considered a valuable medicine by the Chinese. Large prices are paid for them. In consequence, all the native hunters, Kalmucks, Kazaks and Kirghiz, hunt them continually during the late spring and early summer. All along we had been worried for fear we would not be able to get specimens of this animal, for it is scarce.

The wapiti live lower down the valley than the ibex and Karelini, so we had to shift camp. We split our caravan, taking with us only the barest necessities, and marched down the Kok-su. We camped for the night in a small gorge.

The morning after we arrived Kermit and I shouldered our rifles and went out by ourselves, while Rahima went to look for wapiti sign in a nullah north of camp. We walked down the main river and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, but saw no game. When we got back to camp it was noon and we found Rahima ready to start. We flipped a coin to decide which way each should go. I won and chose the left branch of the canyon, which seemed the better.

Rahima, a Kazak and I rode up a steep little path to a grassy plateau. From the top we could see the country for miles. We dismounted and through field-glasses studied woodland and scrub-covered slope. We saw nothing, and soon moved on to where we could get another view. Again the result was the same. A cold, drizzling rain was falling and we were thoroughly discouraged, for so far we had seen the tracks of only one wapiti and even they were some days old.

After we had been searching the country for about a quarter of an hour, Rahima touched me on the arm and said "*boogha*," Turki for stag. He pointed up the valley. I looked as carefully as I could but was unable to see anything. He said there were two and that they were lying in the bushes. In a moment one of them got up, and I was able to make him out through the telescope. He was a fine big animal of a slate-gray color.

There was no time to lose, for they were a long way off and darkness was coming. We had a hurried consultation about the stalk. With the wind as it was there seemed to be only one course open, and that was to skirt the small valleys to the right until we came to a slight fold of ground near where they were feeding, some three miles away.

There was no time to go slowly. The three of us hurried over slippery wet hillsides, tripping and falling every few minutes. It began to rain in earnest and our clothes became sodden and heavy.

At last, after an hour's hard work, we crept over a rise and saw our game. They had moved up the ravine and were feeding towards a crest from which the ground sloped into another canyon. There was not a minute to spare as they were moving. We crawled on all fours to the point we had marked for our shot. They were much farther away than we had expected, and every moment took them still farther. I could not see their horns with my naked eye. They must have been more than two hundred and fifty yards away, for I paced it afterwards and made it four hundred and fifty-two of my rather short paces.

I raised my rifle and, taking the most careful aim possible, fired. Fortune tipped my bullet. I saw the stag falter, and I knew he was hit Then I did what I never would have done had I not feared this might be our only chance for wapiti. I switched and fired at the other. Again I was in luck, for the bullet took effect and he staggered. Immediately I switched back to the first, which was slowly making his way up the valley, and with three more shots brought him down. By this time, however, the second animal had gone quite a distance and was moving through the scrub fully four hundred yards away. I fired at him a number of times as he showed himself between the bushes. I could get no rest for my rifle as I was on the steep slope of a hill. The range was far beyond any at which I am reasonab'y sure, and I missed. At last I got Kassein, made him kneel down, and using him as a rest managed to register another hit before the wapiti disappeared.

Calling to the men to follow, I started plunging down the hill to trail the wounded animal. The men were far too excited to heed, and ran like lamplighters to where the first animal had fallen in order to *halla!* him and make him legal Mohammedan food, so I plodded on alone. The jungle was of willow and thornbushes from four to eight feet high and thickly matted. I slipped and fell. I tore pieces out of both my clothes and myself. To make matters worse, it was now quite dark and I had only two cartridges left.

About this time Rahima and Kassein joined me. In a few minutes they pointed out the wapiti some seventy-five yards away. I fired and missed. That left me with one cartridge. I scrambled down the hillside through the deadfall. At times I got a glimpse of a pair of antlers or a broad gray back in the brush ahead, but I did not dare chance a shot as all my hopes were pinned to that last cartridge. All three of us crashed down through the scrub-willow jungle. Kassein ran ahead.

A shrill whoop from Kassein told me he had our game in sight. I headed for him as rapidly as possible and saw him pointing to a clump of bushes just ahead. Suddenly I found myself within twenty yards of the wapiti. My shot took effect, and the animal rolled over dead.

One antler of the dead wapiti showed above the grass. For a moment I thought he was a "stag royal," for there were seven tines on this horn, but when I looked at the other I found there were only five tines on it, which made the head a twelve-pointer. The first stag that I had hit was a splendid big animal but had only ten points.

It was now pitch-dark and raining. Under the circumstances, with the wapiti a mile apart, we could not skin them that night. Kassein took off one of his multitudinous ragged shirts and I took off my leather jacket. We hung these over the carcasses like scarecrows to keep any wolves or scavenger birds away, and started back to the ponies. When we got to the place where we had left them we found they had strayed. Kassein added to his other admirable qualities owl-like eyes that could see in the dark. He wandered off over the hills and soon called from the inky black that he saw the ponies. We rounded them up, and shivering but happy got into the wet saddles.

After two hours' riding we came to the head of the valley where our camp was. Below us in the valley our camp-fire glowed. Rarely have I seen so welcome a sight.

Kermit had seen nothing during the day, so we started early next morning, he to make another attempt to get a stag I to skin the two I had left in the nullah. Rahima, Kassein and two of the pony men came with me.

When we got to the valley we found the wapiti undisturbed. In the morning light they looked very big. The larger measured nearly nine feet in total length. This was the ten-pointer, not the twelve-pointer. As so often happens, the size of the horns did not indicate the size of the body. The wapiti's summer coat is red. Their winter coat is gray. The two that I shot had practically completed the change to their winter pelts. They looked to me grayer than our wapiti in the United States, and their antlers seemed less massive.

The men all turned to and helped skin, chattering like monkeys. While they were working I noticed Rahima cut the secretion out of the tear-duct, wrap it carefully in paper and put it in his pocket. I asked him why he did it, and was told that if a woman mixed it with water and drank it she was sure to be fertile.

We got back to camp about two o'clock. Shortly after Kermit came in with a good bull wapiti he had shot early in the morning. That gave us all the stags we needed for the Museum. The wapiti, which we feared would be very difficult to get, had taken only two days.

Having shot our male wapiti, we still had before us the necessary but uninteresting task of getting a female, or *maral* as they are called locally, to complete the group for the Museum. After much discussion we decided that the best way to get *maral* was to camp at the junction of the Ken and the Kok rivers, and hunt from there. Next morning we moved our baggage-train to this point. In the afternoon we forded the Kok-su and hunted the wooded slopes beyond till dark, without success. When we got back to camp we found a soldier had arrived from Shutta with a message for us. He also told us that Cherrie and Cutting had been at Shutta for ten days. This put them in the Tian Shan nearly three weeks earlier than had been planned. We decided that we had better go back and join them at once.

Next morning we collected our entire caravan and pushed on as fast as we could. At the end of the fifth day we came to the Moon Tai River. Here we got news that "two *sahibs*" were in the neighborhood.

We camped and sent some men after them. As we were sitting in front of our tent in the late afternoon, we heard a shout and saw Cherrie and Cutting riding towards us. We all thoroughly enjoyed our reunion.

Hardship and danger attend the James Simpson-Roosevelt Expedition's hunt for more rare game as winter approaches, but Fortune perches on their shoulders—in Kermit Roosevelt's September *article*

A Romantic Past *by Blasco Ibañez* (*Continued from page 33*)

station platform, trembling with emotion; the train pulling in, and descending from it a woman of majestic bearing; a flash of joyous recognition in her green eyes as she caught sight of him; an embrace . . . But now, instead of that, a female chatterbox calling through his door: "She is here! She came last night!"

Instinctively he walked over to the solitary looking-glass to inspect himself. A number of things occurred to him all of a sudden—he ought to shave, and perhaps change his suit. He asked Tatiana to leave the room. But when this good, however talkative, friend started to obey he was ashamed of his vain thought and followed her. To retard even for a moment a reunion for which he had so ardently prayed was like tempting Providence and might lead to who knows what consequences.

Tatiana guided him to a rendezvous of Russian refugees which he had never visited before. After a glance about the circle of bedraggled, ill-dressed women, he explained:

"I am looking for Madame Velinsky, the daughter of General Bodkin. Will not someone take me to her?"

One of the women in the company rose and came towards him as if in answer to his pathetic appeal.

She was a slight creature, a little below medium height, with stooping shoulders, and a back bent with age. Two narrow eyes squinted about with an expression of distrust that harmonized with the hard lines around her mouth. Spots of white showed in her hair where the red dye had not caught. The paint smeared with Oriental prodigality on her cheeks could not conceal the coarse texture of her skin.

But all of a sudden the woman stopped with a cry of surprise. Then she rushed forward with both arms extended.

"Fedor!" she cried. "You here? And don't you know me?"

He recognized her—though mostly from her voice. It was Vera. This aged woman was Vera Alexandrovna Velinsky, the Vera of his dreams, the Vera whom he had admired and thought of as he had last seen her a decade before. It was as though she had shrunk to someone smaller than herself—as though suffering had withered all the flesh from her bones.

"You find me much changed?" she asked wistfully. "Confess that you did not know me!" As he stood there in silence, she looked at him with admiring eyes, and then said, with a touch of envy in her voice: "It's easy to see that you have lived in a land where there has been no trouble."

Poor Vera Alexandrovna! She, who formerly wore the most costly and elegant gowns that Parisian ingenuity could design, was now dressed in the cast-off clothes of her impoverished friend.

But notwithstanding her poverty and the memories of still recent dangers, the sunshine of the Mediterranean coast seemed to reawaken in her the ingenuous and irrational joy of the Slav, who passes so easily from tears to laughter. Narrowing her blackened eyelids and throwing back her head in a languorous pose well remembered from former days, she looked up coquettishly at Ipatieff and asked:

"How do I look, Fedor?"

He did not dare acknowledge the truth even to himself. He found her absurd. Vera Alexandrovna? Was that indeed she? But then into his bewilderment there rushed another feeling, a feeling of tenderness and pity that was almost a frantic desire to shield and protect her. Yes, for him she was, as she would always be, Vera Alexandrovna.

Seated at his side she told him of her life and of her hardships in Russia. She was content to be back again in civilization, in the midst of a well-ordered society, though now she knew the frailty and the unsoundness of its structure.

"Before the war," she said thoughtfully, "we did not concern ourselves to know how we got the money that paid for our daily bread and for our extravagances. We had always had those things and we thought we should always have them, as surely as the sun rises in the morning, as surely as water runs downhill. Then a war breaks out and everything stops short. Overnight we are pushed back into primitive life, the life that the animals lead. We were so proud of our civilization; but just one quake of the social organism, and we were brought to feel the pinch of hunger and cold, and we were ready to slay and murder and become something worse than beasts."

The former millionairess glanced down at her red, chapped hands; then she continued in a colorless voice: "Twice I have been in prison, tortured with hunger, in dread of my life. My cell door would open and I could feel the cold muzzle of the jailer's revolver against my neck . . . Oh, you know . . . a woman has no choice!"

"And your husband?" asked Ipatieff.

She looked at him in amazement as if she did not understand. "Why, they killed him, of course," she answered placidly. "Why should his fate have been different from ours? I am told that his men threw him down the shaft of one of his mines."

A messenger came in and Vera rose. She would have to hurry to her place of employment. Yes—she was not going to be a burden to anyone! She was going to earn her own living like all the rest! And when she spoke thus it was with a certain proud, imperious manner which reminded Ipatieff of the Vera of old.

"Besides, you see, she is poorer than the rest of us," the keeper of the *pension* explained to him after she had gone. "When she arrived last night she had not eaten since leaving Paris. She did not have a single sou and met no friends on the train. I found a place for her in a *pension* patronized by people from the northern countries. Vera speaks several languages, you see. The big hotels will not employ people of our class, but"—she added with a shrug—"what does it matter where you work, so long as you get a living?"

Fedor Ipatieff, the Old Man of the Promenade, decided to change his mode of life at once. The invitations of his friends and the sale of his dogs had enabled him to live "in independence"; but it had been, he now saw, a false independence. Since a Vera Alexandrovna could work, he too would work in order to help her and her friends. Nothing bound him any longer to his former life. At last he could have true happiness. Everything in the humble cottage where he had found her again, risen as it were from the dead, inspired him with admiration, from the simple meals of her companions to their shabby clothes.

"After eight years in that Russian inferno she will know how to appreciate the sweetness of life in this sunny corner of the globe. She must find peace and happiness here!"

Fedor Ipatieff set his hand to radical reforms in himself. He began with his exterior, shaving off his side-whiskers. There were no longer any emperors in Europe so his beard *à la* Franz Joseph was an anachronism. A short, stubby mustache was the fashion of the day, as the Americans, who were the actual rulers of the world, had decreed. He even sacrificed his frock coat on the altar of democracy, and arrayed in a plain suit went in search of "a job."

He found one. The city which for thirty winters had been the scene of his social triumphs employed him as time-keeper for the gardeners in the public cemetery. His labor was of the lightest possible kind. It consisted in watching the men at their work. His actual occupation was to think of Vera slaving as a dish-washer.

Associating with these laborers Fedor experienced, as he called it, a "spiritual rebirth." Both he and Vera now belonged to the proletariat, he reasoned; so why not share their pleasures as well as their sorrows? Next Sunday he and Vera would go for a walk, as the young bricklayers who worked in the cemetery did with their sweethearts. He wrote Vera asking her to meet him in the afternoon in the square in front of the Casino.

She came, dressed in an old black frock which the proprietress of her *pension* had given her. An old-fashioned hat had been contributed by another friend. Her shoes, several sizes too large for her small feet, were out of shape and worn at the heels. She had tried to hide her red and swollen hands in gloves that might have fitted her in the days when she did not labor for her daily bread.

Fedor had difficulty in recognizing her in the holiday crowds of servant-girls and workmen's wives. She was the shabbiest and the most insignificant of them all.

"So there you are, Fedor!" she exclaimed joyously when she found him. "How young you look! I am ashamed to be seen at your side." And she glanced sadly at her ragged gown.

But Fedor was not concerned with the present. Gazing fixedly at the Casino, he said softly: "Do you remember, Vera?"

And a vision rose in their minds, the memory of a night of carnival: the façade of the Casino brilliantly illuminated; men and women moving hither and thither in masks and costumes; through the open doors and windows, the sound of violins and the hum of human voices; a carriage, conspicuous for its elegance, drawing up at the entrance, and a woman, agleam with jewels that sparkled like stars in the night, alighting with the air of an empress; a murmur of admiration shivering through the crowd . . .

"Fedor!"

The word came more like a gasp from her throat and she closed her eyes to repress her tears.

Fedor had a program for the afternoon—they were to revisit the scenes of former days of happiness. Slowly ascending the heights where the great hotels are situated, they stopped in front of a palace as large as a fortress. Here they had lived several winters. Here their friendship had ripened into love. Here years later they had parted as lovers not knowing whether they would meet again. It was the hour for tea. Automobiles with gay parties were driving up in long lines. A doorman, his uniform covered with gold braid like an admiral's, was busy receiving the guests. As Fedor and Vera halted for a moment and looked in through the door, he surveyed them with hostility and distrust.

"Let us go," Fedor whispered to his companion.

They kept to the outside border of the road to escape the dust from passing vehicles. Over this same road they had once traveled seated side by side in a carriage drawn by a pair of priceless thoroughbreds. Later when automobiles had come they had been the envy of the winter colony as they sped by in the first high-powered car.

"Look out, old lady! Look where you're going!" shouted a cabman to Vera, who had absent-mindedly ventured out on the road.

"Let's go somewhere else," she begged in anguish—"to a place where we have never been!"

So, in the next village, they entered one of those humble taverns where the Sunday crowds dance in the open air, seating themselves at a table under the dusty foliage of an arbor, and for the sake of a little privacy turning their backs to a couple at the same table. The young people—workmen dressed in their Sunday clothes and servant-girls in short skirts, silk stockings and patent leather shoes—were dancing to the latest American tunes. As he watched them, Fedor sadly reflected that he and his companion would never

again feel the keen exhilaration of the dance.

"Do you remember, Vera?" He kept repeating the question over and over again as though hoping thereby to bring back the past. The aged woman only shook her head. Why remember, if what had been was no more and would never be again? They were old now. Her spirit was broken.

"I am cold," she exclaimed. "I shiver all the time! Even in the sun I shiver. Every morning when the house-man knocks at my door to wake me up in time for work, I tremble, thinking it is someone from the Cheka who has come for me. I open the window and look out over the peaceful street to reassure myself. But it is of no avail. I am possessed with a fear that will never leave my soul. I am haunted by the memory of my humiliations. The specter of hunger followed me all those years."

A waitress set a platter of pastry and a bottle of cheap wine before them and Vera attacked the refreshments with the ravenousness of a starved animal. Fedor looked at her aghast.

Divining his thought, she answered it bitterly: "You have known poverty, but not hunger. You do not know how hunger degrades." Holding the bottle of cheap wine in one hand she looked at it fondly. "In our devastated country one would commit murder to obtain such a treasure as this."

Twice she filled her glass and twice she emptied it to the last drop.

Noticing the look of dismay in Fedor's eyes, she continued reproachfully: "When one has begged in the streets and lived for months on a watery soup made from the cleanings of the fish-markets, one is apt to forget one's manners." And she laughed. "The landlady at the *pension* scolded me yesterday for taking the leavings on the plates of the other guests."

Fedor was horrified. This starved and besotted woman—was she Vera Alexandrovna, the lady of the former Imperial Court?

They rose from the table and started back to the city. The Old Man of the Promenade walked in silence while the former millionairess prattled about little things at his side. Her great desire for the moment was not to be clad at the expense of others. She needed clothes—underclothes—three new sets—cheap ones—and her pay at the *pension* kitchen was so small! Fedor looked at her and slipped his week's wages into her hand. She clutched the money with the rapacious gratefulness of the mendicant, praising his generosity as though the small sum were greater than all the millions of her dowry at the time of her marriage.

Leaving her at her door, Fedor turned silently homeward, his heart filled with an ironical despair. Love? How resuscitate love when one was poor?

And now suddenly he felt poorer than any man had ever been—a poverty for which there was no remedy, since youth could never return again. One could remake a fortune, but not remake one's youth.

Old age! What greater poverty than old age? And Vera?

"It's all the same to me," he thought with bitter melancholy. "Love is for the rich—for those who are rich in money, and rich in youth!"

Well, Why Not? *by Montague Glass* (*Continued from page 53*)

a voice around here? If there was, I didn't hear it."

Miss Gollub's eyes filled with tears and she clasped her hands miserably.

"Is that so!" Louis exclaimed. "Well, I think she sings swell."

Bielawsky laughed a hoarse, insulting guffaw. "You think!" he jeered. "Since when was your son a critic of singing, Spirinova?"

"Ask me, not her," Louis said. "I've been listening to more kinds of singing in the past fifteen years than this here Gatti-Casazza. Singing and scrapping goes on in this house in day and night shifts, Bielawsky, and the only idea of singing everybody's got around here is that it should sound like hollering in an empty barrel. That's what all you foreigners think."

"Foreigners!" Spirinoff and Spirinova exclaimed with more accord than was usual in their marital conversation.

"Foreigners!" Louis repeated. "That's what I said. When it comes to singing, calling each other by your right names, wearing collars and neckties and living like human beings, you folks ain't begun to emigrate yet. You're still in the old country."

Bielawsky turned to Louis' mother. "Ain't you got no control over your own son, Spirinova?" he asked.

"Say, listen," Louis broke in. "This lady's name is Mrs. Spirinoff, and you've got to call her by it when I'm around."

Mr. Gollub began to perspire with timidity and signalized his impending departure by slapping his derby hat on his head with a loud tambourine-like noise.

"*Nu*, Goldie," he said to his daughter, "I guess we'll be going."

"What for?" Louis demanded. "You ain't even begun to talk terms yet."

"Terms!" Gollub murmured. "What terms? Do you suppose for one minute I would pay even two cents to someone for teaching my daughter singing when this here expert says she ain't got no voice?"

Louis snatched Mr. Gollub's hat from his head and threw it on the piano. "Do you expect your daughter to have a foreign voice or an American voice?" he asked.

Mr. Gollub shrugged. "A voice is a voice," he said, "whether it's domestic or imported."

"That's where you make a big mistake," Louis retorted, seating himself at the piano. "Now come, Miss Gollub, this here Mozart died a couple of hundred years ago. Get onto a live one, like this." He began to play the song hit of a recent Broadway success.

"Louis!" Spirinova cried. "Please! Not in this house!"

"Why not?" Louis asked. "Miss Gollub don't object. I'll bet she sings it too."

Miss Gollub nodded.

"Then go ahead, and show 'em what you can do," Louis said. "Shoot!"

The next moment Miss Gollub had worked a remarkable transformation in the appearance and manner of everybody in that room. Once more Bielawsky clutched the collar of his coat and fumbled for the monocle that was no longer there.

Spirinoff, who up to then had been quite crushed, straightened himself in his chair and smiled happily. Even Spirinova forgot to be the tragedy queen and looked interested, for as an artist she could appreciate any manifestation of the vocal art, and within its narrow limits Miss Gollub's interpretation of a trite Broadway song hit was a most artistic performance.

She sang two of the three stanzas with the refrain, her eyes sparkling and her body swaying to the seductive rhythm of the accompaniment, but before playing the introduction to the remaining stanza, Louis paused.

"There's a dance goes at the end of this last verse," he said. "Do you think you could make it in that space there?" He indicated the rug on which Miss Gollub stood.

"You didn't say you could dance, did you, Miss Gollub?" Spirinoff asked.

"She don't have to say it," Louis broke in. "I know she can dance. Ain't that right, Miss Gollub?"

Again Goldie nodded, and flashed so brilliant a smile at Louis that he played the first measures of the accompaniment in the wrong key and had to begin all over again.

"The dance'll be a repeat of the whole number," he announced, and two minutes later, when Miss Gollub sank flushed and breathless onto the sofa, he turned triumphantly to Bielawsky.

"Why don't you offer *her* seventy-five a week to support Biel and Moran?" he said.

"I've got nothing to say against this lady's dancing," Bielawsky replied. "She dances A-number-one."

"And she's got a light soprano of a good range also," Spirinoff declared.

"For operetta," Spirinova added firmly, "not for grand opera."

"Absolutely not," Bielawsky agreed. "And what's more, Spirinoff, this is such a voice which she's got it, that if you train a voice like this, y'understand, you are liable to train away what little voice she has got."

Once more Mr. Gollub violently assumed his derby hat and produced a ringing sound which seemed to punctuate the negotiations with a large black period.

"Then that settles it," he said. "Come on, Goldie."

But Goldie remained seated on the sofa, where, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. Immediately Louis rose from the piano-stool and sat down beside her.

"Miss Gollub," he pleaded, "for heaven's sakes, don't do that." He turned to his father. "Pop!" he cried. "Can't you do nothing?"

"Do!" Spirinoff murmured, shrugging his shoulders. "What can I do? The girl would make a very snappy Musetta. She could sing already such rôles like Amina, even if she did have to take any note above A with her eyebrows. It's been done before in grand opera, and it will be done again. All she needs is training, and if she couldn't make her twenty, thirty thousand a year, then I'm crazy."

"You *are* crazy," Spirinova declared, just as Gollub was about to remove his hat. "Let the girl dance. That's her *métier*."

Bielawsky nodded emphatically, and had Miss Gollub not at that precise moment indulged in another and more violent attack of weeping it is impossible to say what would have been the consequences in view of the unprotected condition of Bielawsky's collarless throat. Both Lou and his father would probably have strangled him, but instead they applied themselves to the more agreeable task of comforting Miss Gollub, each patting a shoulder while Spirinova trembled with suppressed rage and jealousy.

"S'enough, Spirinoff," she said hoarsely. "Let's make an end here."

She turned to Gollub and motioned him to be seated with a gesture which usually accompanied the line "*Reste la*, Don José." Gollub promptly removed his hat and sat down.

"You have heard what my husband said," she began.

"And you said it was crazy," Bielawsky broke in.

"With some teachers, yes. It *is* crazy," Spirinova admitted, "but with the operatic training which I could give her, it is not impossible that she should make her twenty thousand a year."

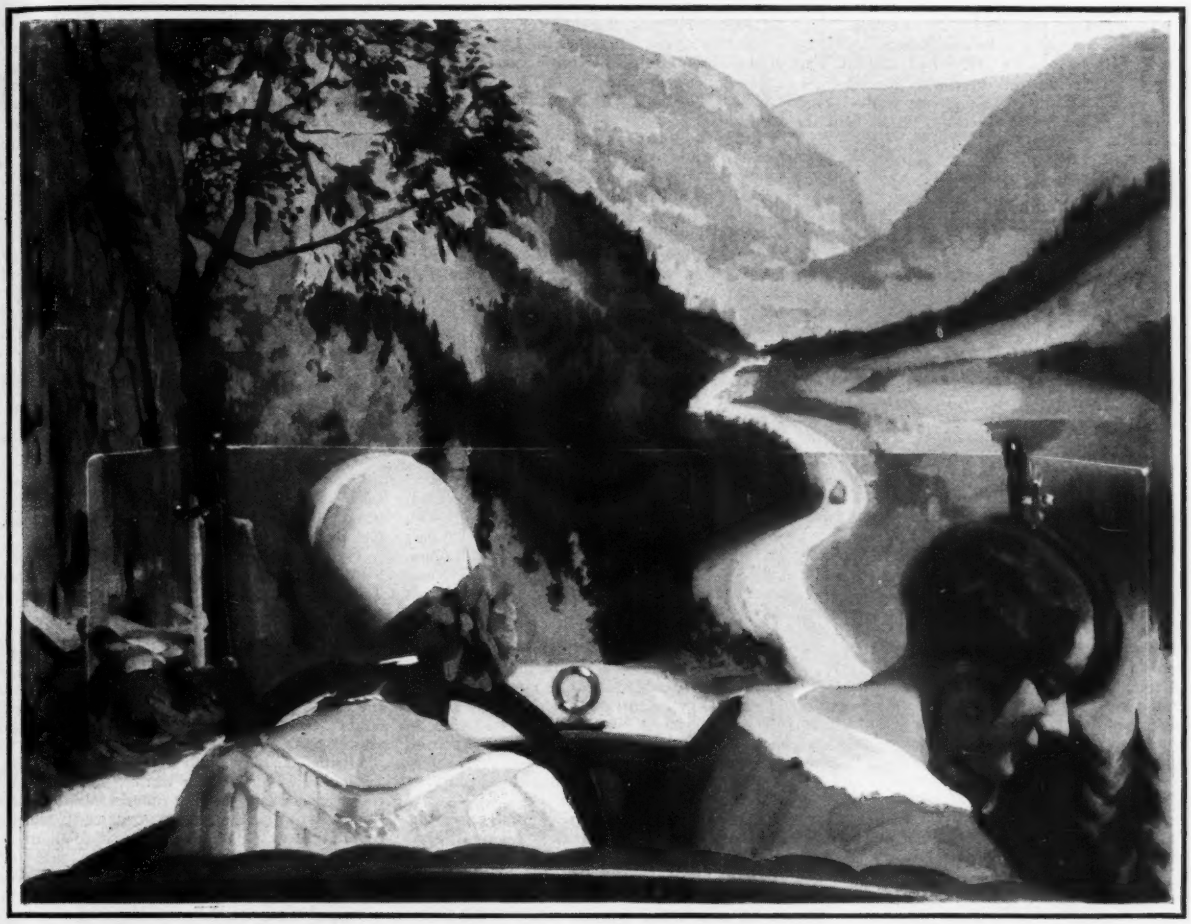
"And I should pay good money for near-impossibilities," Gollub said. "Is this the idea?"

Here Miss Gollub herself created a diversion by jumping excitedly to her feet. It was her first contribution to the argument and it was a notable one.

"What am I?" she demanded. "A dummy? You're treating me like I couldn't hear or something. Do you suppose for one moment that I'd take lessons from this lady now? Not if she could make a Melba out of me at fifty cents an hour. Come on, pop."

Bielawsky laid a detaining and extremely dirty hand on her arm. "If," he began, "there is anything I have said——"

"*You've* said!" she cried. "Do you think I care what you say or anybody else around



For utmost safety when women drive

Steep roads, narrow turns, uncertain footing—all these conditions used to make the average woman hesitate to drive a car. But today, thanks to the safety features of Firestone Tires, all roads are alike to her confident hand, when her car carries this equipment.

She relies on the quick grip of the non-skid tread and its instant response to wheel and brakes. This prompt action is equally reassuring to her in city driving, where it saves the nervous tension of crowded traffic.

The Firestone exclusive process of Gum-Dipping is an important factor for the long mileage which users of these tires enjoy. This extra process gives extra strength and flexibility, insuring the comfortable riding of the low-pressure tire without sacrifice of wear. It provides, also the dependability which means freedom from delay and tire-trouble.

There is a Firestone Dealer near you—ready with helpful service and tires which, on all roads, in every season, give the security and saving of—

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

The Mark of Quality

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Harvey S. Firestone

here—except maybe this boy!" She grasped Lou's shoulder and pressed it affectionately. "And the chances are, he's mistaken too," she said. "I probably am pretty bad, at that."

She started for the door with Mr. Gollub following, but Lou once more grabbed the musical derby hat and this time he held it behind him.

"Now you ain't going to leave here like this," he announced. "You're going to have your lessons, if not from her, from somebody else."

"Sdetzo!" Spirinova and Mr. Gollub exclaimed in perfect unison.

"And who is going to pay for these lessons?" Mr. Gollub continued.

Louis cleared his throat and glanced at his father. "I will," he said huskily.

"You will!" Spirinoff said. "From what?"

"I've got in savings-bank right now twelve hundred and forty-two dollars," Lou said. "I didn't turn over all my money to you folks, not by a jugful."

Spirinova's head again became palsied with indignation. "This is the reward I get!" she exclaimed. "I suppose also your contract with this here Al Zinberg calls for two hundred and fifty, not one hundred and fifty."

"That's my business," Louis said.

"Is it?" Spirinova retorted. "Well, let me tell you it's a law that a mother and father is entitled to the earnings of their children."

Louis waved both his hands at his mother. "That idea belongs with calling you Spirinova and wearing a fur coat and no necktie," he said. "That's a law which didn't get by Ellis Island, mommer, so get this straight. My earnings is my own and I invest them as I please, and if I want to stake this lady to a thousand dollars so as she can have her voice trained, the law is by the Second Avenue Municipal Court and everywhere this side of the Battery, that I've got a right to do it."

Gollub snatched his hat from Louis' grasp. "And do you suppose I'd let you pay for my daughter's lessons?" he asked.

"Why not?" Louis said.

"Why not!" Gollub exclaimed. "What *are* you? Her husband or something?"

Louis' face grew instantly scarlet, but Goldie was not at all embarrassed. Indeed, she grasped Louis' moist and trembling hand and squeezed it hard.

"It's all right," she said. "I'll get the lessons somehow."

For an instant longer she retained Louis' hand and then with a last dazzling smile, she followed her father from the apartment.

Spirinoff, who was lounging in a chair, turned wearily to the late basso profundo of the Harkow Opera.

"Bielawsky," he said, almost gently, "my boy is right. The time is past for Russian compliments and Russian foolishness. Therefore I speak to you plain Second Avenue English. Do me the favor! Get the hell out of here and don't come back."

Spirinova rose to at least four inches above her normal height and drew a long breath, but her husband forestalled her.

"*Kooshl*" he bellowed. "I heard enough from you, Mrs. Spirinoff. For three dollars a family circle seat, and I can have grand opera four nights a week by the Metropolitan Opera House. But this is my home and the home of my boy here. Go out in the kitchen and get for us some lunch." He pointed to the door. "*Nu*, Bielawsky," he said, "will you get out or shall I kick you out."

Bielawsky looked at Spirinova, but in the two large tears which began to furrow their way down the make-up on her cheeks he found little encouragement to stay, and the next moment the hall door closed behind him.

"T'phooee!" Spirinoff exclaimed, throwing up the windows. "The place smells like a distillery already." He sat down by the side of his son and placed his arm around the boy's shoulder. "Cheer up, Louis," he said. "After all, it ain't you which has lost the chance of a lifetime."

He lighted a cigaret and puffed reflectively while Spirinova, twisting her handkerchief between her hands, watched them.

"So you've got in savings-bank twelve hundred dollars, Louis," he continued.

Louis nodded gloomily. "Twelve hundred and forty-two dollars without the last interest," he said.

Spirinoff again patted his shoulder. "I wonder would you lend it me for a year," he asked the boy.

Madame Spirinova fairly leaped to her feet. "Louis!" she screamed. "Don't do no such thing. He'll gamble with it."

"You're right," Spirinoff assured her. "That's just what I'm going to do. And I'm going to win. I'm going to see that *Italiener* feller, the one who trained the mezzo Gianarelli which Behrenson and Gitlitz now draw regularly a commission of anyhow three hundred a week from her concert engagements alone. And I'm going to play in that whole twelve hundred and fifty dollars on this Miss Gollub. She's a bet, Louis, a big bet."

"And you would go to this here *Italiener* and not give me the chance," Spirinova wailed.

Spirinoff smiled sadly. "You had your chance and you threw it away," he declared. "You've got this Miss Gollub all wrong. You think she's just a pretty girl and that Louis and me see nothing else in her, but you're mistaken. We see in her all sorts of things, and one of them is that she's got just so much high spirits like you've got it." He grabbed her hand and patted it gently. "Why, if you was to give that girl lessons, mommer," he said, using that endearing term for the first time in years, "we would got to separate you with policemen yet, and besides she wouldn't learn by you anyway. She just now said so. So come on, Louis, and we will get our lunch on the way up-town."

This time Madame Spirinova clutched at her real heart, not her operatic one. "Up-town!" she exclaimed. "Then you *are* going to see this *Italiener?*" Spirinoff nodded. "All right," she said. "I'll go with you."

Here Louis intervened. "You won't do nothing of the kind," he declared. "You've got to know it sooner or later, mommer, but this is a business matter which concerns me, and hereafter you've got to keep strictly out of my affairs."

Harsh as this ultimatum appeared to be, however, it was not nearly as shocking as the behavior of George Biel alias Gregor Bielawsky toward his father Sergei when the latter arrived at the table nearest the stove in the Café de la Paix at the corner of Second Avenue and Twelfth Street.

"For the love of Mike, where've you been keeping yourself?" George demanded. "I've been waiting for you for half an hour."

"Ach!" Bielawsky exclaimed, flipping the fingers of his right hand. "The girl ain't got no voice at all."

"What girl ain't got no voice?" George demanded. "Are you a *bissel meshuggeh* or something? I sent you over to find out if Louis would accept seventy-five a week to join the act, and you begin to talk about somebody not having a voice."

"Gregor!" Bielawsky cried. "What comes over you this morning? You got pepper up your nose something terrible."

"Well, why don't you tell me what Louis said?" George retorted. "If I don't get Louis, I can't open."

"Why not?" Bielawsky asked.

"Because I've got to break in a new girl," George said gloomily as he drummed the table top with his fingers. "Moran quit on me yesterday and I've got to have Louis to steady the act with a new girl in it, or I can't open."

"Then why didn't you tell me this before I went over there?" Bielawsky said. "Because Louis ain't available no longer. He's got a contract with Zinberg, and I don't even know the girl's address even if I could remember her father's name."

"Listen!" George inquired. "Have you been drinking again?"

"Did I ever stop?" Bielawsky retorted. "And what has drinking got to do with it? The girl ain't got no voice, I admit, but as a dancer, Gregor, she's there, Gregor, and as a looker——" Bielawsky kissed the tips of his fingers with such a moisture of admiration that compared with the rest of his hand, they seemed quite clean. "Believe me, Gregor," he concluded, "you will never miss Moran when you see this girl once."

"When I see this girl once!" George exclaimed, "and you don't know her address even if you could remember her name."

"But Spirinova could tell us, Gregor," Bielawsky said, grabbing his son's arm. "Let's go right over and ask her."

No sooner had they reached the sidewalk than Spirinova herself approached from the street corner. "Good morning, Mrs. Spirinoff," George Biel cried jovially, but Spirinova assumed an expression of such frigid haughtiness that Bielawsky shivered in his fur coat. Moreover, she answered in Russian, a tongue imperfectly understood by George Biel.

"My name," she said, "is Madame Spirinova. I know nobody called Mrs. Spirinoff."

"Certainly it's a nice day if that's what you said," George assured her. "But if you'll come inside for a moment, I want to talk business to you."

The effect on Spirinova was electrical. "Business!" she shrieked. "Always business! That is the trouble here! All is business, business, business, and where is it the art, the beauty?"

Bielawsky tried to calm her. "Not in the street, Spirinova," he pleaded.

Gently he thrust her through the doorway of the café and a moment later they sat at what ought to have been Bielawsky's voting address, the table nearest the stove.

"Bring this lady a cup coffee and some *mohn küchen*," he said to the waiter, and then he took Spirinova's jeweled fingers and affectionately patted the vitreous ornaments which covered them. "You have much to distress you this morning, Spirinova," he said in Russian, but Spirinova chose for her answer the vernacular of the neighborhood.

"You bet my life I have," she said. "What the devil you are coming round to my house for at eleven o'clock in the morning, I don't know! You are at the bottom of everything. *You will train the voice away*, he says. *You dassen't touch such a voice*, he says, and this here *Italiener* steps in and *he* trains the girl's voice, not me."

"But who gives a button about the girl's voice?" George Biel interrupted. "Forget voices for a minute and listen to me. I've got to get ahold of that girl before two o'clock this afternoon, and I want her name and address."

Madame Spirinova grew at once strangely calm, not to say suspicious. "What for?" she asked.

"What's the difference, what for?" Bielawsky began, but his son brushed him aside.

"Why beat bushes around?" he broke in. "Miss Moran has walked out on me and I want to get that girl for a dancing partner, Mrs. Spirinoff. Therefore, Mrs. Spirinoff, for any services which you give me towards getting ahold of her this afternoon, I will pay you a generous commission."

"Oh, you will, will you!" Spirinova said. "And suppose I was to tell you that I wanted to get for my own son, as a dancing partner, this here Miss Gollub."

Bielawsky slapped the table with his open palm. "Gollub!" he cried. "That's the name, and the father is in the garment business. I remember it all now."

With what musicians call splendid attack, Bielawsky and his son rose from the table, leaving Spirinova to a solitary consumption of her coffee and cake and a no less solitary payment of the ensuing bill. But where Bielawsky and son were at a disadvantage was in the matter of being obliged first to consult the classified telephone directory, only to find that Mr. Gollub was not listed for the reason that he manufactured ladies' suits under the firm

Auto-Intoxication · ·

Self-poisoning that takes from nearly everyone some part of health · · some portion of vitality ·



There are people with every reason to be cheerful and happy, who are nervous and irritable. There are people who are spared hardship who are always fagged and tired . . . Full of life sometimes and then, for no apparent cause, listless and dull. Auto-Intoxication is a drag upon the lives of thousands.

* * *

The excitement and the strain of this fast moving existence have changed, in no small degree, our normal existence as human beings.

The automobile saves us from walking—a hundred labor-saving devices lighten the work of our women, make easy the tasks of our men.

We work less physically, but we drive our brains harder. We skimp on rest and sleep—we live on our nerves. We overwork our stomachs, but we under-use our muscles.

Planned to work outdoors, to eat simply and to rest well, our bodies are harmed, not helped, by so much ease, so much comfort. Our normal bodily functions need to be prompted. All too often, food remains within us for more than 24 hours, fermenting, setting up poisons, and causing intestinal toxemia, or, as it is more popularly called, Auto-Intoxication.

How does Auto-Intoxication affect our lives?

The poisons of Auto-Intoxication are carried through the body by the blood. These poisons of waste induce a feeling of lassitude, of inaction, of sudden fatigue, of drowsiness after meals. They are responsible, not alone for many intestinal derangements, but also for their bad secondary effects upon our central nervous system. For while they dull the wits, they sharpen the nerves. They make their subject, man or woman, irritable and tired.

* * * *

It is the exceptional person who, today, is free from Auto-Intoxication, a trouble which could not exist if we lived normally, worked outdoors enough and kept our poison-cleaning apparatus functioning correctly.



Sal Hepatica has been the standard saline for 31 years. It is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Sold in three sizes in drug stores everywhere. Buy the large size for economy.

Sal Hepatica corrects stoppage and sweeps away intestinal poisons. Its use is the correct way to combat Auto-Intoxication. For the best results are accomplished by the mechanical action of water, plus the eliminant effects of salines in solution.

* * * *

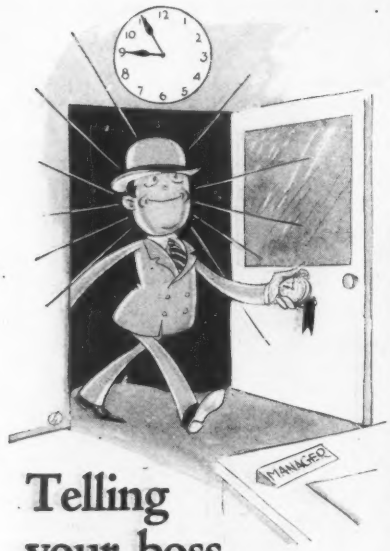
Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salts. Because it acts directly and promptly upon the intestines—the seat of Auto-Intoxication—Sal Hepatica is indicated in combating this self-poisoning, where the first step is to eliminate the waste products and to cleanse the intestines of the poisons which cause so many of our modern ills. Always you ought to have a bottle in the house.

Made by BRISTOL-MYERS CO., New York



Sal Hepatica

©1926



Telling your boss where he gets off

"Sure, Jim," he wrote, "if I had time in the morning, I'd like to have a 'complete shave,' but I've got one of those 9 o'clock, no-alibi, bosses."

All right! Tonight when you go home, stop and get a full supply of Mennen's. Tomorrow morning make up your mind, if necessary, you'll tell your boss where he gets off.

A little bit of Mennen Shaving Cream on your brush. Build up the creamy, generous lather. You'll get the surprise of your life when you see how completely your whiskers have lost their fight and how obediently they say "Yes, sir" to the razor. That's Dermutation.

Then—squeeze a little Skin Balm on your face. First, you'll feel a little tingling, exciting *bite*. Next a fragrant, cool *freshness* spreading all over your face. Just about the most delightful, stimulating treat you've ever given it. Nothing greasy—absorbed in a half a minute. Comes in a 50c tube. No bottle to break.

After that, Talcum for Men—a quick dash of this marvelous, velvety film. It is antiseptic, protecting, soothing. It won't show on the face.

Actually less time for the Complete Mennen Shave than the old-fashioned method which left your face rough and smarting. You'll breeze *promptly* into the office with a peppy, million-dollar feeling.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

name of the Eagle Mfg. and Importation Company.

And since there was nothing in Mr. Gollub's personality which would suggest that imperial bird, the eagle, as even a registered trade-mark, Bielawsky and his son were also obliged to consult members of the garment industry before they ascertained that Mr. Gollub's first name was Aaron and that he resided at Riverside Drive and 108th Street. It was therefore more than three hours later before they alighted from a bus at that windy corner, and by bribing the elevator boy of the Gollub apartment-house, presented themselves at the Gollub doorway unannounced.

Even before they rang the Gollub bell, they could detect the sound of voices in the Gollub apartment, and one of these voices possessed the timbre of an operatic mezzo soprano. Consequently, when the Gollub maid opened the door, they brushed unceremoniously past her, for they conceived that this was no time for delaying formalities. They were quite right.

"Suppose you did promise the *Italiener*, popper," said this mezzo soprano voice as they entered. "Think, popper, what it means to your son and this sweet girl."

"It means fifteen hundred a week—that's what it means," said a brassy and quite uncultivated baritone which issued from a face that might be described as of steel construction throughout, both fire- and burglar-proof, and which with a sinking of his indurated heart, George Biel immediately recognized as that of Al Zinberg, a vaudeville agent who specialized on high-priced dancers.

"Furthermore," Zinberg continued, "I got the low-down from reliable parties that on account of this here split between Biel and Moran, the act is out of 'Be Careful, Girly,' and if you say the word, Miss Gollub, you and Lou are in, and a big hit before you rehearse even."

Goldie sat on a sofa next to her proposed dancing partner and unconsciously their fingers were entwined in as ardent a clasp as when last they met three hours before.

"But, mommer *leben*," Spirinoff protested, and such was the change his feelings had undergone since noon that he too clasped the gilded fingers of Spirinova, "suppose Mr. Gollub should object to his daughter traveling round the country with our boy."

Mr. Gollub, who had been hastily summoned from his place of business, stood looking at the steamers of the United States Shipping Board which were plainly visible from Mr. Gollub's front windows. To Mr. Gollub they seemed to be his daughter's ships and they were all coming home freighted with the most precious jewels.

"How old did you say your son was?" he asked Spirinova.

"He's nineteen," she said, "but then his popper and me was married when we was eighteen even."

Mr. Gollub turned and surveyed the young people sitting on the sofa at the precise moment when Bielawsky and son tiptoed down the hall and closed the door behind them.

"Well!" Gollub said as though thinking aloud. "Why not?"

Marie Antoinette (*Continued from page 49*)

name of Reteaux de Villette, who had advised her in matters of importance before and would never have the heart to refuse assistance in any important undertaking.

After all, can a poor little woman be expected to imperil herself blindfolded to make the fortune of a great gentleman like the Cardinal de Rohan? No. She needs backing, and must have it.

A rainy dawn was breaking over the narrow streets of Paris before Madame de Lamotte-Valois and Monsieur de Villette had finished their long and interesting conversation.

Surely it must be owned that the vanished night had brought a Prince of the Church and a Rohan into company sufficiently strange.

Meanwhile Boehmer drew nearer and nearer to despair.

There was very little trade of any kind. The distant mutterings of revolution had frightened the people who spent their money with him, and it seemed that days passed without a buyer crossing the threshold. There was no hope anywhere, but perhaps the least hopeless effort would be to see the Queen once more.

It was not difficult for him to obtain an audience, for some of her jewels were in his hands for repair, and his office gave him certain rights of entry at court. In a few days he was able to present himself at Fontainebleau. No difficulty stood in his way, for the Queen had almost forgotten the necklace and the unpleasant episode was a thing of the past for her.

She received him with her little daughter, Madame Royale, playing with her doll beside her chair, and a lady in attendance, the faithful Madame Campan. It was very late in the afternoon and she was already dressed for a public dinner and reception in the evening—a dress of gold tissue from India, widely distended with hoops, the magnificent stuff displaying its glossy surface shading from milky gold to orange and shimmering splendors in the shadows. The bosom of the dress was magnificent with diamonds and Brussels point, and her powdered hair, dressed immensely high, was wreathed with small roses and plumed with ostrich feathers curling softly about it. But for her kindly smile she had an alarming air of majesty, and Boehmer's obeisance as he entered the room was even deeper than usual.

"I am glad to see you in health, monsieur. Madame Campan had heard you were suffering and it caused the King and myself regrets. We look upon you as a faithful servant. I suppose you have brought the emerald bracelet."

"Madame, with your Majesty's permission, I have, and I hope the setting may now meet with your approval."

He laid it before her respectfully, and she examined it carefully.

Suddenly, without notice of any sort, Boehmer flung himself on his knees at her feet, his voice dry and hoarse with passion, his features working. "Madame, once again I beseech you to hear me, and to save a desperate man from desperation by purchasing my necklace. Since I saw you I have made inquiry from the agents of their Sicilian Majesties, for I had hopes that their well-known magnificence might claim the necklace. But no. I have offered it in several directions, and again no. My position is appalling. My partner has become an enemy, my creditors are sharpening their teeth, and there is no refuge for me in heaven and earth if you will not hear the prayer of my anguish. Oh, Madame——" He could say no more.

Her first impulse was to reply indignantly that she declined to be annoyed with his affairs any further. But her natural kindness of heart checked her.

"Rise, Boehmer. These rhapsodies give me pain and can do you no good. You should not inflict this upon me. Remember that these diamonds were collected for your own profit and without any reference to the King or me. They were intended for Madame du Barry. Why do you not ask her to purchase them now? Her means are large, and I consider the necklace more suited to her than to me."

But Boehmer did not rise. The grave little princess suspended her play and watched him with open-eyed interest.

"Madame, I have tried, and she will not. At least she would if it were possible, but she has not the means. There is none but the gracious Queen of France who can rescue the lowliest of her subjects from misery. Oh, that she would hear me!"

"Monsieur, I command you to rise. Your

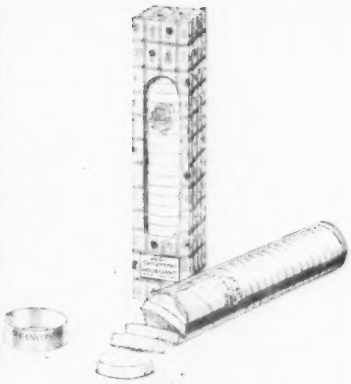


The Elusive Thing called Style

FASHIONS in people, and fashions in perfume, change quite as radically as details of dress . . . A really distinguished woman today is not pretty, but patrician; not coy, but characterful: not swooning, but *smart!*

In much the same way, perfumes are different, too. The sweet, cloying, and rather too-apparent perfumes have gone the way of ruffles, bustles, and crinolines; in their place are the breezy, delicate, pre-eminently chic odeurs of Houbigant . . . Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, Subtilité, Mon Boudoir, Le Temps des Lilas,—how exquisitely these Houbigant perfumes express the modern spirit!

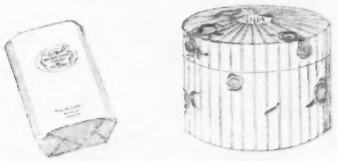
Please write for the booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper", and five sachets perfumed with Houbigant odeurs. Among them you may find your favorite. Houbigant, Inc., 539 W. 45th St., New York.



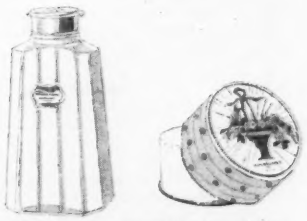
The latest Houbigant creation for the bath—Effervescent Bath Tablets. Delightfully perfumed with Houbigant odeurs; twenty-five tablets—$1.75.



Fine tinted crystals, to diffuse Houbigant perfume in the bath—three sizes, $1.50, $2.50, and $3.50. Compact face-powder or rouge, of typical Houbigant quality—$1.50.



Soap, richly perfumed—three in a box—75c per cake. Dusting powder of delectable fragrance, with puff, in a smart French box; two sizes—$1.50 and $2.75.



Talcum, soft as powdered petals, in a tall glass bottle with shaker top, $1. Fine, clinging, longer lasting, Houbigant Face Powder can be obtained in each of the five Houbigant odeurs, and in five true tones, $1.50



Houbigant Perfumes are presented in smaller bottles, to enable you to decide which one you like best. In purse size—quarter-ounces—Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, and Le Temps des Lilas, $1. Subtilité and Mon Boudoir—$1.25. La Rose Erance and Quelques Violettes, $1.

Prices quoted apply to U.S.A. only.

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

NEW YORK - CHICAGO - CLEVELAND - MONTREAL

emotion is in every way unbecoming, and thus continued it moves me only to anger. I neither can nor will buy your necklace. It would be absolutely impossible at the present time, and my jewel-cases are overflowing. But to prove to you that I am not insensible to your anxiety, I spoke to the King after I had seen you and suggested that if he thought the price favorable he might buy the necklace for the marriage of one of our children and put it aside until then, for I will never wear it myself. But his Majesty replied that the children of France are too young to justify such an expense—in short he had finally decided against it. There is now no more to be said."

The miserable man clasped his hand before his face and burst into tears. "There is this to be said, Madame. Life is over for me. I cannot live ruined and disgraced. I will fling myself into the Seine and end my misfortunes thus. You shall indeed be troubled no more. A word from your Majesty would save me, and that word you refuse to speak."

The little princess, frightened, rose from her stool and drew near the Queen as if to shelter behind her beautiful mother, who rose with dignity, clasping her hand. Madame Campan stood like a graven image, as etiquette demanded.

"Again, I tell you, monsieur, that these rhapsodies are offensive. Honest men need not fall on their knees to beg for mercy. If you destroy yourself as you threaten in this unmanly way I shall regard you as a madman, and shall not hold myself responsible in any way. You knew well I propose to add no more to my collection of diamonds and I was even ignorant that you had the necklace in view until I heard after the late King's death it had been proposed for Madame du Barry. There is, however, another way which seems to have escaped you. Take your necklace to pieces and sell the diamonds separately. You will then have no difficulties. I am indignant with you for making this scene in the presence of a child. Go, and let me never see you behave again in this manner. *Sortez, monsieur!*"

There was no more to be said. He had played his last poor card and failed. Still kneeling, he implored the Queen's pardon, and crept from her presence. That threat of the Seine had been uttered in a moment of madness—he could not do it, for he was at the beginning of the lesson that it is possible to exist without hope, and there is none so engrossing. It leaves room for no other thought in all the wide world.

Two days later he was sitting in the room above his shop and was staring at the necklace lying on its satin bed. To him indeed it shot evil fires, and yet his soul acknowledged it supremely beautiful. How could he take it apart and destroy the chief work of his life? Well—no matter. There was no hope now; he must reckon what each stone should fetch in a falling diamond market.

And as he sat thus miserably noting prices, a young man in his employment knocked at the door. "Monsieur, a lady wishes to see you on a matter of the first importance."

"Delay her two moments. Then attend her here."

The young man lingered a moment at the door. "She came in an equipage of Monseigneur the Cardinal de Rohan's."

Boehmer looked round in astonishment, then hurriedly secured the necklace and papers and cast a hasty glance through the window to assure himself that the Rohan arms graced the coach door.

There entered a young woman most elegantly dressed in accordance with the ten commandments of the mode. Complexion, hair, eyes, dress, cloak, silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, gloves, cane and ornaments were all according to the spirit as well as the letter of the law. She might have served for a walking illustration of what was worn in court circles for an expedition on business to Paris so important as meeting one's jeweler.

There was perhaps one respect in which the newcomer did not conform to the mode—one only. Her face was extremely intelligent behind its prettiness, and she came in with perfect self-possession based rather on consciousness of her own powers than on the arrogance of a woman of quality. Bowing, Boehmer offered a chair, and she slipped into it easily, then looked about her with close scrutiny.

"Monsieur, my business is peculiar, of the gravest character and for your ear only. Are we absolutely private?"

Boehmer reassured her. A man could not have been a leading jeweler for as many years as he and escape many delicate and difficult transactions with ladies of the world and the half-world, but he had no difficulty at the moment in deciding to which the lady present belonged. The half-world does not speak with that clear, unaffected simplicity, devoid of any lure, addressing itself with an entire absence of self-consciousness to the matter in hand. Her manner from his point of view was perfection.

She motioned him gracefully to a chair beside her, and began, and at the very first words the color fell away from Boehmer's face.

"Monsieur, I have heard from the Queen's lips of your despair with regard to the necklace, and I come as the messenger of hope."

He stared at her stupefied. Was it one of the Queen's ladies? If so, which? And yet—in a carriage of the Cardinal's—the Cardinal who for years had been virtually forbidden their Majesties' presence! Here indeed was a mystery beyond him or any other man! He could only murmur something indistinctly polite, and await the lady's pleasure.

"I decipher your thoughts as if you spoke them, monsieur, and find them perfectly natural. I will explain, but it must be under seal of a secrecy that nothing earthly shall break. You yourself will recognize this necessity when the matter is before you."

Much bewildered, he gave his pledge and the lady proceeded.

"I am the Countess de Lamotte-Valois, and as my name speaks for itself to every French ear, I need no further introduction. That family has met with historical misfortunes, and mine had the happiness to reach an ear that is never closed to distress—the Queen's. Do not think me arrogant if I say a friendship has sprung up between us. Our positions in the world are far apart, but there must always be much in common between a Hapsburg and a Valois, and she can perhaps exchange thoughts with me more freely than with others."

Boehmer was wildly rummaging his memory for the name. Valois—no Frenchman but must know that name. But Lamotte? He bowed deeply and waited for more.

"I need not tell you, monsieur, that the Queen was deeply distressed by your anxiety about the necklace. That goes without saying. But that in itself could not entice her to act in a manner inconsistent with her sense of honor—yourself would be the first to admit it. But—do I speak under the seal of secrecy?"

Renewed protestations from Boehmer.

"Then I will be frank. Her Majesty desires passionately to possess the necklace. I have it from her own lips. And her wish is to know definitely from you what deferred terms of payment you would accept. She will not mention it to the King until a part of the payments are made, and until she gives consent in writing the matter is to be kept secret by you. You are to understand that this visit of mine is no promise to take it. It is merely to ascertain whether the price would be within her means."

Silence. Boehmer, in breathless agitation, was considering how best to convey to the fair ambassador that he could not deal with a young unknown woman in a case of such magnitude. With her calm lucidity she discerned that thought also.

"You are reflecting, monsieur, that it would be unusual and unwise to deal with a young woman in the circumstances, and doubtless you are desiring a personal interview with her Majesty. That cannot be. She parted from you in anger, and it is even her intention to withhold the annual cleaning of her jewels from you as a mark of her displeasure. Consider! You were not alone with her Majesty, and she cannot act inconsistently—and the more so because her late anger (which was of course simulated) will avert suspicion from the arrangement she now proposes to make with you."

Nothing could be more reasonable than this brief, firm statement, especially as the Countess added:

"You must also be well aware that for the same reason the Queen could not use any of her ladies to communicate with you and that is why a stranger like myself is here. But I have had the happiness to serve her in many little matters to which the same objection applied. The rôle is not new to me."

Boehmer was partly reassured. "Your goodness, madame, overwhelms me, and if I seemed to hesitate, your intelligence, extraordinary in one so young and beautiful, will comprehend and make allowance. But shall I be favored with no written instructions?"

"In a manner very carefully guarded, certainly, monsieur. But you must understand—and this is of the first consequence—that to outward appearances, you will still remain under the Queen's displeasure. This is essential. She will also require that if any inquiries are made about the necklace you will reply that you have had the good fortune to sell it to the Sultan of Turkey for his chief Sultana. That too is essential. She wishes the necklace forgotten. On hearing your terms she will then decide. Her view is that payments should be made by her quarterly. I beg you would now consider whether these proposals are agreeable to you, and whether you are prepared to submit terms through me."

"Not only prepared, madame, but joyful beyond words to express. Her Majesty's displeasure lay like lead upon me, apart from the disappointment. But may I beg a gracious reply on one point? Her Majesty declared she had not the means herself, and would not put the King to that expense."

"Nor will she, monsieur. It will be otherwise arranged."

The lady smiled mysteriously and was silent. It was then that another doubt flashed into the jeweler's mind.

"Madame, a thousand pardons, but did you not arrive in a carriage belonging to Monseigneur the Cardinal de Rohan?"

The smile disappeared in gravity. "Monsieur, you are acute. You shall be met with perfect candor, though here we touch upon a most delicate part of my commission. The Cardinal is an old friend of my family, and has had the goodness to treat me with confidence. Would you have received me in a matter of such consequence if I had come in a carriage unknown to you and without *this?*"

She extended a delicately gloved hand with a missive sealed with the arms of the proud House of the de Rohans. Boehmer tore it open and beheld the Cardinal's writing, as familiar to him as his own.

> Monsieur Boehmer, I request you to deal with the Countess de Lamotte-Valois as though you were dealing with myself in the matters she lay before you.

There was no mistaking writing, signature or seal. But still more perplexed, he stared at the Countess.

"Madame, I understand and obey. But surely this command of his Eminence's can have no relation to the other subject of your visit?"

She met him still with the unembarrassed simplicity of her manner.

"Can you imagine, monsieur, that I who am the Queen's friend, though a humble one, would do anything so displeasing to her Majesty as to accept any service from one she regards with displeasure? My arriving in the Cardinal's carriage was, it is true, intended to inspire you with confidence—and I beg that when I have left, you will wait upon him at once if you need reassurance. But it also implies



Kodak as you go

Autographic Kodaks, $5 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

—and here I must remind you of your promise of secrecy, for this is a State secret—that the Cardinal stands high in the Queen's favor, though for obvious reasons that fact cannot yet appear to the world. Ask himself!"

To say that Boehmer was amazed, stupefied, is to state the case mildly. He could scarcely believe his ears. How—when—had the tide changed? He did not know, but then the point was that neither he nor anyone else should know. He sat with his eyes fixed on the carpet, trying to piece together this flood of information, and trying in vain. Of course he would see the Cardinal. Of course——

The lady rose. "It was never expected, monsieur, that you could reply on the spur of the moment in such circumstances. You have much to consider first. I beg you will consult with Monseigneur as to my reliability and that you will communicate with me through him. Or if you address to me in care of the Queen's gentleman attendant, Monsieur Leclaux—that also will find me. At Versailles will be best. But bear in mind that Leclaux is not acquainted with any of the facts I have mentioned and your letter must be sealed. If the matter is to go further you will see me again. If not, I beg you will forget the whole thing—that being the only possible alternative. You fully understand that the Queen can in no way appear in the matter and that you are in no case to approach her?"

She made a slight but gracious salutation and turned to go. Terrified lest he had been distrustful, Boehmer bowed to his knees.

"You shall hear through his Eminence, madame, and I implore you to accept my humblest, most grateful thanks for the trouble you have taken. Her Majesty is well served. Would it interest you to behold the famous necklace before you go?"

"Monsieur, I am exceedingly obliged. Yes, I should like to see it."

There was no undue eagerness in her tone. A mild, well-bred interest was all it expressed. Nor when the case was laid before her and its glories disclosed, was she moved to any vulgar excitement.

"A beautiful work of art, and I suppose of very great value. But I am no judge of diamonds, nor am I much of a lover of any precious stones except pearls. There is too much display here for my taste."

"But not for a queen, madame. I hope that is your opinion?"

"Certainly, monsieur. And now I must depart. We shall hear from you soon. His Eminence will reassure you as to his knowledge of me, and I am far from blaming you for your necessary caution."

"Immediately, madame. Immediately. Again I thank you for the favor of your visit and I implore you to assure her Majesty of my humblest devotion. The only time I need is to work out the terms."

"Perfectly, monsieur. I understand."

Leaving even the precious necklace unguarded, he escorted the Countess to the carriage and saw her drive off, attended with the utmost care by the footmen of the Cardinal. Then he returned and secured the necklace, the first gleam of hope shining like a rain-washed sunbeam in his heart. That done, he sent a written message begging an interview with the Cardinal.

To the Cardinal sitting expectant entered a few days later the Countess in the same charming garb which had dazzled the eyes of Boehmer, and a large hat swept above a pretty ear and garnished with swaying ostrich plumes—the whole a gift, as she explained, from the Queen and a masterpiece of the hands of Mademoiselle Bertin. She brought an air of gaiety and hope with her that sounded in the very rustle of her silks, the tapping of her Watteau shoes. Her eyes sparkled and danced with pleasure as she swept the archest little curtsy ever seen.

"Good news, Highness! Good news! But yours first. Did Boehmer visit you?"

"The very same day. Naturally I reassured him as to your standing with the Queen and myself, and he went away full of raptures and invoking blessings on your head."

"That really is more than I deserve! I am only a go-between. The Queen and yourself are the benefactors."

The word go-between pleased him. She saw the light in his eyes, heard the eagerness in his voice, and played on it most skilfully.

"Since you wrote that little confession of past mistakes and promises of amendment which I counseled, things have moved much more swiftly. When I put it in the Queen's hands I withdrew respectfully to a window, yet for your sake, my friend, I will own I managed to peep through the curtain!" The Cardinal in breathless agitation yet managed to press her hand. "And I saw her rather haughty expression—you know it—change and soften, her proud lips tremble, and finally—finally—I saw two tears drop upon the paper!"

"If I could believe it!" he cried in ecstasy. "If any words of mine could so move her. If——"

The Countess interrupted gently but with decision. "Monseigneur, I said to her Majesty that care with regard to all writing must be our motto, and that I would beg her to return your letter to me when she had read it that I might destroy it. She hesitated. Why? I cannot tell. But at last, sighing, she put it in my hands. And I will burn it as I promised. But first, Highness—look here!"

She displayed the paper before him and there, touching indeed, was the mark of tears, the round starred splash of grief—or love. De Rohan caught it from her passionately, covering the paper with kisses.

"Destroy it? Never! It shall be buried with me. Only my own words—what can anyone decipher from that?"

"Highness, my promise!" said the Countess austerely. "Neither you nor anyone else shall compel me to break it. What else I have to say to you must wait until that matter is settled."

He surrendered it unwillingly and she lighted a taper on his bureau and watched it burn, then turned smiling to him.

"And now for better things. Look here!" From a pocket concealed in her dress she drew a little stitched packet of pale rose-colored silk brocade, and from an ivory case a tiny pair of scissors with mother-of-pearl handles. With careful precision she snipped the stitches along the top and took out a folded paper. "Read, my friend, and do not die of joy."

He opened it with hands so shaking that the paper rattled. In happier days he had known that broad, gilt-edged paper very well—had seen it at Vienna when the then Princess wrote to her mother the Empress, had known the writing intimately though never a line of it had come his way—a letter from the Queen! Brief, naturally—how could it be otherwise?

"She struggled with herself, saying, 'I must write. I must answer this touching letter.' And again, 'No, I dare not. He would misunderstand.' And at last she snatched a pen and wrote. But the contents I do not know."

He read them greedily, but to himself, and then said in a smothered voice: "She pardons me. She gives me hope. It is very shy—timid like a girl, but yet a queenly note in it also. It is signed with her name. Oh, madame, what would I not do for you who have done so much for me? You have brought hope and joy and all the angel visitants with you. You have only to command and be obeyed. Have you need of anything in which I can oblige myself in obliging you?"

She smiled a sweet, half melancholy smile. "Highness, I only acquit myself of a debt of gratitude. You helped me when I had no friends. It is my turn now. But to business. I am not so inhuman as to ask you to destroy *this* treasure. But put it in the most guarded safety. I know you will. Now as to terms—has Boehmer stated them?"

"Certainly. Here they are." He put a paper in her hands and while she read it, devoured the letter with his eyes.

"That seems reasonable enough—quarterly payments, and your guarantee for them. He exacted that?"

"Well, scarcely. I offered it. To tell you the truth, madame, I wish to have a share in the matter which will put her Majesty under some sort of real obligation to me. My heart cannot relinquish that pleasure. I believe Boehmer would have taken the simple guarantee from the Queen which you were empowered to offer."

"Your wish is very natural, and can be managed!" the Countess said, reflecting. "It can be put to her as a matter of business. And have you seen the necklace? Did you think it worth the price?"

"Certainly. I thought it magnificent. And you?"

"To me it appeared a little heavy. Too much of it. I did not covet it. Were it mine I should have a diadem made of the flat rows. But then I am not a queen and the Valois were ever fastidious."

"You are a queen of women!" cried the enraptured Cardinal. That reference to the Valois did not even appear humorous to him now.

"Then you have settled it with Boehmer—that you will pay the first instalment on receiving the Queen's command, and that then the necklace shall be delivered——"

"To you."

The Countess threw up her hands in horror. "Not to me. For the love of heaven, no! I would not handle such a treasure for the world. No. To the Queen's own gentleman, here at your house and under your own eyes. There must be no loophole for doubt or carelessness. I insist on that, or I shall withdraw instantly from the whole business."

"You are as wise as you are charming. Of course you are right. You could not devise a better plan. Boehmer shall attend here with the necklace after I have made the first payment. But—alas, madame, have pity on a lover's impatience! I have one little condition to make. You who have managed so many marvels can achieve another. I must see the Queen—hear from her own lips that I am forgiven. No"—seeing her about to interrupt—"I wish no confirmation about the necklace. I would not soil such a meeting with business. But I must see her—I must."

The Countess looked him gravely in the face. "Highness, you know what you ask? It is that she shall run the risk of infamy—no more, no less! Consider it yourself. That this will come in time she is resolved. She has said so. She desires it ardently. But to press it now—now when all the world believes she is at enmity with you! Is this chivalrous?"

"Madame, your words are gospel. But a little glimpse, a passing word, a flower dropped. No more. Put it to my sovereign lady."

There was more, much more to be said and pleaded, and he ran the whole gamut of emotion. He was in desperate earnest, the Lamotte opposing only a yielding resistance. She would lay it before the Queen. It was for her to decide, though the Countess would not promise that she would not oppose it.

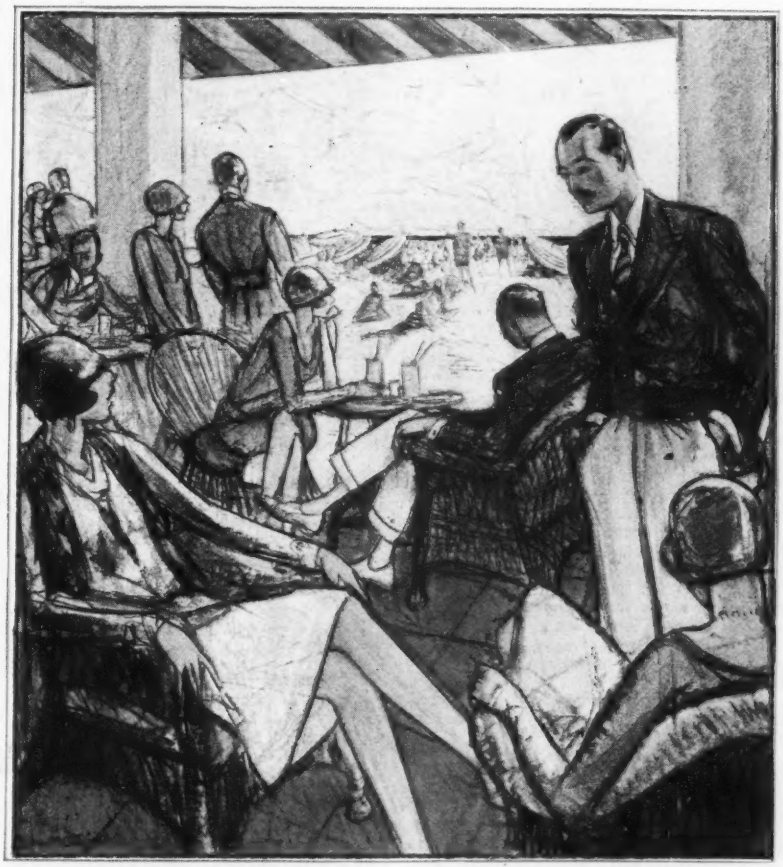
"For I think it rash in the extreme. It may cost us all our lives. No—I will promise nothing but that I will convey your wish to the Queen. Nothing else. Forget it for the present. Let us think only of business."

She went off in the end with a flutter of smiles and graces, leaving him a little subdued by her serious attitude towards his heart's desire. For it certainly seemed to the Cardinal that the large sum he was pledging himself to pay demanded an unusual return, and though a week hence a letter would have seemed unattainable as heaven, each step now was a ladder to the one above.

The Countess's next appointment was of a very different order but quite as important. It was natural enough that she should visit the little apartment she used when in Paris now that better times had come her way, and to that not even the Cardinal could have objected. What might have startled him was the fact that a gentleman was also there,

Perhaps *you* need a rest— but what *your gums* need is work

Soft, modern food gives them too little exercise, and robs them of their vigor and their health.



SUMMER takes us out-of-doors to lead a life more active. We exercise our bodies—we wax healthy and develop the power to resist disease.

But our gums, the year round, lack the exercise and stimulation they need to keep them fit. Winter and summer, the food we eat is too soft. It is too highly refined. It contains no coarse, fibrous elements. And so gums become tender and weak—"pink toothbrush" appears—leading to those more serious gum troubles so widely prevalent today.

Why the dentists recommend massage with Ipana

Dentists have learned that massage—a gentle frictionizing of the gums night and morning—serves in most cases as a complete protection against gum diseases.

And thousands of dentists will tell you that this massage is best accomplished with Ipana Tooth Paste after the usual cleaning with Ipana and the toothbrush. Because of its content of ziratol—a hemostatic and antiseptic much used by dentists in their professional work—Ipana is of definite value in restoring weakened gum tissue to normal.

Massage with Ipana relieves the congestion of the small capillaries and a brisk flow of fresh, clean blood is brought to the gum walls. The whole gum structure steadily improves in health and in resistance to disease.

Switch to Ipana for one month

You will like Ipana's fresh flavor. Moreover, you will experience a new sense of oral cleanliness, which is due both to the wholesome effect of Ipana and massage, and to the power of Ipana itself as a cleanser of teeth.

A ten-day trial tube will be sent if you mail the coupon. But that's really not enough to demonstrate what Ipana can do. Better buy a full-size tube from your druggist. That's enough to last thirty days—long enough to prove to you that Ipana is not only a delicious dentifrice, but that it will aid remarkably in safeguarding and improving the firmness and health of your gums.



At the first sign of trouble consult your dentist, and even if your gums never bother you, begin today to use Ipana. The best time to fight gum troubles is before they start.

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.,
Dept. H-86, 73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1926

one who bore no resemblance to the Count de Lamotte-Valois. Yet a personable man after a gay, dissipated fashion. In short, Monsieur de Villette, a little tarnished as to the embroidery on his wide cuffs, a little brazen as to the showy buttons adorning it, but otherwise well enough.

He lay in one chair with his feet on another, extremely at home, and as Lamotte entered did not stir except to raise his eyes from the pamphlet he held and kiss his hand gracefully.

"*La petite* Jeanne, and more charming than ever!—fresh from the homage of Monseigneur. And what happened, my friend?"

She disengaged her cloak and sat down beside him, with an anxious expression.

"Much—but all good, except one thing."

"What?" He sat up straight and eager as a terrier after rats—the whole man changed and alert. "Danger?"

"No—difficulty. That's all. But first—the letter went off excellently. He never doubted that it was her hand. You should have seen his rapture. And my idea of the tears on his letter was stupendous."

Villette giggled—there is no other word for it. "I told you so. The old fool is a mass of sentiment and folly. No wonder he has made a mess of his life. Is he really in love with her?"

"*Mon Dieu*, how can I say, when the same words mean an utterly different thing with different people? In his own way—I suppose, yes. But what a way! Sentiment, self-interest, desire, vanity—stir them all up with a few more ridiculous ingredients and you get what the Cardinal calls love."

"But business, *chérie*—business. Has Boehmer stated his terms as we expected?"

"Exactly—with the quarterly payments which Monseigneur will guarantee. The lady to repay at her leisure. The necklace to be delivered after the first payment. It was to be given to me at the Cardinal's house—the fools people are! One cannot but think of that. Of course I refused and desired that it should be handed to the Queen's gentleman. He agreed."

"Yes—all that was correct. You are a good woman of business, madame. The gentleman will be there."

Jeanne de Lamotte smiled at his expression. "He will certainly be there!" she said. "And now for the difficulty. He insisted on seeing her—a glimpse, a word, but he must see her. I foresee that that demand will become urgent. What in the name of heaven are we to do? I hadn't expected that. I thought he could live on letters until the affair was settled."

Villette looked down with frowning brows. One might almost see the swift working of his mind in his stern concentration. Not a word from the Lamotte. She knew when to be silent. It was a part of her trade. At last he looked up.

"An interview is of course out of the question. That stands to reason. But I have an idea. No—not a word yet. I want to think it out. Did you gather that he was not prepared to pay up without an interview?"

"He never said that—but yet—yes, I think it was implied. It would certainly make everything easier if you could see your way. We shall not feel sure of the necklace being handed over unless you can. If he tells Boehmer he has had an interview—well, it's obvious. We are on velvet."

But again Villette was lost in thought—hard, concentrated thought. She might not have been there for all the notice he took of her, and at last she rose rather impatiently to go. Then he emerged from his profundities.

"Yes—I'm a dull companion, I know—but I can tell you it wants a pretty active brain to see my way. I'll let you know presently, however. Keep an evening free to dine out with me next week, and keep the pot simmering meanwhile. Have you shown him the Queen's letter to you?"

"Yes—yes. Excellent! He is as convinced that she and I are bosom friends as you that we are not. I answer for it that all is right there. And he is keeping Boehmer in play so that all's right there also. Then good-by, *mon ami*. We can meet here at any time."

He looked at her with narrowing eyes. "What would you say if I knew a handsome young woman with light auburn hair, full blue eyes and exquisite complexion, *ma petite?*"

"I should say—another?"

He laughed with relish. "What?—there have been so many? But we are not jealous, no—not we. And as a matter of fact this girl is much better known to your husband than to me, and a sensible woman is never jealous of her husband. This might be a very useful young woman, though I cannot say her morals would stand examination by a jury of matrons."

She stopped, suddenly arrested, and stared at him with wide bright eyes, dumb with astonishment. He laughed, pleased at the effect he had made.

"For heaven's sake be careful," she said at last, paling under her rouge. "You may lead us to the scaffold if there is a single false step. Don't dare too much. I can face most things, but——"

"But leave it to me, madame. We are playing for big stakes. I take the risks. Am I likely to forget the dangers? Leave it to me."

She was turning silently to the door when he called her back.

"You are making the Queen commit herself too quickly to him. Tell him that on consideration she does not approve of his guaranteeing the payments. It does not become her position and her word is enough. Also that the first payment is to be made at a date fixed for some months after the necklace is delivered. You are making her too cheap with herself. Make her proud, high, capricious—what she is. Don't forget you dine with me next week."

Certainly Jeanne Lamotte might be called a dispenser of happiness. At that moment Boehmer hummed a tune as he looked over his jewels. The Cardinal sat in happy converse with the Grand Cophta—the Grand Cophta in the ordinary knee-breeches and silk stockings of daily dress, disclosing a pair of sturdy legs, the adoration of half the ladies of Paris. Cagliostro also glowed with happiness. Again the good fairy, Jeanne de Lamotte!

"It was a wondrous revelation, Monseigneur. Miracles of good fortune are about to befall you. Have patience, but I know you will. I read in your eyes that your mind is at rest."

"My great friend, wonders *have* befallen!" cried the radiant Cardinal. "Yours is my gratitude when the supreme day arrives. And the beautiful Columb too! She shall not be forgotten. I suppose even that pure intelligence does not disdain a pretty trifle?"

"My disciple, when the Columb is not inspired she is a girl like others—pure, immaculately pure, but full of an innocent gaiety. The same with myself. You are aware that I unbend."

The Cardinal was aware of that fact. The Grand Cophta unbent now over more than one glass of wine from his host's famous cellars. It warmed them both, but not a word could the magician extract of what really was the object of his visit—the game that Jeanne de Lamotte-Valois was playing. There a dead wall met him.

"But I will know what that little woman is up to," said the Grand Cophta within his soul, "if I have to comb Paris with a tooth-comb to find it. Does she think a kiss and a few louis sufficient payment for the play I staged the other night? By no means!"

And at Versailles the Queen sat unconscious of all this, and read the comedies of Beaumarchais—"The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Barber of Seville"—with bitter foreboding, seeing the attack upon the court and aristocracy, and hearing the far-off derision of Paris, kindled by the scorching wit and humor of both. Time was when she had laughed at them. She did not laugh now.

The plot was thickening indeed.

It was the misfortune of the Queen that she had always despised the trammels of etiquette and fetters of ceremonial. Brought up in the more homely ease of the German court in Vienna, where the relations between monarch and subjects were those of a father to his children, the stately laws of intercourse at Versailles had always filled her with weariness touched with contempt. When she had arrived in France a girl of fifteen, vivid with youth and high animal spirits, the little Archduchess had found a guide appointed for her dancing footsteps, calculated to freeze the dance measure in any heart, however young and gay—the prim Madame de Noailles.

This lady had every rule of the French Court at her finger-tips, from the time of the Valois downward. She could not err, and the slavery she sought to impose on her victim was dreadful. Life speedily resolved itself into a battle between the old régime and the new, the last headed by Marie Antoinette, the first by Madame de Noailles fighting for her losing cause with the spirit of the age.

The Queen nicknamed her "Madame Etiquette" and mocked her precepts unmercifully. There was even one which regulated the width of her skirts that the Queen might not be guilty of the indecorum of stepping with too wide a stride over any rivulet or muddy patch in the forest of Fontainebleau. The girl Queen revenged herself by springing across light as a deer, while Madame Etiquette flung up shocked hands.

There was a masterpiece of etiquette in use every morning which drove her youthful Majesty into open revolt. It was necessary that her ladies should attend her toilette and the one highest in rank present her chemise and the rest of her linen in turn. Well and good. But if a princess of the blood were there that honor fell to her share, and in such a case the lady next highest in rank must present the chemise to the princess.

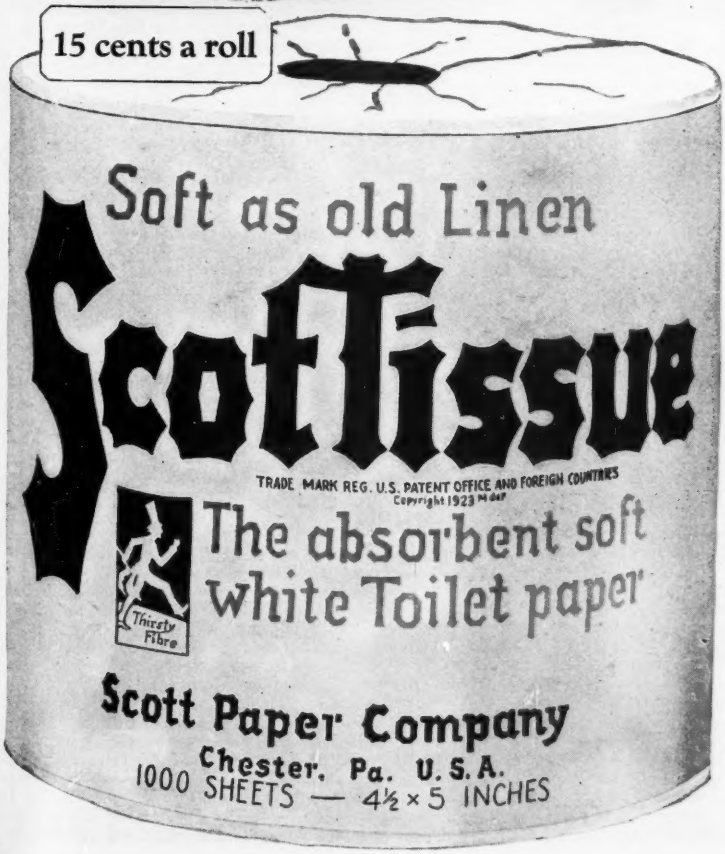
These ceremonies culminated one wintry morning in an explosion which nearly wrecked the usage of ages. The Queen stood entirely undressed, waiting to receive her chemise; Madame Campan held it unfolded for presentation when the lady of honor entered, slipped off her gloves and of course took it. A scratching was heard at the door—knocking being forbidden by etiquette—and in came the Duchess d'Orléans; she removed her gloves and came forward to possess herself of the chemise. The lady of honor handed it to Madame Campan, who presented it to the Duchess. More scratching at the door—the Queen's sister-in-law, Madame the Countess de Provence appeared, and the Duchess handed her the chemise, the Queen, her arms crossed upon her breast, chilly as a marble statue, shuddering with cold. In her sympathy Madame de Provence did not wait to take off her gloves—much to the horror of Madame Etiquette—and put on the chemise, knocking the Queen's cap off in her haste. Marie Antoinette muttered under her breath, "How annoying! How tiresome!"

Small wonder that when she took to the harmless sport of donkey-riding with her ladies in the forest of Fontainebleau, and a ridiculously curveting beast tossed her onto a bed of leaves, the Queen sitting and rocking herself in helpless laughter cried out: "Run, somebody, as quickly as you can and ask Madame de Noailles what is the etiquette when the Queen of France falls off a donkey!"

Absurd—and yet—a Queen is a Queen and when she breaks through the hedge the brambles scratch her.

She had made many mistakes kindly but lamentable. She had, for instance, permitted her own hair-dresser to increase his income by attending ladies of the court and of Paris, and gossip on the intimate details of the royal household multiplied, was exaggerated and completely broke down the awful distance expected by the people as a part of the dignity of their Queen. The man in the street could now chatter intimate details of the Queen's toilette, temper, and her spendthrift ways. She

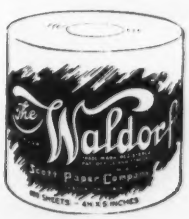




Mother's Responsibility

She cannot afford to have anything that does not protect and promote the health and comfort of her children. ScotTissue has supplanted the harsh, non-absorbent toilet tissue of other days. Mothers everywhere select ScotTissue because of its soothing softness, its whiteness, its quick-absorbency and its unquestioned purity. ScotTissue is safe for children. It will not harm or irritate the most delicate skin. That's why it is especially sought by women of refinement for their personal hygienic requirements. No conversation. Just say "ScotTissue."

Another Thirsty Fibre Product
3 rolls for 25c



© S. P. Co.

A digestive aid that does not defeat its purpose!



GASTROGEN Tablets promptly relieve indigestion, "heartburn" and gas. Unlike many other correctives they give relief without interfering with the normal process of digestion.

The most common thing to take, as you probably know, is an alkali such as soda bicarbonate. Soda bicarbonate does correct hyper-acidity, but unless you use exactly the right amount, it goes too far and an alkaline content remains in your stomach which checks digestion.

For the stomach should be slightly acid (1-5 of one per cent)—that is the normal condition for healthy digestion.

Gastrogen Tablets work in a better way!

Gastrogen Tablets promptly neutralize acidity and then permit digestion to go on. They relieve the distress—and there they stop.

A few minutes after taking, your stomach will be free from alkalinity and normally digesting your food. Your indigestion will vanish, your "heartburn" will be gone. Even if you take a dozen there can be no bad after effect, for when Gastrogen Tablets have corrected hyper-acidity they cease to work and pass through the system with no further change.

Gastrogen is pleasant and safe

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe, effective, and convenient. They combat digestive disturbances without retarding digestion. They are pleasant to taste and they purify the breath.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

GASTROGEN
Tablets

© Bristol-Myers, 1926

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. C86
73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name_____

Address_____

alone could not perceive the growing danger.

She drove herself about with only one lady in attendance in a neat little two-wheeled carriage known as a cabriolet, and the people stood in horror that was not mute to see a Queen of France acting as her own coachman and flying to heaven knows what rendezvous in the wilds of the great royal parks. She sank daily in the estimation of her people.

But a worse and more terrible mistake lay before her. Better tutelage to twenty Mesdames Etiquette than that error which seemed so natural and delightful at the moment! The King had permitted her to use the little theaters at Fontainebleau and Trianon, and there the chosen friends of her entourage presented plays for her delight. But what was the horror of Paris and the world at large when the Queen herself took to the boards and postured and mouthed—royally badly—behind the footlights.

Not since Nero acted in Rome was such a tempest of condemnation raised as by that fact—the Queen, the *Queen* exposing herself to plaudits or disapproval! Great heavens, was the sky about to fall? It was, in real earnest, but again the Queen did not perceive it.

So by this and much more the way was paved for the horrors of the diamond necklace, which, had it blazed with the fires of Hell, could not have been more terrible in its results, while in the gaieties and anxieties of her queenly life she had forgotten its very existence.

She sat one morning sipping her chocolate when the Princess de Lamballe came in.

"Sit down, Thérèse—sit down, and do not literally stand upon ceremony. It is really too early in the day to begin my prison discipline. What have you to say?"

"Some things which I am at a loss how to begin, Madame—but your kindness pardons everything to good intention. It is on that very question of what you call prison discipline that I am here."

The Queen sighed impatiently. "My dear—is not Madame Etiquette enough? Well—be it as you will. Go on."

"It is this, Madame. Some person, I do not know whom, in crossing the courtyard dropped a small packet which someone, whom also I do not know, placed in the hands of my head waiting-woman and she immediately brought it to me, saying she thought I should see the contents. I have forced myself to read them. I say 'forced,' for they are the vilest collection of songs, pasquinades, libels upon your Majesty that ever the mind of man conceived. Nothing can be more horrible. I will not show them to you—no"—for the Queen, pale as death, mechanically put out her hand—"for I consider myself defiled even by looking at them. But they have started a train of thought which I think it my duty to reveal to you."

"The monsters! The wretches!" cried the Queen, in towering indignation. "They cannot understand a virtuous freedom. They mistake it for license. Yet there is no single detail of all my life which they might not see if they were worth convincing."

The Princess sighed, her beautiful face calm and sad. "True, Madame—who knows that better than I? And yet—I will confess my own misdeeds. I consider that I have been wrong in promoting and sharing the harmless gaieties which have drawn down this frightful retribution."

"You think," said the Queen haughtily, "that Madame Etiquette was right and we were wrong? Then I can only say the Queen of France is the one slave in a land where slavery is forbidden."

"Madame, will your Majesty pardon me if I speak frankly? Surely the Queen embodies and represents the dignity of the nation—and if—but I see it is necessary that you should read some of these atrocious papers."

The Queen took them with eyes sparkling with anger, determined to resist, to repudiate every feeling but that of contempt while she read the coarsely printed sheets as though she disdained to handle them. But the woman in her overpowered the queen. A burning blush covered her face. It tinged even her throat and bosom. It forced the scalding tears into her eyes. Her hands trembled.

"And these are circulating in the country?" she asked in a stifled voice.

"By thousands."

There was a painful silence, until a faint scratching was heard on the door, when the Princess at a gesture forbade entry.

"Madame," she said earnestly, "I entreat you to stop the *descampativos*. You know I have never joined in them and it is impossible to deny that they have lent color to the dreadful song in your hand. That at a meeting in the royal gardens his Majesty's brother or any man should be placed at an altar with power to pair off the assemblage, man and woman, alone for an hour with orders to return and disclose the secret of their intimate conversation—oh, Madame, in that song you behold the lamentable result! I mourn the day when your Majesty took part in it."

"The King took part in it more than once and was paired himself," answered the Queen in an attempt at excuse.

"Yes, Madame—but let us be honest—only to give you pleasure. And see the vile use made of it! You are accused in these dreadful papers of having wished to engage his Majesty in other interests that you yourself might be free to pursue your own. I implore you to let the *descampativos* be stopped at once. Is it fit that men and women should hide in the royal gardens for an hour—and one of them the Queen? The very word is enough. It savors of the frolics of creatures I would not name in your presence!"

She had gone too far. The Queen glared at her like an image of fury. The Princess hid her face in her hands.

"Since *I* did it, it is right—and can you suppose I should own myself conquered by the vilest of the earth like these? To end my amusements would be to own myself found out and penitent. We will have one this very afternoon and I command you to join it. Where the Queen leads the Princess de Lamballe may certainly follow."

Her nobler nature was entirely in abeyance for the moment. The spirit of tyrannous ancestors looked out of her bright blue eyes and lips cruelly tightened above the little line of teeth. The woman before her sat with bowed head like a mute grief.

At last the Princess raised her head and looked the Queen in the face, mildly but resolutely: "Madame, you crush me with shame. I own myself utterly in the wrong. I entreat your forgiveness for a false friend. I feared to speak—I feared to lose your friendship, to drive you into the arms of Madame de Polignac, and in that base fear I have exposed you to dangers which I might have lessened. Now you have given me courage. I will relieve my conscience at last."

Her head drawn up to the full height of her stately throat, the Queen answered: "You shall not speak, madame, nor I listen. Go! You have my orders for this afternoon."

"Madame, I desire to ask your forgiveness. If I appeared to criticize your actions I humbly ask your pardon. But—I shall not be in the gardens this afternoon. I refuse obedience."

It was impossible that Marie Antoinette should grow paler. Words choked in her throat. There was a tense silence—then the Princess curtsied deeply and without dismissal according to custom, glided to the door and was gone.

That afternoon the merry party assembled in the green glades of the gardens—lovely as the Paradise of Mohammed with plashing fountains catching the sun in rainbows of silver mist. The peacocks strutted on long perspectives of velvet lawns, displaying their trains jeweled with emeralds and sapphire, and all round the blossoms drowsy with heat appeared to dream in ardent sunshine. In a white marble pavilion supported on marble columns, but open on all sides, was a little altar



Would you?

YOU know how brothers and sisters argue about things.

Well, here was a case where the boy was much put out because his sister would not accept the attentions of his best friend, or go out with him.

She simply refused flatly and he could never find out why.

"You wouldn't either," she said, "if you knew what I know."

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more. LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

sacred to the genius of Friendship. Behind it, in a black robe powdered with stars, stood Monsieur d'Artois, the gay young brother of the King, in a pose of solemn authority. Before him the laughing group of courtiers headed by the Queen—loveliest of all the women in her shepherdess hat and skirts hooped and looped with roses. The Princess was not present.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Fellowship," cried the Prince. "You have the orders of the Grand Lama of Friendship—my honored self. I command you to pair and disperse for an hour by the watch of every gentleman present, I myself allotting the partners. Madame my sister"—to the Queen—"I allot to your tender mercies the Count de Fersen."

And so on through a list which he had compiled with the utmost love of mischief and provocation in the highest degree. It had not by any means escaped the eyes of his Royal Highness that the grave, reserved gentleman from Sweden lingered long at the court and evinced a special devotion to the service of her Majesty. And might one not at a haphazard guess suppose that Antoinette in her turn might look with some little flutter of interest on the tall, fair Norseman?—for so they called him. His height, his bright hair, his calm, thoughtful manner picked him out among the quick, dark Frenchmen.

D'Artois was inclined to think Axel Fersen slow in talk, possibly stupid, yet—a case of the hare and the tortoise—he generally arrived even if after the others, and with some remark that summed up the rest. Women liked him extraordinarily, but he did not seem especially attracted by their light lures and laughters. He answered, dropped meditative eyes upon them, smiled a little, and passed on. Now supposing his heart were touched—touched where he dared not declare it—what a triumph for a charming Queen! And supposing her heart were touched—not seriously, of course, but enough for a blush and a tremble—what a triumph for a mischievous brother-in-law!

"Decamp!" he intoned sonorously. "And in one hour return. Speak your hearts freely to one another, but remember that all that passes must be disclosed when you return, still paired, in an hour. Remember also, *messieurs et mesdames*, that the pair that is one moment late shall be exposed to the derision of the Fellowship and condemned to a forfeit as punishment, by public acclaim."

With her eyes opened a little to the danger by events of the morning, the Queen was inclined to congratulate herself on the unusual good sense of her brother-in-law's choice for her. She looked with reassurance at Fersen's stately height and the serene self-control of his expression. Taken altogether, the impression on her mind had always been one of latent strength and watchfulness—a curious intentness as of a man who could never be taken by surprise by his own passions or those of others.

Naturally she had spoken with him often, and always in her mind a little clear light surrounded his figure and distinguished him from the elegantly dressed horde about her. A brave man—and with resources in himself, if she did not mistake.

She led the talk with some interest to Sweden, piloting him to the little Pavilion of Flora where she desired to sit and pass the hour in peace. He answered with the utmost courtesy, and a pleasant smile, growing more animated as he spoke of the far North. Would it never be possible that their Majesties should return the visit of the Northern Royalties who had been so graciously received at Versailles? She had seldom seen him smile before, she thought, and liked it.

"Oh, monsieur, there is little hope of travel for a Queen of France. You know that. And now there is such a spirit of unrest that the King cannot be absent. But I—you know how weary I get of my bright cage. To wander by the bays and fiords of Scandinavia and hear the legends of the North would be my joy. But I never shall. The people would put some hateful gloss upon it. I have too many enemies—God knows why."

That was her imprudent way; with people she liked instinctively, her lips were never guarded. It was her charm and danger, for everyone received it as a special confidence and hoped for more.

Fersen could not resist the spell. "Enemies, Madame? Your Majesty who is kindness itself? If such grace and generosity can have enemies, there is no hope for any of us. And yet—it is true. You have enemies."

There was not another man in the gardens that day who would not have sworn on his knees that she was deceived. Enemies for the most beautiful and beloved woman and Queen in the world? Never! The contrast, the truth, impressed her instantly, and as they entered the small pavilion with its marble bench, she bade him sit down beside her.

"If you could know how strange it is to hear the truth," she said. "Speak on, monsieur. Tell me why I have enemies. I cannot understand, for though I would not speak highly of myself I—I have tried to please. What—you will not speak? You shake your head? That is what it is to be a queen. If one's courtiers saw one running in the dark to a precipice they would never stop one. They would say, 'Oh, Madame, for others there might be danger; for you—never.' I tire, tire, tire of it!"

"I also, Madame!" he said with sudden feeling that surprised himself. "It is hard indeed if one has not only heart but intelligence like yours. But—recognize their side also. Few royal persons desire the truth, and when it is offered it is not always well received."

A deep flush rose in her cheek; her eyes dropped. Only that morning she had driven a true friend from her because she had dared to speak one unpalatable truth. For all the world she would not have had him know that fact. How petty, how contemptible it seemed in the calm sincerity of his expression. What if she sounded him and compared his point of view with that of Thérèse de Lamballe?

She veiled her eyes with the most delicate air of pleading. "Monsieur, if I ask you a favor, will you refuse?"

"Madame!" His look was enough.

"Then tell me how you view my position at the moment. You are a foreigner. You can speak more freely—perhaps judge more clearly. Am I popular among my people?"

"May I be pardoned, your Majesty, if I decline to speak?" His voice was unruffled, but some deep feeling lay beneath it.

"Not 'your Majesty' here in the gardens. Only Madame. No, I could not pardon silence. I need truth and a friend's counsel. I feel you to be a friend. Speak."

He rose as a soldier under orders, his eyes on the ground. "You honor me, Madame. No, you are not popular. There is great danger, in my opinion. The Queen should be in the hearts of the French people."

"And I am not. I know it, and why?"

"Partly, Madame, because monarchy itself suffered in the reign of the late King. You are aware of what the extravagances of the King on his mistresses cost the nation."

"And *you* are aware," she said with angry self-justification, "that we are the very reverse. The King has no vices; his one thought is the happiness of his people. I—I must dress like a queen, live like one for the honor of the nation. What else is there?"

"Madame, I am silent."

"I command you to continue."

With a painful effort he went on, stiff and straight before her. "Madame, there was Trianon—there were many other costly toys, dangerous with the hungry eyes of a people upon them. Little, I know, compared with the waste of the late King's favorites, but——"

She sprang to her feet. "And you compare me with them? You dare to insinuate that a Queen of France has no right to the pleasures, the surroundings of her rank? That a Pompadour, a Du Barry may take what she needs, but the Queen never?"

"Because she *is* the Queen, Madame," he said. "But I entreat your pardon. I have done wrong."

"You have dared to insult me," she flashed on in cruel unreason. "And why? What gave you courage?"

"Love, Madame," he answered with a voice so quiet that it fell on her flame like ice. "I love you, and because I would die to serve you, I offer you the one poor gift in my power—the truth."

"Love?" she cried with sparkling eyes. "Hate, I think! Love adores, reverences, sees nothing but good. Love's eyes are blinded to faults."

"Love's eyes are clear as the sun, Madame, and because I love you——"

"You insult me! Oh, the Princess de Lamballe was right when she warned me against these miserable *descampativos*. I have honored you only to be repaid with insult."

"The Princess was right, Madame. You should not be here alone with any gentleman. It is not fitting. But, were you the Empress of the world, you could not be insulted by the statement of a love that asks nothing, hopes nothing, will spend its utmost in watching to do you service."

He stood aside as if to make way for her. Without a look she passed him.

He stood silent, pale, in the shade till she was out of sight, then followed at a distance to assure himself that she reached the Palace safely. Again he stood motionless until his watch pointed to the hour, when he turned and took his way to the tryst. It made much talk that her Majesty's indisposition had taken her back to the Palace. Madame Etiquette would have died of it, but she was far enough away. Yet even d'Artois was alarmed though he masked his fright as best he could. There was thunder in the air and before long the group dispersed, and that was the last of the famous *descampativos*.

As for the Queen, with winged feet she passed across the lawns, scarcely knowing where she went. Fortunately the Princess de Lamballe was walking on the great terrace, lost in sad reflection, when the sight incredible met her eyes of the Queen unattended, almost running toward her. The Princess ran down the long stone steps to meet her.

"Madame—Madame, what is it? You are ill? You are frightened? Lean on me."

"I will not stir one step," said the Queen, gasping for breath, and more strongly moved than Madame de Lamballe had ever seen her. "No—not one step until I have implored your pardon and admitted the justice of every word you said today. You were right, and I have been most terribly and wickedly wrong. Just now a man had the audacity to tell me—*me*, that I was wrong in being alone with him in the gardens. It made me in my own eyes lower than the creature represented in those pamphlets. I felt I had deserved them. Forgive me. You were right to disobey a woman so unworthy."

The Princess with tears stooped and kissed her hand again and again.

"The revels of the court are ended," said the Queen at last. They turned and slowly ascended the steps.

It was true. The revels were ended. The reaping of a bitter harvest was begun.

But it was noticeable that after that Fersen was much in her thoughts. He came seldom to court and his manner was unchanged to other observers. To her it appeared there was a new tenderness as though he grieved to have inflicted a wound. She would have given all her diamonds, and more, much more, to undo what she had done, unsay what she had said. But that is beyond the power even of a queen.

The net of the most daring swindle in history winds swiftly about the Prince de Rohan, and the lovely Marie Antoinette too begins to feel its sinister threads—in the Next Instalment *of* E. Barrington's *romance*

Wolf's Clothing *by Arthur Somers Roche* *(Continued from page 89)*

couldn't I fall in love with a girl like that, a girl who—though honest enough—could understand temptation, appreciate its force, and not care that her man had yielded? So long as her man ran true with her, little she'd care how he ran with others.

She was of my class, for I no longer belonged in the ranks of gentlemen. I was an outlaw, a criminal, and no future righteousness could blot out the fact that I was "wanted" by the police of a dozen capitals. In my class, of it, she'd make the sort of wife, pal . . . Well, even if I could get her, I didn't want her. Why brood on things that cannot be?

"Minnie," I said severely, "the first thing you must learn is to keep your door locked. I walked right in—anyone else might have done the same thing."

"But anyone else didn't," she jeered. "And I didn't want you to be held up a second. I wanted you to bust right in. Berry, what happened?"

I pulled up a chair beside her; the early afternoon light shone on her face, and I saw a slight bruise below one eye. I touched it gently, pityingly. She shrank away from me.

"Don't, Berry!" she said. Her voice was almost pleading.

I thought of the ambiguous situation in which she found herself, sharing an apartment with me, registered under a false name. She was delicately asking me to be generous.

"Sorry; didn't mean to hurt you," I told her, purposely misunderstanding.

"Huh, you couldn't hurt me if you walloped me with a black-jack," she retorted. "And darned well you know it, Berry Baline, you with your city slicker ways. Say, Berry, shoot the works."

I told her all that had happened; she had a rare gift for silence, for listening, had Minnie Humphrey, and she didn't say a word until I lighted a cigaret as period to my recital.

"A good egg, this Parsons," she said.

"Glad you like him," I observed, with forced sarcasm. "He showed me where I head in."

"Listen, Berry, he's a wise one. He found out right off that you'd fallen for this Rose dame." I hadn't mentioned our discussion wherein Parsons had accused me of having fallen in love, Woman's intuition is always over my head.

"Nonsense," I said.

"Is it?" she demanded. "Maybe—likewise, maybe not. If I could guess it, her own daddy might give it a tumble. Well, being a grand old guy—didn't he prove he was an ace the way he took the parcel on his lap without beefing? Well, being o. k., he don't want to see you hurt, Berry kid."

"How hurt?" I asked.

"Aw, don't make me tell you, kid. This Rose dame—daughter of a guy like Parsons! You can fly high, Berry, but your wings don't reach to where she soars. You're carrying too much weight, boy. And the old gent was giving you an easy slide-out. Berry, what say to an idea?"

"Is there such a thing?" I asked.

"A grand one," she replied. "You and me—no mush stuff, kid, but a coupla pals—we blow this dump; we leave it flat. I wanna git out where there's some sky and grass and stuff like that. You got some dough, prob'ly, and I got my two hands. I can work, I can, and I want to. Let's fly the coop; us for a farm——"

"Don't talk nonsense. You're a young girl," I told her.

"Sure, with a lily-white reputation. Me living in this flat right now with a man I ain't married to. Fade out, kid. I can protect myself and to blazes with my reputation. It's what you are. Well, we get out; you get some air into your chest and do some thinking. You got a bean and can figure ways of pulling out jack besides ripping it from a guy's pockets when he ain't looking. What say, bo?"

"I say no," I answered.

The incomprehensibility of woman! Minnie grabbed my hand and shook it.

"Attaboy. If you'd said yes, I'da hated you. Quit? Not me, says I, and not you, says you. All right. We nail Candish to the cross, us two. Berry, look out the window."

Smooth! That was how the Chief's machine worked. I was able to grin with appreciation as, looking as Minnie indicated, I saw the squat Vanelli, better known as Spaghet', lounging on a bench in the park below. Never a cog that slipped, a plug that failed to spark properly, a tire that went flat in the Candish machine. Believe me, I'd never known of a gang like this before, and I don't think I'll ever hear of one like it again.

And even more amazing than its smoothness was its size. To weld scores of criminals into one functioning machine . . . But, of course, while this size made for remarkable results so long as the road was clear, it militated against security when the road became rough. Sooner or later Candish would run into a detour; his machine would stall, and the weak parts would give way under the strain. The more people who know of a secret, the less of a secret it is. Candish had taken too many into his confidence. Shaking my head, even as I grinned, I thought that my method had been better than the Candish way. Maybe my profits had never equaled his, but I'd not had to split them with a hundred followers.

So Spaghet' was down in the park below. I told Minnie who he was.

"But how did you know who he was?" I asked, surprised.

"The *who* didn't matter; it was the *what*," she replied. "When a husky dago like that walks up and down, drops onto a bench, gets up, sneaks a look at the windows, I ask myself, 'What for?' Well, there's people that'd be glad to know where we are, ain't that so? Maybe he's keeping an eye peeled for us. And say, if he's the best the Chief can do for a watcher, a longshoreman like this gent, I don't think the Chief is so hot."

"So they followed you from the hospital, waited around for me to show up. Candish isn't playing so square, is he?" I mused aloud.

"I've thought all along you was all wet thinking that a crook would keep his word," she told me. "I mean," she added hastily, "his kind of crook." She watched me out of the tail of her eye to see if my feelings had been hurt by her sweeping condemnation of the class to which I belonged.

"Maybe you're right," I assented, "only—I *think* he'd keep his word."

"Then why have this big tramp Spaghet' outside?"

"Perhaps to see that I keep mine," I explained. "To ascertain if I get in touch with the police. No, Spaghet's presence doesn't mean that the Chief will use violence to regain the necklace." I felt my knuckles harden. "I'd like to use a little violence myself," I said.

"On this Spaghet' gent? Is he the one that was so anxious to bump you off?"

"He and Josephs both indicated a certain willingness," I laughed.

"Well, kid, you keep away from this one. I don't know about Josephs, but this baby has it on you by thirty pounds or more. He'd chew you up, Berry."

"Think so?" I retorted. "Perhaps I'd show him things that were never dreamed of in the gutter whence he sprang."

"Oh, you talk big, but do you punch heavy?" she demanded.

I stared at her. "What's the matter, Minnie?"

Her gamin face wreathed in a grin. "The nanny got loose, eh? Well, Berry, old sport, I wasn't trying to razz you. I was trying to put an idea in your dome. But if there's any holes in that concrete conk of yours, they're barred. Nothing can get in."

I laughed. "Minnie, I admit everything. I'm dumb. What's the idea?"

"Didn't you tell me that last night you got an idea maybe you'd locate the bell-captain whose clothes you got on—and you don't look like Vinnie Astor oughta look in them rags, neither—and when you located him you'd turn him upside down until he spilled a plenty of information!"

"You mean—make Spaghet'——"

"Are you out of the play because someone says you are?" she asked. "You got plenty chips, ain't you? Your luck is running high, ain't it? Do you cash in and dance away from the table because some gent don't want to play in the game with you? What say? You got plenty private bones to pick with Candish, haven't you? Likewise, you'll never sleep nights until you've gone to bat again for this Rose dame. Myself, I think you're a sap, but why try to teach a sucker anything? You want your fingers burned, so—burn 'em. Anyway, don't let anyone fan you away from the flame if you're bound to be a moth."

"Spaghet', eh?" I said thoughtfully. "But the police——"

"Holy cats, Berry," she cried, "I'm not advising you to mingle with him in the middle of Washington Square! But if you could get him alone somewhere—use your bean, kid."

Candish had some engagement so pressing that it forbade him to accept the necklace today. The necklace was worth a queen's ransom; indeed, it was to be used to ransom a girl more desirable than any queen could ever have been. Yet Candish, knowing how uncertain are the ways of crime, realizing that the bird in hand is worth more than any other bird, nevertheless waved aside acceptance of the diamonds today.

What on earth could be more important than the necklace?

Probably Vanelli, lounging down below in the Park, knew the answer to that question. Could I tear the answer from him? Again my fingers doubled, and the nails bit into my palms. Spaghet' would know where Candish lay perdue; if he told me where to find the Chief, Rose might be rescued, not ransomed; she might be spared the indignity of another night's imprisonment at the hands of Candish.

Certainly, to try to do something was better than to lie idle. I had my private war against Candish, too. Why not enter into action at once? Why not take Rose away from him before the necklace had been surrendered to him?

How? What mattered it—this how? "How's" were for cravens, for witless folk. Men of wit and courage followed any lead that opened up before them, trusting to their brains and brawn to win through to the end. In Washington Square lounged Vanelli, the vicious Spaghet', who was a lead to Candish.

"Use my bean, eh?" I said to Minnie. "Fair enough. But I can't tackle him on a public street. I don't believe I can get him into a room anywhere."

"Then why not get him out in the country?" she asked.

"You mean——"

"Oh, mascaro, you ain't there with the brains a-tall, Berry! You go down to the street—*we* go down to the street; this is my play, and the game don't go on unless I ride with it—and we hop in a taxi. We drive out into the country—Long Island, Westchester, anywhere. Spaghet' will follow us. We get him out where the grass is long and there ain't no cops hiding in the weeds, and you go to it. If he pulls his gat, you pull yours——"

"What about our taxi-man? Will he stand for all this?" I cut in.

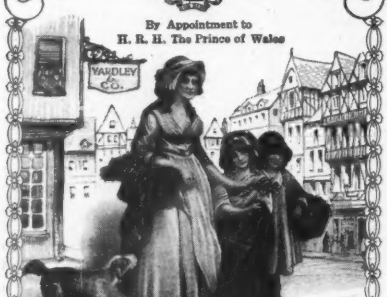
"You got plenty dough on you, haven't you? *Buy* his machine."

"You said it," I told her. "Now, while I'm gone——"

She was out of her rocking-chair instantly. Her strong young hand gripped my forearm savagely.

"Drop it—right off!" she ordered. "This is

By Appointment to
H. R. H. The Prince of Wales



O, Lavender is still as sweet
As when in Islington,
Round old St. Paul's or by the Fleet,
They cried in every quaint old street,
"Lavender! Sweet Lavender!
Who'll buy my Lavender?"

Yardley's
Old English
Lavender Soap

35c the Large Tablet. $1.00 the Box of Three

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY the leaders of taste and fashion have cherished it for its exquisite purity and for the beauty of the Lavender perfume with which it is so lavishly scented.

Made from extra fine materials, it delicately purifies and refines the skin, and preserves the youthful beauty of the complexion.

Obtainable at all good stores.

YARDLEY
8 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON
15-19 Madison Square, N. NEW YORK — 145, Adelaide Street, W. Toronto, Canada

YARDLEY LONDON
EST. 1770



EDDIE SHARPE
Saxophonist
Paul Whiteman's
Concert Orchestra

***You* can play**

this easy fingering Buescher Saxophone. Most wonderful music. 3 lessons given on request with each new Buescher True-Tone. Teach yourself. Many play scales right off—easy tunes first week. You can.

Easy to Play, Easy to Pay 22SD

Try any Buescher Instrument for 6 days. Satisfaction or no sale. Easy terms arranged. Send postal for catalog and details of trial and payment plans. Mention instrument preferred. No obligation. Send today.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
1427 Buescher Block — Elkhart, Indiana

my idea, and it won't work without me, Berry."

"But there may be shooting," I told her, exasperated.

"There'll be screaming if I'm left out," she countered. "You may get out of this hotel, but a deserted wife will be with you, carried on your neck, and she'll be telling the wide listening world that you took a run-out and left me—and the twins—and everything, flat on our backs. Why, the indignant mob that'll gather round, every one of them still owin' his mother for dough she lent him to lose on the races, will tear you to little teeny-weeny pieces, Berry Baline. And then I'll have to bust out weeping because the swellest pal a doll ever met up with is only good to sprinkle in a coffin. Do I go?"

"Lord, yes," I ejaculated. "If you'll just stop talking——"

"Not a peep from Minnie," she promised. "Let's go."

She walked with a bit of a limp, a slight remembrance from last night's taxi accident, but if movement hurt her, she didn't whimper. Not many girls in my life could measure up to Minnie Humphrey. Pure grit, pure muscle, and—pure soul! And the last goes even stronger than the first two.

Down to the street floor we descended in the elevator. We walked through the tiny lobby of the Welland and out upon the south side of Washington Square. Clumsy Spaghet', more of a fighting man than a spy, would have given himself away to a child by his excitement, by the obvious way in which he turned his back, tried to avoid being seen by us. The Chief must be hard up for satellites if Vanelli was the best spy he could obtain.

Or—and this brought up the thing that had puzzled me before—perhaps the Chief's best men were needed for a more important matter. What could it be? But that was what I hoped to find out from Spaghet'.

I hailed a taxi. Like those of nearly all nomad machines on the streets, its driver was a hard-looking youth. This battered old car was obviously not owned by one of the reputable companies. However, I could ascertain in a moment.

"Own your car?" I asked the driver.

His cold eyes looked me over.

"What's it all about?" he demanded.

"When people own a thing, they'll sell—for a price."

"My car's for sale—if everything looks good," he retorted.

I didn't want to arouse the dull-witted Spaghet' by too long a conversation, so I assisted Minnie into the machine and followed after her.

"Drive up-town, not too fast," I ordered.

The man nodded, threw the gears into mesh, and we rounded the east side of the Square. I glanced over my shoulder. At the head of Thompson Street stood a car, another taxi, it looked, and into it Vanelli was climbing.

"How much for the car?" I asked my driver.

"Depends on the game," he replied. "I been up the river once, and it's never no more for yours truly."

"You're a babe in the woods, that's how innocent you are," I told him. "I buy your car—cash in the mitt, my friend. You step out to buy me a newspaper, I climb into the front seat, speed away, and you put up a roar that your car's been stolen. Only, you're gone for three or four minutes, and you don't find me. Later, your car's recovered, you give a wrong description of me, and you have your car back and in the pocket—how much?"

"Eight hundred dollars," he said.

It was a tremendous price for the machine; also, considering that the man would get it back, the amount meant rental. Eight hundred a day is big money. But when one needs something—and my brain could evolve nothing better than this scheme which was more Minnie's than mine—one must be prepared to pay.

"Drive out of town," I told him. "Take the Bronx River road."

The man merely nodded, slumped lower in his seat and began weaving through traffic. I warned him against speed; I didn't want Vanelli to lose sight of me.

He didn't; through Central Park, across 110th Street, along the Concourse, the taxi in which Vanelli rode held close behind us. Entering the lovely drive that skirts the edges of the pretty Bronx River, we ran like parts of the same train. Vanelli's driver was a good man, although he didn't need to show much skill, for we never exceeded twenty miles an hour.

At the White Plains station of the New York and Westchester Railroad, I ordered my taximan to stop. I handed him eight one-hundred-dollar bills.

"I don't know where you'll find the car," I said, "but either out here in Westchester or in New York. Now go in the station, buy some cigarets, and don't come out for five minutes."

"She goes," he announced. "And any time you need me again, boss, my name is Andrews. Tom Andrews. I hang out in Ryder's saloon on Thompson Street. Plenty Canadian ale there, too. Luck! She's fulla gas."

He shambled into the railroad station, and I descended from the inside of the car to mount the chauffeur's seat instantly. Behind me, less than twenty feet away, I heard Vanelli cry. His car had stopped almost when mine did, and his driver started almost as quickly as I did.

But now the lazy pace of the past hour and a half had ended. I gave the battered old machine all she'd take in the way of speed. Down the road to Portchester I raced, with Vanelli's machine in full pursuit, and with Vanelli doubtless thinking that I was desperate to avoid him. For only by showing such desperation could I lure Spaghet' into the trap which I had laid for him.

There had been no loiterers outside the railroad station; none whose sense of civic righteousness would lead them to join the chase. Of course, I might arouse the ireful interest of a motor cop, but this was one of the lesser chances that must be taken in games such as this.

I took the left-hand turn half a mile beyond the station, and then I cut to the left once more. Behind us, two hundred yards back, Vanelli's less speedy car clung stubbornly to the trail. As I turned into a grass-grown road, hardly more than a farm track, I heard his hoarse, illiterate voice shrieking again to his chauffeur.

Around a bend, tree-shaded, that hid my action, I pulled to an abrupt stop. I opened the rear door and ushered Minnie out. I thrust her into the trees and crouched by the roadside. The pursuing car rounded the turn at full speed, swayed and rocked as, seeing my halted car, the driver applied the brakes. Before it had completely stopped I was on the running-board and had Vanelli covered with my gun.

Surprise had won the first round for me. So confident was Spaghet' that I was trying to outrun him that it had not occurred to him that perhaps I would try to outfight him also. I let the gun-barrel waver in the chauffeur's direction.

"Start anything and the finish comes that much quicker," I said. "Get out."

I backed off the running-board and they descended. "Turn around," I ordered. Then, as their hands stretched skyward, I felt the chauffeur over, found no weapon on him, and turned my attention to Vanelli. He cursed, but his hands never lowered as I took a revolver and a knife from him. I called to Minnie, only to find that she had crept from the trees and stood beside me. Was there ever a gamer girl? Well, one maybe, but no more.

I passed Vanelli's weapons to her. "Cover the chauffeur," I told her. That trembling individual was *hors de combat* before a blow was aimed at him. Evidently Vanelli had hired him casually, as I had hired my driver.

"I'll blow his head off if he moves," said Minnie savagely.

"I won't peep," said the chauffeur.

"We'll make sure of that," I said.

I found rope under the front seat of my car—I could trust Minnie to cover them both—and two minutes later the chauffeur was trussed to a tree.

Then I turned to Vanelli. "Spaghet'," I said, "you wanted a mix-up with me, didn't you?"

"Lead me to it," he leered.

"Wait where you are; it's coming to you," I assured him.

I began taking off my coat, talking to Minnie as I did so.

"I'm going to clip his wings," I said. "But—if by any chance I fail to do so, I want you to put a bullet in him. Don't kill him, but cripple him so that he can do you no harm. Understand?"

"Say," said Vanelli, "why don't you shoot me first and get it over with?"

"Take off your coat," I ordered.

He stared at me, then suddenly ripped off his jacket.

"You see, Vanelli," I said, "you might stand for a shooting. But you're going to take a beating. First, I'm going to whip you for laying your filthy hand on Miss Bellair. Then I'm going to beat you until you give up all you know about Candish. Get me?"

He grinned at me. "Think so? After I've busted you in little bits, I'll take the gun away from the girl, bat her over the head with it——" He paused and eyed Minnie appreciatively. "Maybe I'll give her a sweet li'l kiss first."

"An extra beating goes for that," I said. "Now, Vanelli, you think you're rough and tough and game. Maybe you are, but not rough enough, or tough enough, or game enough. Vanelli, I'm going to break your body first and then—your heart. Let's go."

I went straight for him, ducked his left lead, smashed him on the jaw and took one over the heart that did me little good. That first exchange taught me something; he had neither speed nor science, but was possessed of tremendous strength and owned a powerful punch.

But he was fighting to protect himself, and I was fighting for rehabilitation, and to save the girl I loved from indignity, from humiliation and perhaps from much worse. I had that moral edge on him, and I was likewise in better physical condition.

I could, I felt certain, have knocked him out at any time after the fifth minute, but I wouldn't do that. I'd hit him, stagger him, step back and say, "Spaghet', where's Candish today?"

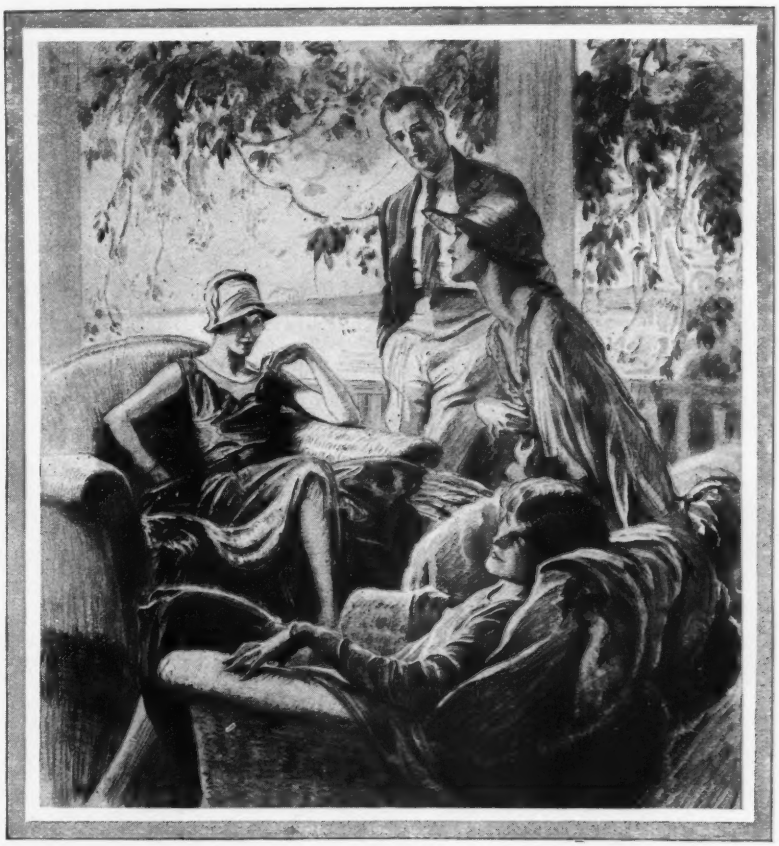
He'd growl, rush in, hit or miss me according to my luck, and I'd drive him back again, repeating my question. It became more monotonous, more filthily brutal, with every minute that passed. And I will say for Vanelli that had he been fighting for an honest cause he might have died before yielding to my insistence.

But there is something about a dishonest cause that weakens the fibers of resistance. Never has there been a case, in all the records of the police, where a criminal will go to jail to save another criminal. For money, perhaps, but not from that *esprit de corps* which obtains among gentlemen, among ordinary honest men. And this was not jail that menaced Vanelli; this was a thrashing that broke him. As mercilessly as cruel Kid McCoy used to prepare his victims for the *coup de grâce*, so I prepared Vanelli, but I always withheld the final punch that would have rocked him to sleep.

"Mind, Vanelli," I finally said to him, "I can keep this up for days. You're yellow and I know it. If I thought you were really game I'd never have done this to you. But you're a filthy quitter; you're going to quit in the end; why not now?"

I'm not particularly proud of what I did to that man. Had my cause not been good, the most decent cause I could imagine, I'd never have gone through with it. I know that, long before Vanelli crumpled, Minnie, white-faced, sick, was weeping, imploring me to stop.

But I gave her no heed. And she, though her heart rebelled against what I did, offered no



What does this perfume say to you?

WHEN you meet new people, aren't you inclined to think of them according to little external things almost as much as by actual character and personality?

And have you ever considered that they may take away an impression of *you* by just such seemingly unimportant details?... Don't you, yourself, identify certain of your friends with a particular perfume, and do they not notice when you change to a different one?

It is well worth careful thought—which perfume you will have in powder, rouge, and all your toiletries. Before you decide which perfume is to become a part of yourself, try April Showers, the fresh, Springlike perfume of youth. It is young, and gay, and breezy, and temperamental as an April day. Unlike most perfumes, *everybody* likes it, for it has the irresistible appeal of naïve, trusting youth. It will be a joy to learn the charm of April Showers—and may it not become your own?



CHERAMY

NEW YORK

Cappi and April Showers

April Showers Bath Salts—$1.00. April Showers Dusting Powder, soft and fragrant for use following the bath—$1.25. April Showers Toilet Water—$2.00. April Showers Perfume—$1.00, $2.50, and $4.00. Double Compact—perfect shades in both rouge and powder—$2.00. Permanent Rouge—a cream rouge, in two new shades—50c.



© 1926 C. Inc.

PERFUMES OF YOUTH

other interference than the muttered implorings which I rejected.

And Vanelli finally crumpled, as all along I'd known he would. He fell on his knees and through swollen lips begged me to stop.

"Where's Candish?" I demanded.

"He'll kill me," he whined.

"I won't kill you," I jeered. "No such luck, Vanelli. I'll just keep on beating you——"

"*Ooh!* Don't!" he cried. "I'll tell you. Candish—I dunno just where he *is*—but the hangout's in Mondaine Place—number twenty-four."

"What's he doing today that's so important he couldn't see me?" I demanded.

"I dunno," he moaned. "Honest, I dunno. Don't hit me!" he shrieked, as I bent over him. "Honest—hope to die—s'help me——"

He wasn't lying. His rat heart contained no single ounce of courage now; he'd have given his mother over to the torture to save himself another blow. I looked down at him. Not the faintest pity did I feel for him. Criminal though I was, I was not his sort of criminal, the sort that kills for pleasure, that hurts women . . . This advice I give, free, to all those maudlin folk who have overmuch pity for criminals and not enough pity for the criminals' victims: never should an act of violence be condoned when that act is committed for monetary gain. Impulsive violence is one thing; but he who kills or maims for money is a rat, and should be slain as remorselessly as rats are killed.

No, I felt no pity for Vanelli, but I felt a certain disgust for myself because I'd enjoyed hurting him. Not for mere brutality's sake, but because every time I struck him I felt that I was landing a blow for Rose. However, even that feeling did not excuse my enjoyment. What brutes we all are underneath!

I got some more rope from Vanelli's own car and tied him also to a tree, though his moanings were such that once or twice I almost desisted. But if he—or the chauffeur—got away, they'd telephone Candish. I hardened my heart and went through with it.

Then I ushered the white-faced Minnie into the taxi I had acquired by purchase, and we backed out of the farm track. Lucky indeed had I been that none had come along to interfere with my rude justice; I only hoped that the road would continue to be as deserted as up to now it had been.

It had taken us over an hour and a half to reach this spot near the Connecticut line, but it took us less than an hour to retrace our way back to the Welland. Six blocks north, on a side street, I parked the taxi, and we walked the rest of the way to the hotel. I pulled my hat well down over my face, to hide the marks of the battle whence I had not emerged scatheless, and no one seemed to pay any particular heed to me.

Once in our apartment, Minnie, who had not said one word since we left the battle-ground, broke down and cried.

"What's it all about, Minnie?" I asked.

"I wish—I wish," she sobbed, "that some guy—sometime—would put up such a scrap for me." Then she lifted her face from her hands and grinned at me. "Berry, you sure can step. I tell you, for the first three minutes I had the gun trained on Vanelli every move he made. I was going to bump him off quick if he landed right on you. Then I forgot all about the gun, because I sure knew he didn't have a chance. Heigh-ho. Berry, it must be wonnaful to fall the way you've fallen. I got it in me to fall that way, too, but I won't ever do it 'less'n the gent feels the same way, and—where do we go from here?"

"*We*," I replied, accenting the pronoun, "go nowhere. *I* go to twenty-four Mondaine Place."

"Is that so?" she cried. "Say, lookahere, Berry, you're leaving me 'way out of the show. I might as well cop that train back to Boston now. Why hang around?"

I stared at her, and a tiny pang assailed my heart. I'd known Minnie less than twenty-four hours, but—I'd miss her when she stepped out of my life. We'd been through so much.

"I guess you might as well," I told her. "Hanging around with me only means danger——"

"Do you think that's why I want to quit?" she blazed. "Danger? What's danger to a girl that's got nothing?"

"Of course I know you're not a quitter, Minnie," I assured her. "But, after all, there's no reason——"

"Except a woman's, which is no reason at all," she interrupted. "Listen, I never had a good time in my life until I met up with you last night. Dances with imitation gents; maybe some surf at Nantasket in the summer—gee, Berry, I been goin' along like a cow. Now I step out like a race-mare, and you wanta send me back to the farm."

"That's where you wanted to go earlier in the day," I reminded her.

"With you, Berry old kid, with you," she retorted. "Not alone. And it's alone you want me to go back to Boston, where I'll holler 'Cash' the rest of my days, or until some floor-walker likes my shape—it's a swell one, Berry, have you noticed that?—and leads me to church. Imagine me hooked up with a plumber or some other burglar, thinkin' of the gay day I had with you, thinkin' and thinkin' until I go nutty——"

"Why, Minnie!" I gasped.

"Why, Berry!" she mimicked. "Well, what's wrong with it? Suppose I have fallen for you? It won't hurt you, will it?"

"But, Minnie—I'm——" I stopped short.

"Yeah. Tell me you ain't worthy of a pure woman's love, willya, Berry? Spring a motion-pitcher line like that on me and I'll crown you, kid! No, you been on the level from the first minute you met me. Lord, before more'n a minute had gone, I'd fallen for you, Berry. Didn't I just about up and tell you I was scared to take a favor from you, for fear I'd want to pay it back in a way I'd not like to think about later? And you, you just don't get me a-tall. And now you're red and embarrassed like I, bein' a girl, oughta to be, only I ain't at all. Cause why? Because I never met a man like you, nor no other girl never did, and I'd be a sap from heel to head if I didn't fall for you."

She paused, drew a long breath and went on: "But I ain't going to bother you, Berry. No newspaper head-lines, 'Cash-girl dies for love.' Nothing like that at all, kid. Only—lemme see the play through, Berry. Lemme stick around till the last bell My gosh, Berry, I *love* you. Understand? This isn't any cheap mash stuff. I love you so much I could go to that farm I talked about, and live there, and do nothing but *see* you and *hear* you. Get me, kid? And before I leave you, you're going to be high and dry out of danger, understand? You ain't going to mingle in a play without me along to see they don't stack the cards against you.

"For the love of Mike, feller, who'd you ever meet could hold a cannon on a guy any straighter than I did this afternoon? Any *man* do any better? Now, hear me howl one more minute. You leave me here or chase me back to Boston before Candish is looking up at daisies or behind the bars, and I go straight off to the bulls and tell them Berry Baline ain't dead in England but is very much alive in New York."

"Blackmail," I said.

"You bet your socks it's blackmail, or anything else you want to call it. But it goes. How about it?"

"Minnie," I said, "when they made you they quit because they'd reached top-notch. You're in the play till the joint's raided. I won't say anything more——"

"You don't have to," she interrupted. "You got a sudden yen for another dame, and that's all jake with me. It's almost as much fun looking through the bake-shop window wishing you had a cake as it is eating it. Well, we're both outside the window. Let it go at that. Are we on our way?"

Behold me, then, Berry Baline, set forth to meet events that might lead to death, accompanied, not by a man prepared to die, but by a girl. Strange as has been my life, it had contained nothing stranger than this. To have formed an alliance with some feminine confidence worker—that would have been within the bounds of anticipation. But to have as my sole ally in an affair that promised bloodshed, a girl, and that girl honest, was beyond credibility. Yet I, who worked alone, left the Welland in the company of Minnie Humphrey.

And I've never known a man of whose gameness I felt surer than I did of the gameness of Minnie Humphrey.

No right to involve her? Of course. But I was bewildered. Also, she had confessed to me a thing that merited all my tenderness, all my consideration. It sounds laughable now as in cold blood I relate it, but at the moment, so whirling was my mind, I thought that I was being gentle with Minnie when I took her forth to face Candish.

We didn't taxi to Mondaine Place. It was only half a dozen blocks to the west, a little old-world triangle huddled amid warehouses, within sound and smell of the Hudson. Despite Minnie's accident of last night, and my own battered condition—I had washed the blood from my face and put ointment on my cuts—we walked the distance without difficulty. And, equally without difficulty, we found Number 24. A little old high-stooped house.

I didn't care whether we were followed or not. Rather, while I cared, I didn't hope to elude pursuit. I myself, alone, could have done it, as I'd done before, but accompanied by Minnie, I didn't think it even worth while trying. Also, my mood was strange. I was desperate; Minnie too was desperate. We didn't either of us seem to care much.

So we walked right up the stoop of Number 24, and I rang the bell. In a moment steps sounded in the hall, and the door was opened by as sweet-faced an old lady as ever I've seen. She wore a little lace cap, and over her shoulders was draped a tiny shawl of yellowed lace. Her eyes were clear and frank, and her wrinkled skin was faintly ivory, but healthy-seeming. Altogether, she was a picture-book mother, a dear, sweet, delightful old lady.

"Mr. Candish?" she said. She pursed her kindly lips in puzzlement. "I never heard of him. But then, I rarely go out any more."

Then Vanelli had lied. But Vanelli had been broken in body and soul and was cringing in fear of something worse than death when he had given me Candish's address. Yet, as against my judgment of Vanelli's trustworthiness, was this ineffably sweet old lady. I glanced down, and my eyes saw something bulging in her lace apron pocket.

And then, from the dim recesses of memory, came recollection of casual talk heard in Ostende, in the Kursaal, two years ago.

"Mother Lace," a man had said, "has gone to America. The police here are too clever——"

"Mother Lace!" And Candish recruited his followers from the world! Even as Minnie gasped in horror at my brutality, I gripped the old lady's wrists, pinned them together with one hand, and felt in the pocket of her apron. My fingers closed on the butt of a revolver, and then, as she cursed and spat and even bit at me, I forced my way through the door, Minnie behind me, and slammed it tight upon us. I dropped the gun and put a hand over Mother Lace's mouth. A door was half ajar, and lest someone at the top of the stairs at whose foot we wrestled should see us, I thrust her through the door. Then I dropped her hands, released her mouth.

Sitting in a chair, her hands and feet tied, was Rose Bellair.

New York *never saw a more daring crime than* Minnie *and* Baline *witness when they suddenly learn what was more important to* Candish *than the million-dollar necklace—in* Arthur Somers Roche's September instalment



What's Back of That "B.V.D." Label?

A *quality* as unique as the fame of the trademark! From its specially treated nainsook, woven in our own mills, to its last lock-stitched seam, "B.V.D." is an underwear with *differences that count.* To understand the dozens of details vital to underwear value, write for our interesting free booklet, *"Why the Knowing Millions Say: 'Next to Myself I Like 'B. V. D.' Best!'."* It tells just how "B. V. D." is made and is a revelation in the fine points of fine underwear.

FOR the matchless comfort, fit and wear that have given "B.V. D."a generation of world-leading popularity—

Be Sure to SEE it's "B.V.D."

It ALWAYS Bears this Red-Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

We Want You Properly Fitted!

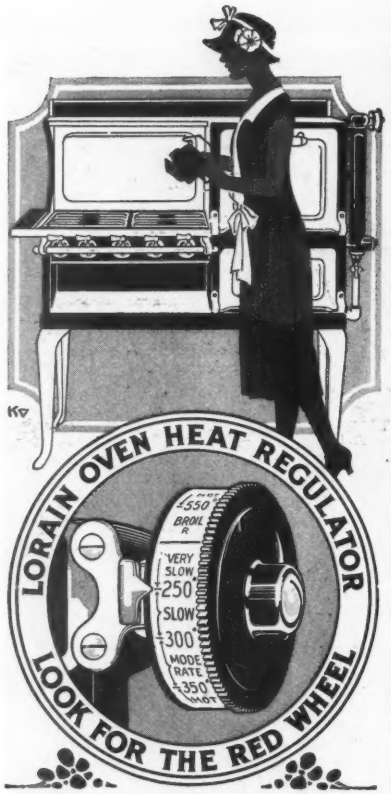
The height of union suit comfort comes *only* in "B.V. D."—with its patented construction at shoulder, waistband, and crotch. But be *correctly measured.* From over 60 sizes, for widely varying "builds," *yours* can always be determined by 3 simple encircling measurements: *1-Chest- 2-Waist–3-Trunk* (under crotch and over shoulder). If your dealer is in doubt as to your size, write the B.V. D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, N. Y. C., giving above measurements.

"B. V. D." Union Suit
(Patented Features)
Men's $1.50 the suit
Youths' 85c

"B. V. D." Shirts and Drawers
85c the garment

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., New York
Sole Makers of "B. V. D." Underwear

©1926 The B. V. D. Co., Inc.



Can You Say "Goodbye, Kitchen"?

EVERY Sunday morning, *any* afternoon, you can cook a Whole Meal in the oven—IF your Gas Range is equipped with a

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Just "set" the Red Wheel and say, "Goodbye, Kitchen!" When you return, *hours later*, the dinner is perfectly cooked.

For successful baking and the oven-canning of fruits and tomatoes, buy a **Clark Jewel, Dangler, Direct Action, New Process, Quick Meal** or **Reliable** Gas Range with Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

Don't let anybody fool you with a "just-as-good". The Lorain is the only oven heat regulator made entirely and unconditionally guaranteed by a stove manufacturer. Accept no substitute. Insist upon a Lorain Red Wheel Gas Range.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
1122 Chouteau Ave. St. Louis, Mo.
1926

Back to Old Virginia (*Continued from page 55*)

even later than that. There were no signs of life in the swampy waste that encompassed us—no lights gleaming, no nothing.

There were four of us in the party—three outlanders and one native—and inevitably the native was a Broussard. He went aft and leaned over the rail and, speaking in French, he sent his voice forth across those apparently empty spaces in a call for assistance. Promptly from out the void came first one answering hail and then another and yet a third. A little later four husky chaps in pirogues ranged up alongside us and after a brief palaver with our friend, overboard they went, armpit deep in the water; and they pulled and pushed and pried until our hull was afloat once more. Then, declining all offers of a cash reward, these dripping good Samaritans climbed back into their boats and paddled away.

When navigation had been resumed I put a question to the resident: "How did you know those chaps were living out here in this wilderness?"

"I didn't," he said. "It was so dark I couldn't tell exactly whereabouts we were. So I took a chance. I just yelled out that there was a Broussard in trouble here on a mud bank and that if he had any cousins in this vicinity he'd like for them to rally round. So they rallied round and rescued us."

"Were they all four cousins of yours?" I inquired with reverence. I usually am reverent in the presence of any great established institution.

"No," he said modestly, "only three of them were. The fourth was some sort of foreigner, I guess."

But had he been a Virginian instead of a Broussard, I am reasonably sure our friend would have detained the alien with a view to ascertaining whether after all the two of them might claim kin on the strength of the fact that the party of the first part's great-aunt's stepsister's half-brother's niece-by-adoption's nephew had intermarried into some outlying connection of the party of the second part. You see, I am by descent partly Virginian and I know the habits of the breed.

There still is one more distinguishing tag which I must in justice affix to the Virginian. To be exact about it, I do not need to tie it on him; the chances are that already he wears it. He is likely to be a good story-teller.

It is a fancy of mine—although a fancy based on a considerable amount of first-hand observation—that there is a story-telling belt in this country. It starts at high-water mark on the shores of eastern Virginia and it stretches westward through Tennessee and Kentucky, broadening out to include southern Indiana and parts of North Carolina and Georgia and Alabama, and then it bridges the Mississippi and crosses Missouri and Arkansas and invades northern Texas, and after that it jumps the Rocky Mountains, and the glittering buckle on its other end is the city of San Francisco.

Abe Lincoln was of this environment and in his life and utterances expressed one phase of it, as Mark Twain did in the generation succeeding Lincoln's. Bob Taylor of Tennessee, and Polk Miller of Virginia, and Joe Blackburn of Kentucky, and Champ Clark of Missouri, and Private John Allen of Mississippi, and Bill Sterritt of Texas—to name just a few names—were in comparatively recent years outstanding exemplars of this story-telling spirit.

For the reason for this there is a plausible explanation. In the period immediately succeeding the Civil War, literature was in the South and along the borders rather looked down upon. Fictional scribbling was for loafers and dreamers; it wasn't exactly the right way for a gentleman to earn a living. Holding office or running for it, and the practise of the law—those were proper and dignified callings by which a man might vent the rhapsodies that cried for utterance within him. So some of the gifted sons of that day and time coined the poetry and the drama and the romance of their souls into oratory, and up sprang a race of silver-tongues whose descendants, bearing onward the same inheritance, still may be heard in county courthouses and on the stump in political campaigns. And yet others turned their talents to the anecdotal vein as a simpler and almost equally effective medium of expression. I know of no state that yields a richer acreage of good story-tellers than Virginia does.

To sit by a fire of crackling second-growth after a long hard day among the bob-whites in the stubble-fields; to sit there all relaxed and lazy and comfortable and gorged to the gills with a real Virginia supper—nothing elaborate, you understand, only three kinds of hot bread and in the meat line merely a country-cured ham and a platter of broiled quail and a few running yards of smoked sausage and first one thing and then another; to sit there and let an accommodating friendly colored boy fetch you a light for your cigar as required or a dash of corn licker to tone up your sweetenin'-dram; just to sit there, I say, and listen as the champion story-tellers of the neighborhood present their choicest offerings—well, I don't know what you might call it, but it's what I'd call living.

Yes, sir, living!

This way and that, like the incense from their pipes, the talk will go eddying. But no matter what turn it takes, underlying it and savoring it as the hickory smoke savors their Smithfields, is an essence of composite traditions that is distinctly Virginian.

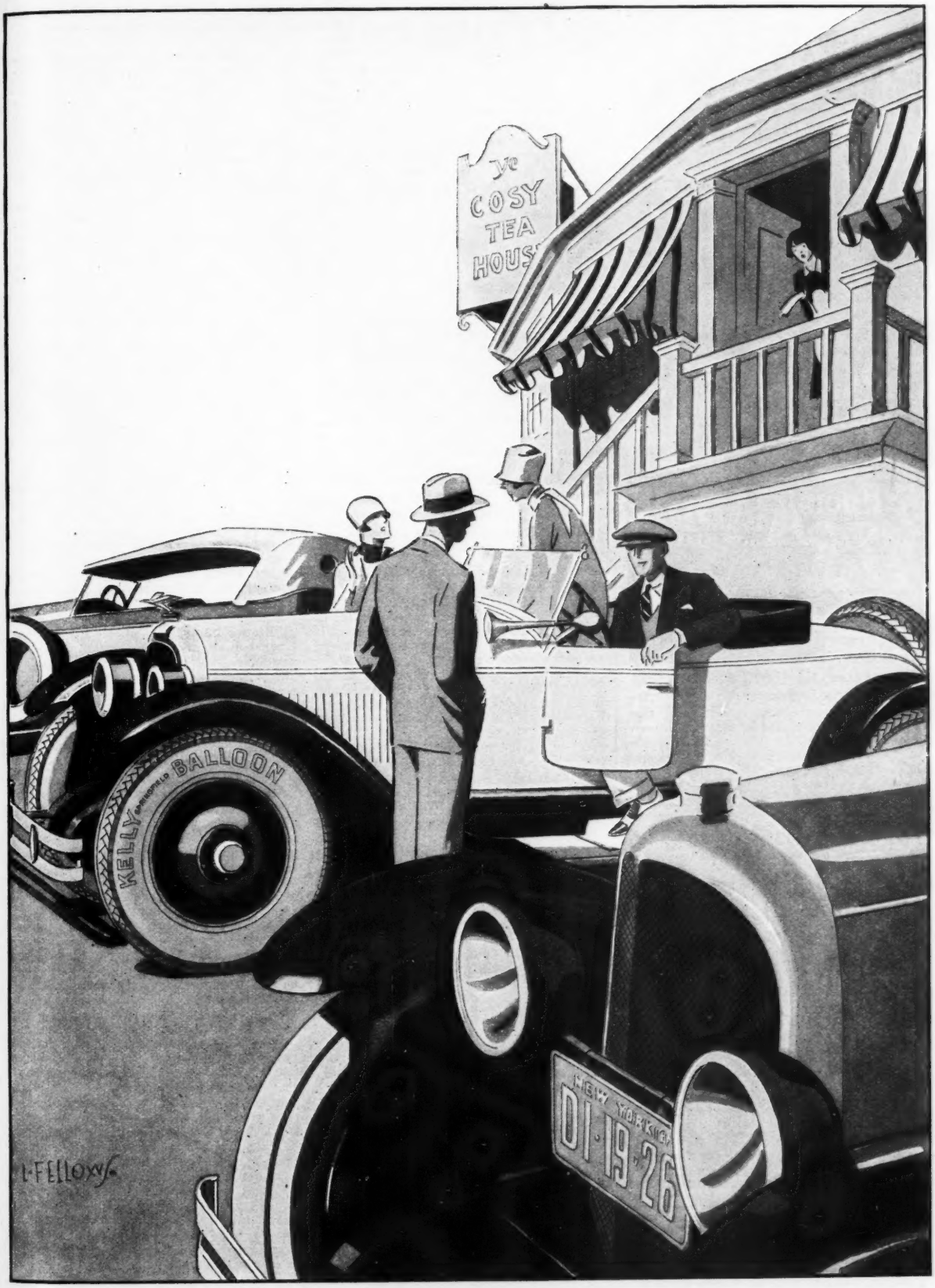
It is a blend and a conglomerate of state pride and personal modesty. It has a gorgeous vanity in it and yet it has individual humility. It has splashes here and there of the modernized view-point, but it has broad, sweeping brush-strokes of veneration and love for old days and old ways, old heroisms and old teachings. You feel the shadowy touch of Jamestown in it. Appomattox is something which might have happened only yesterday. And before the night is gone sky-scrapers and traffic jams seem a million miles and a thousand years away! By virtue of a certain magic carpet you have been transported back half a century, three-quarters of a century.

The typical Virginia gentleman is not to be confused with any other gentleman. To my way of thinking, he is America's First Gentleman.

Touching on his own performances he may be silent but touching on the glories of Virginia he's as vocal as a tree full of mocking-birds. There is where he really proves himself a true provincial. He thinks of America not so much in terms of national consequence as in terms of Virginia. To you it may appear that the Smokies are, as mountains, more impressive than the Blue Ridge; that there are sights in other parts which by comparison dwarf his Natural Bridge and make his Peaks of Otter seem puny. He'll not have it so.

Wasn't Washington the Father of his Country? Hasn't Virginia been the Mother of Presidents? Isn't it on Virginia earth that more good hot American blood has been spilt in defense of principle than on the earth of any other state, North or South, East or West? Whose aristocracy is the purest? Whose heritage of colonial achievements is the richest? Whose record of outstanding leadership in statecraft and in the profession of arms is the longest? How came the name of Old Dominion to be won? Where did the Cavaliers settle thickest? Whence sprang the greatest captain of the Revolutionary cause and the greatest captain of the Confederacy? Well then, what have you to say to all that?

What I say is—and I offer the statement free gratis for the future use of patriotic Virginians—that if Virginia had at the outset been composed of but two counties—the county of Westmoreland and the county of Albemarle—she nevertheless might with truth lay claim to the honor of having bred more



"Some tough detour between here and Jonesville, eh? Coming up this morning I spent more time in the air than I did on the seat."

"That so? It didn't seem so bad to us—but then, we're riding on Kelly-Springfield Balloons."

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE CO.
JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS
Established 1832
Philadelphia

A Special Department of Service
has been established
for the benefit of Sesqui-Centennial Visitors—
Kindly use this Department for any information desired
either before coming to or while in Philadelphia

AN EXHIBIT

Not surpassed in any part of the World
to which the public is invited

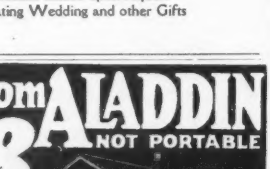
Diamonds, Jewels, Watches, Clocks, Silver,
China, Glass and Novelties

Bailey Text and Colonial Script
the most fashionable Engraving for
WEDDING INVITATIONS
AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Samples Mailed

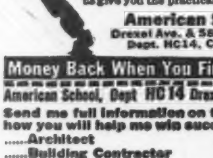
A Booklet mailed upon request
illustrating Wedding and other Gifts

5-Room ALADDIN
$478 NOT PORTABLE
WE PAY THE FREIGHT



You can buy all of the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits, on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor. Price includes all lumber cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paint, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. Freight paid to your station. Permanent Homes —NOT PORTABLE. Many styles of year 'round dwellings, summer cottages and garages to choose from. Write nearest mill today for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 218

The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.



High School Course in 2 Years

This simplified, complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college, business, and leading professions.

20 Other Courses

Over 200 noted Engineers, Business Men, and Educators helped prepare the special instruction which you need for success. No matter what your inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need.

American School
Drexel Ave. & 58th Street
Dept. HC14, Chicago

Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied

American School, Dept HC 14 Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago
Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success in that line.

.....Architect	.....Electrical Engineer
.....Building Contractor	.....General Education
.....Automobile Engineer	.....Lawyer
.....Civil Engineer	.....Mech. Shop Practice
.....Structural Engineer	.....Mechanical Engineer
.....Business Manager	.....Steam Engineer
.....C. P. A. & Auditor	.....Sanitary & Heating
.....Bookkeeper	.....Surveyor & Mapping
.....Draftsman & Designer	.....High Schol Graduate

Name .....
Address .....

men who left their everlasting marks upon the history of the young republic than were bred in any of the other original Thirteen States. I'll broaden that claim somewhat. Reduced in geography to just those two counties and able to call the historic roll of those two only, Virginia still would stand forth as the state of the greatest number of leaders in statecraft in this entire Union. It's all right to brag when you have something to brag about.

And if nowhere else soldiers of Virginia birth and Virginia breed ever had shown courage in the face of death, the little story of what the V. M. I. cadets—boys of twelve and thirteen, some of them—did at Newmarket would be a heritage of battle-field glory sufficient to glorify and consecrate any people forevermore. Leave out Newmarket and there is a golden page missing from the book of Anglo-Saxon valor.

There are a few cities in America that are not yet entirely standardized and card-indexed; a few that were not stamped out and finished off according to a set pattern, but grew and developed according to their own bents. Richmond is one of this small group.

To me Richmond offers a paradoxical aspect. Spiritually speaking, she resolves herself into two separate Richmonds bound together yet radically dissimilar—one a Richmond which has succumbed to the regimentating impulse and one a Richmond which steadfastly has resisted it, which has refused to be absorbed into the tissues of the national town-eater.

There is a Richmond which presents itself to the casual transient. This is a city of tall office-buildings and up-to-the-minute hotels and smart retail shops and big jobbing establishments; a city of live business men and live business women, with a Rotary Club and all the rest of the regulation civic machinery; a city whose streets sing to the feet of the crowds and the purr of the motors, whose press-agents and promoters and improvement sharps are as active as any and as effective as any.

Then there is a Richmond which reveals itself to those who stay longer and strive to know the real heart of the town. This Richmond is the Richmond that treasures and preserves the memories of the olden days, having constantly a loving regard for the traditions of a South that is vanishing very fast. This is the Richmond that would not let the world forget that the hills on which she perches are hallowed soil.

Your pardon, dear reader, if at this point I appear to be growing oratorical. The excuse I would offer is that I am myself a grandson of Virginia. Probably the family failing persists in the case of a Virginian who was born away from home. And Virginians do go in rather heavily for oratory, especially when the topic under discussion is their own state.

Did I say heavily? The statement is overmild. They just naturally go in unanimously.

Finding Work for Walter (*Continued from page 75*)

home and that's something," Archibald admitted.

"I'll speak to him right away about giving the dance—I'm sure it will please him. But promise me you won't try to drive him. If he's really bent on having a literary career, you really wouldn't thwart him, Archibald."

"Oh, no! Certainly not! Encourage him to dig up all Ireland, of course!" said Archibald, who in ordinary circumstances was not snippy to his wife. "That boy's got to stop his foolishness and go to work."

A few days later when Archibald asked whether she had broached the matter of the party to Walter his irritability was increased by her report that Walter didn't want a party.

"Refused it, did he? Well, I'm not surprised! What that boy needs is a good hard jar."

"Now, Archie, don't be violent! Walter is just the same dear sweet boy we both love, only he's living just now in a world of dreams. It's wonderful how absorbed he is; but there's something beautiful about it. Most of the great writers have acted just as Walter is acting. Most of them, like Hawthorne and Emerson, sought solitude, and——"

"Look here, Laura," Archibald interrupted her. "You're covering up something. What did that boy say about the party?"

"Well, you must understand, Archie, that our boy *is* different."

"Not till this Irish bug hit him he wasn't different! Go on and tell me what he said. Don't try to spare my feelings. Nothing could be any worse than what I know already."

"Well, he doesn't want a party—at least not now. He says—and I can understand how he feels—that it would take his thoughts off his work. And you know, Archie"—Mrs. Ramsay proceeded cautiously with true maternal concern for the maintenance of amity between father and son—"you know there's really no *place* here for Walter to work. He needs perfect quiet for his studies and——"

"Oh, Lord! Then he *is* going back to Ireland! Look here, Laura—I've got to put my foot down sometime and it's going down right now. Not an inch shall he go! He's going to do the rest of his fairy chasing right here in Indiana. If there's fairies anywhere we've got 'em. He's not going to leave this state!"

"He doesn't want to, Archie," replied Mrs. Ramsay in her gentlest tone. "He wants perfect quiet, away from the commercial atmosphere. He's rented a bungalow down in Brown County and he's going to spend the winter there working on his book."

"Brown County!" Archibald gasped as if the Hoosier Berkshires were the tail-end of all creation. That any young man should deliberately elect, choose and prefer to bury himself among the Hoosier hills for a winter, abandoning a steam-heated house that boasted five bathrooms, where he could have the whole third floor for literary composition, struck Archibald J. Ramsay as the very culmination of madness and he said so in violent language.

"But you don't understand Walter's temperament," Mrs. Ramsay protested. "The other day the coal men were putting in anthracite all day right under Walter's window and the noise made him terribly ill. I suppose that's why he's rented this bungalow. Please don't scold him about it! I think it's ever so beautiful and romantic that he wants to do his work in just such an environment as Wordsworth and Ruskin loved. He motored down to look at the house and says the view is wonderful and there's no chance of interruptions. He expects to do his own cooking and live entirely to himself. He'll have his car, of course, in case he gets tired or needs anything. The rent's only five hundred dollars for a year and I've given him a thousand out of my own money so you needn't bother about the expense."

"Catch me bothering!" Archibald declared grimly. "He'll be home when those hills freeze up and he has to wash his face in ice-water. If that boy had to chop wood and plow corn the way I did I guess he'd appreciate what we've tried to give him. What he needs is hard work. But let him go! You can't talk to him. When he looks at me with that queer stare as if he couldn't remember where he'd met me I want to go out and push the house over."

Walter graciously permitted his mother to buy his groceries, which included everything known to the canning industry. He refused her offer to go down with him to put the house in order and declined also her tender of a man to relieve him of housekeeping duties.

"Please, mother!" Walter seemed at the point of tears. "Really, you know, I couldn't be bothered having anyone around. I'll eat when I'm hungry and sleep when I'm sleepy. I'd go crazy if I had anyone around to bother me."

Walter Pitt Ramsay, A. B., watched the departure of the trucks that had brought his supplies from Indianapolis without a twinge of regret. From the veranda of the bungalow he surveyed the neighboring hills with a deep sense of satisfaction in his isolation. He had brought shelves for his books and he gave first thought to disposing of his library in the broad living-room where a big fireplace promised cozy winter evenings spent in study and writing. He outlined a routine that included a long walk daily, the splitting of wood and the care of the house to assure his physical fitness for his arduous mental labors.

It was seven miles to the nearest railroad station and his mother had suggested that he establish telephonic connection with the world but Walter would have none of it. He meant to live in the remote Celtic past and the presence at the roadside of an R. F. D. box so annoyed him by its modernity that he tore it from the post and hid it in the wood-shed.

At the end of his third day he was satisfied that he had chosen an ideal spot for his work. He had seen no living creatures but birds and chipmunks and the smoke from a chimney somewhere below him only emphasized his sense of seclusion. At a long table he had brought for the purpose he arranged his data and after cooking his evening meal he worked on until midnight by the light of oil-lamps.

On the fourth day he returned from his walk through a mist of rain with a keen appetite for supper. A good opening for his book had occurred to him and he was eager to settle down for the evening and commit it to paper. Fearing to lose it, he kept repeating the sentence with which he had been inspired as he hurried up the hill.

"It is not alone in Egypt, in the shadow of the mysterious pyramids, nor in the contemplation of the remains of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome that we experience a consciousness of antiquity, for in Ireland, too, there are hints of an early civilization that piques the curiosity and touches the heart with singular poignancy."

Not so bad for the first try—a sentence like that! He kept muttering it as he followed a path up the slope to the bungalow.

Still repeating the sentence, he flung open the door. His thoughts tumbled down the ages instantly as he beheld a strange man seated on the floor in the midst of the litter of precious books. The visitor leaped to his feet grasping one of the volumes, which he thrust toward Walter menacingly.

"You—you, sir! *You!* Where in the name of all the gods at once did you find *this?* How dare you possess this book—*you*—when I've ransacked the world to find it!"

Unable, in his surprise, to adjust himself immediately to this demand for information, Walter merely stuttered the sentence he had been testing: "It is *not* alone in Egypt, in the shadow of the mysterious pyramids——"

"Egypt! To blazes with Egypt!" cried the visitor furiously. "I ask you—I demand, sir—that you tell me where you got this book!"

"And I might ask you, sir," shouted Walter, now thoroughly aroused, "how *you* came to be trespassing on my property! I came here to escape from prying fools. You get right out of here or be kicked out!"

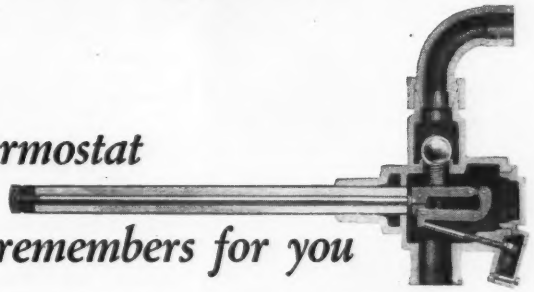
"Kicked!" gasped the interloper, aghast at so monstrous an indignity.

He was tall and thin, with a close-trimmed beard. His leanness was exaggerated by a tight-fitting red jersey. His knickerbockers had seen much better days and the same was true of his gray hose and the absurdly small, faded blue cap perched like an inverted saucer on his thick, unruly thatch of gray hair.

"May I trouble you to put down that book?" said Walter sternly. "And please handle it carefully; it's a hundred years old and has been knocked about till the leaves are loose. It couldn't possibly interest a freak tramp like you. Put it down carefully and I'll give you a ten-dollar bill to clear out."

"Ten dollars—to clear out! Oh, my Lord!" The amazing intruder clasped the battered

You can't forget to save gas



This thermostat remembers for you

As sensitive to heat and cold as the mercury column in your thermometer, this little device watches the water temperature in the big insulated tank of the Crane water heater. Its job is to maintain the temperature at 130°; or it can be adjusted to any other temperature you want.

As you draw off hot water, or as conditions demand, it automatically turns the gas on and then off. With such downright determination does it work that it is known as an "Instant Action" thermostat. Unlike other types which never permit the main burner to close entirely, it definitely saves gas.

More, it never forgets! At no time is gas consumed in merely over-heating the water. Never are you kept waiting. Always, you are assured of an immediate and plentiful supply of hot water; day or night, from one faucet or many, at full available pressure. Every other feature of the *Premier* and *Keystone,* as well as of the other Crane insulated, automatic, storage, gas water heaters is designed to give unexcelled gas economy and lasting, dependable service.

There is a type and size for every house and household, guaranteed by Crane and backed by the 71-year reputation of the Crane name. Ask your plumber, or see the interesting displays at the nearest Crane Exhibit Rooms.



PREMIER
The best water heater Crane offers. No. 2, 23-gallon capacity for average homes, is priced f. o. b. factory $125
With Copper Tank $225

KEYSTONE
A good water heater, reduced from $90. No. 2-20, 20-gallon capacity, is priced f. o. b. factory $70
With Copper Tank $180

Write for an interesting and illustrated booklet, A. D. 27R.

CRANE

Address all inquiries to Crane Co., Chicago
GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Fifty-five Cities
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal
Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton, Montreal and St. Johns, Que.
CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, MEXICO CITY, HAVANA
CRANE LIMITED: CRANE BUILDING, 386 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL
CRANE-BENNETT, Ltd., LONDON
Cie CRANE: PARIS, BRUSSELS

CRANE VALVES



There's a difference worth knowing!



50¢

TRE-JUR
Face Powder
JOLI-MEMOIRE FRAGRANCE

Sample—Generous sized package in your own favorite shade sent for 10c. in stamps or coin. *The House of Tre-Jur, Inc.*, 19 West 18th Street . . . New York.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
School and College Bureau

Offers You Its Specialized Services in Choosing a School

Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

Again this year many young people will be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

The Chicago Daily News maintains this service absolutely free of charge to you. No need to hurriedly select a school on mere hearsay when expert advice can be obtained by telephoning, writing, or calling for a personal interview at

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
School and College Bureau
DEPT. C 15 N. WELLS ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

volume to his breast with one hand and with the other pounded his cap. "After years—years!—of laborious search I find the *Mythoi Hibernikoi* and you tell me—me!—to put it down—as if it were a mere child's toy. I refuse—I positively refuse!"

He held the dingy volume at arm's length, contemplating it with rapt adoration.

Walter chose this moment of his visitor's ecstasy to leap across the table and snatch the book. It was neatly done. He dodged under the long arms of the intruder and opened the door. "Out!" he shouted. "Out you go! And if I catch you around here again I'll knock your head off!"

"I dare say you could! Brawn against brains!" said the gentleman loftily. "Again, sir, I demand to know *where* you got that book."

"It's none of your business," Walter replied serenely, "but I bought it with real money from a priest in County Galway, Ireland."

"May I inquire what you're doing with it? You don't know what this means to me," said the stranger plaintively. The fight had gone out of him; he seemed at the point of tears. "There are references in that book to many lost manuscripts—the Celtic sagas. I will pay you any price for it. It's absolutely necessary to the perfecting of my work—a work on Celtic mythology—a definite work, the last word on that enthralling subject!"

"You—writing a book—on Irish folk-lore?" demanded Walter weakly.

"The work of a lifetime!" replied the tall person chokingly. "For this I've relinquished every other ambition. I'm sure, sir, when you realize the importance to me of that book you will no longer hesitate. As I've told you, I'm willing to pay your price. It can be of no use to you whatever—none."

"No use to me!" Walter shouted. "You're crazy! That's what *I'm* here for—to write a book on Irish folk-lore! It's impossible that another man should be working along my lines. You've kept up this farce long enough. I must ask you to leave."

"I suppose I *am* a trespasser, and I apologize," said the attenuated stranger, suddenly humble. "But I must ask you to guard that book carefully—the only copy in existence—more precious than much fine gold. You may keep it till I consider what steps to take."

"You can bet I'll keep it!" Walter retorted.

"I'll refer the matter to Virginia," muttered the visitor, frowning. "Virginia will know how to manage."

"Virginia!" Walter caught him up derisively. "South Carolina, Alabama or Texas—it's all the same to me. I wouldn't taunt a man because of his mental infirmity but you're certainly off in your head. If you've escaped from a lunatic asylum you'd better go back."

"Fool! Fool!" cried the stranger. Further words died in his throat and he stalked across the veranda with the air of one who with proud resignation suffers the wrongs of the world.

Walter watched him disappear down the road. A queer person, decidedly queer. But his eccentricities were nothing when weighed against the disturbing act that he evidently did know something about Celtic literature. A common tramp would hardly have picked out the *Mythoi Hibernikoi* from the hundreds of books that were scattered about the bungalow. It was too much to hope that the man was crazy and if he were really writing a book on the fascinating subject of Hibernian folk-lore, it might, Walter gloomily reflected, anticipate and defeat the realization of his own ambition.

He was so upset that he found it impossible to work and when finally he went to bed with the *Mythoi Hibernikoi* under his pillow he slept only fitfully and wakened once in the torment of a dream in which a giant built like an exclamation-point was chasing him.

He rose an hour earlier than usual, bathed, cooked his breakfast and was ready for work at seven o'clock. But after spoiling a dozen sheets of paper in a vain attempt to plant firmly on his first page the idea that the Irish were a highly civilized people long before the Egyptians, he left the bungalow in disgust. He was troubled by an uncertainty as to whether his visitor of the previous evening was only a tramp or a resident of the hills. He struck off into territory he had not previously explored and in half an hour looked down upon a bungalow not unlike his own tucked away in an orchard of considerable extent.

He cautiously circled about the place, wondering whether the wild man who had shown so violent an interest in the *Mythoi Hibernikoi* belonged to the establishment. The only sign of life was afforded by a cow peacefully nibbling beet-tops in a vegetable garden. An open gate indicated plainly the manner in which the cow had reached the vegetables. Walter was indulging in a wicked hope that if the lunatic who had laid covetous hands upon his library owned the premises the invading beast would destroy every green thing in sight when a voice startled him.

"Hey, you!"

The voice was at once imperious and censorious. He turned to find a young woman bearing down upon him waving a stick. She passed him at cyclonic speed and vaulted the fence neatly—an athletic young person who was clearly mistress of the art of ejecting cows from gardens. He felt very humble before so splendid a display of vitality and efficiency. Closing the rickety gate she immediately retraced her steps toward the spot where Walter leaned upon the fence. She wore khaki knickerbockers and a boy's flannel shirt and her golden hair was trimmed in a boyish bob. Her eyes, he observed, were brown.

"You're a nice one!" she began. "I suppose you thought it funny to watch a cow eat up a garden and you standing right there like a big boob! If you belong to the army of the unemployed I can give you work. There's work for seven able-bodied men on this place."

"Really!" mumbled Walter, noting a beguiling constellation of freckles about her nose.

"Really's not the answer," she retorted. "The next time you see a cow in a garden, you do something! You might trot back now to the top of the ridge and find my hat. H-a-t—hat!"

Walter sprinted in the direction of her pointing finger and when he came back found her busily trying to repair the damage wrought by the cow. The hat was a huge farmer's thing of straw. She clapped it on.

"Listen to me, Titus Andronicus! Is it you that's taken that shack with the green roof up there on the road? If you are we've got to have a brief talk—the briefer the better!"

The brevity of the proposed conference did not, at the moment, seem to Walter so important. It was evident, however, that she was not a time-waster. He meekly admitted his tenancy of the bungalow with the green roof.

"Bad news!" she exclaimed. "You've certainly played heck with my affairs in coming here. I'd just about got the Colonel straightened out and was hoping to get some work out of him when you romp in and spoil everything. The Colonel's my father—he isn't really a colonel; I just call him that for short. He's all up in the air about the books he found at your place. Strictly speaking, he had no business to break into your house, but that's just like him. You threatened to kick him out, which wasn't exactly pretty. He's as harmless as a muzzled kitten and feeds from the hand when handled right. He's sound in the head except on the fairy stuff. And you—don't tell me that *you've* got the same bug?"

There was something about the girl that shook Walter's confidence in the whole genus of fairies, witches, banshees, ghosts and goblins.

"It is not alone in Egypt, in the shadow of the mysterious pyramids——" he began in the wavering tone of a delirious fever patient.

"Another nut!" she exclaimed. "The Colonel starts off just like that when I tell him to fall upon the sawbuck or spray the trees. Only his getaway is something like this." She raised her arm dramatically and

declaimed: " 'We live our lives between two walls of mystery, and pass our days groping for a lock that will open some hidden door into the border-land of infinity.' But I like your line better—it doesn't sound quite so crazy."

"Thank you so much!" Walter retorted.

"Oh, don't get peeved! If you'd suffered as much as I have from all this rubbish about the bog-trotters you'd certainly flare up too at the idea of there being two men nutty on the subject."

"You don't look as if you'd suffered so much," replied Walter, inspecting her more carefully.

"Me suffer! Listen, Terence O'Flaherty, you don't know what the word means! This Irish stuff broke up my home. The Duchess—that's my mother—couldn't stand it any longer and last spring she quit. She's parked herself at Atlantic City and says she'll never speak to the Colonel again. Well, that left the Colonel on my hands. You can't just shake your pop the way you would a husband so I took him on to make sure he didn't land in a psychopathic ward somewhere. I saw an ad of this ranch in a newspaper and bought it by telegraph with the pennies in my savings-bank. I changed the name of the place from Sundown Farm to Crazy Hill. It seems more appropriate. I thought I might get the Colonel's mind off the Irish by setting him to tending incubators and picking worms off the fruit-trees. That's the latest idea in treating lunatics—put the nuts to work."

"Ah!" Walter murmured. "I gather that you don't think highly of your father's literary aspirations. I don't like to shock you, but it may interest you to know that I share your father's interest in the Celtic legends. In fact I came up here to write a book on the subject."

"Singing sassafras!" she ejaculated. "Say, two nuts on one baby mountain like this is one too many. Do you mind telling me how long you figure on staying here?"

"Till my work's done—one year—maybe two——"

"Well, the Colonel's been on his job seven years and spent a million very pretty dollars wandering over Europe looking for Irish foot-prints and he's only got about nineteen pages written. The Duchess has cut us off without a nickel except what I get out of the chickens. She's peeved at me for not turning the Colonel loose. But listen. I'm not in the habit of exposing the family wash to strangers but I think maybe we can do some business. The Colonel's struck and won't work. He says if I don't get him the Bunki Hotbiscuitoi he positively will not feed the chickies. I suppose it wouldn't do any harm to lend it to him—or I'll buy the thing and take a chance of drawing on the Duchess for the boodle."

"Really, this is most embarrassing," replied Walter, appalled at the thought of relinquishing the prize of his collection. "You perhaps don't realize that a unique work of that kind can't be passed around like a newspaper. And your father is—er—in a sense a rival. We can't both of us write the sort of book I've got planned."

"Holy cucumbers!" she cried contemptuously. "The Colonel will never finish that book. It's just something for him to moon over. I'll tell you what I'll do. You can't be using that book every minute of the day. Suppose you let the Colonel have it for a week or so. He's a lightning performer on the typewriter and he can copy the whole fool book. And while he's doing it you can help me with my little jobs."

Walter laughed mirthlessly. "This is really a joke. I took that place over yonder to get away from interruptions. And really——"

"Look here, Sarsaparilla, don't really me any more! I wouldn't pick you for an idiot and you oughtn't to be fooling away your time on the long-deceased Irish. There are lots of things I'd like to be doing too—but with temperamental parents I've got to be a practical woman. I've noticed this about the world, Telemachus—somebody's got to work!"

"If it's just the same to you my name is Ramsay—Walter Pitt Ramsay," he suggested.

Now—a new and totally different way to remove cold cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up
That will combat oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

Please accept a 7-day supply to try. See coupon below.

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and grease-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin



MODERN beauty science has discovered a new way to remove cleansing cream—a way different from any you have ever known.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all women detest. It contrasts the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes with a softness you'll love.

Now a test is being offered. Send the coupon and a 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.

It will prove that no matter how long you have removed cleansing cream with towels, paper substitutes, etc., you have never yet removed it *thoroughly* from your skin . . . have never removed it properly, or in gentle safety to your skin.

What it is

The name is Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, *solely* for the removal of cleansing cream.

It is the first absorbent made for this purpose. There is no other like it.

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it. White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times as absorbent as a towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Stops oily skins. Combats imperfections. Lightens the skin

On the advice of skin specialists, women today are flocking to this new way.

It will effect unique results on your skin. By removing *all* dirt and grime, it will give your skin a tone three or more shades whiter than before.

That's because old methods failed in absorbency. They removed but part of the cream and grime. The rest they rubbed back in. That is why your skin may seem several shades darker sometimes than it really is.

It will combat skin and nose oiliness amazingly. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must powder now so frequently. That's why, too, imperfections often appear.

This new way combats those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6x7 inches . . 35c
Professional, sheets 9 x 10 inches . . 65c

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., C-8
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

Name.....
Address.....
.....

CARRYOLA MASTER



Music over the Water!

WHETHER it's soft music on the water or dizzy jazz inside, the Carryola Master always fills the bill. You can pack it into auto, trunk or duffel bag. It's strong—treat it rough and take it anywhere. Enjoy big model performance at a fraction of the cost.

The Carryola Master is the ideal "portable." Carries easily. Packs easily. Holds 15 full-sized records. Plays all makes. Comes in four attractive colors and black—all in Genuine Du Pont Fabrikoid with 2 Tone Embossed Art Cover and Record Album.

Sold at the better music stores.

CARRYOLA CO. of AMERICA
643 Clinton St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Write for this attractive folder giving details of the Carryola Models

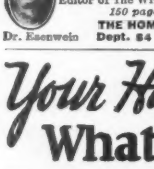




SHORT-STORY WRITING
A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of The Writer's Monthly.
150 page catalog free. Please address:
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dr. Esenwein Dept. 84 Springfield, Mass.

Your Handwriting
What Secrets Does It Reveal?

The Way You Write Discloses the Whole Mystery of Your Personality—and Shows Your Special Qualities and Capabilities.



Louise Rice
America's Foremost Graphologist

Have you an undeveloped power of personal magnetism? Are you often "misunderstood"? Is your nature capable of strong affections and passions? What qualities should you seek in a husband or wife to balance your own nature? Should you never marry at all? Have you an unsuspected talent for business, art, music, writing?

These and hundreds of other fascinating truths are clearly revealed **by your handwriting.** It shows what qualities and what talents you possess, uncovering many which you did not even suspect. It gives you knowledge of the innermost depths of your nature that will guide you in your career, your affections and your domestic life. It is a better guide than your closest friends or loved ones. You would be astounded at the remarkable things your handwriting can tell about you.

PRIVATE READING
Send for Special Offer!

Send today for full details about my special offer for a complete personal and confidential reading of your handwriting. I have performed this service for many thousands of individuals and for banks, trust companies and many big industries. Let me do it for YOU. Address Louise Rice, Modern Research Society, Dept. H-478, 132 West 31st St., New York City.

"Oh, don't mind my calling you almost anything else. It's a bore—using the same name all the time. If you've got to be formal, my name's Virginia Holbrook and the Colonel's Fitzhugh Spottswood Holbrook. The Duchess was a Clipperton—you may have heard of the Clippertons. My grandfather discovered the cough sirup and hair tonic that bear his immortal name. The Duchess has only a couple of million left of her share of the loot and she's not blowing any more of it on the Celts."

"Your family history is certainly interesting," Walter observed absently, torn with doubt as to what he should do about the *Mythoi Hibernikoi*.

Virginia turned to leave.

"Well!—I'll let you have the book!" Walter said hastily.

"That's sweet of you, Zoroaster. Tote it over to the shack and I'll be there as soon as I inspect the incubators."

It was like parting with his heart's blood but Walter delivered the *Mythoi Hibernikoi* into her hands. The Colonel dashed out and grabbed it and darted back into his study.

"Now what's the program?" Walter demanded as the merry click of keys confirmed Virginia's boast that the Colonel was a speedy performer on the typewriter.

"Laugh heartily!" replied Virginia, seizing a carpet-sweeper and running it over the floor. She sent the sweeper hurtling toward the kitchen and gathered up half a dozen books which she tossed one after another into the shelves at the end of the long room.

"Now, Michael Angelo, you can do a symphony on the sawbuck in the back yard as your first help to the Irish cause. Measure the stove first to make sure you cut the pieces short enough—make it forty sticks—and after that I'll have some more little chores ready. And by the way, that front door's stuck ever since the last rain and you might try fixing it if you run short of work."

Walter had read that William Gladstone and William Hohenzollern had enjoyed the exercise incident to the preparation of ligneous fuel for domestic uses, but the historians were silent as to whether these great leaders of thought suffered the torments of splinters and backache. Still, the Ramsays were of a sturdy race and Walter's fibers hadn't yet been softened by the literary life. And it was as plain as a blister that now that he had parted with the *Mythoi Hibernikoi* he would be much likelier to regain possession of that rare work if he won favor with Virginia.

When he paused from time to time to rest his back he caught glimpses of her as she engaged in a variety of activities. She was constantly in motion about the premises, moving through the chicken yard and again disappearing through the orchard like a brown streak. He was glad that the place was so remote; if Archibald J. Ramsay could see him now, the shackled slave of a mere girl with golden hair, while her father labored upon the myths of the Hibernians, Archibald would certainly perish of laughter . . .

A car ascended the hill and a man jumped out and sought Virginia, who engaged him in what appeared to be a heated discussion, which Virginia terminated abruptly with a derisive laugh and disdainful dismissal.

Walter carefully counted forty sticks of wood which it had taken him two hours to saw and split and deposited half of them in the box by the kitchen range. To show his magnanimous spirit he made kindling of some packing-boxes piled in the yard and started a fire in the range. Then he found a plane and fixed the door. He was leaning wearily on the pump, thinking of the peace he might have enjoyed on the third floor of his father's house, when a piercing whistle brought him to attention. Virginia was approaching with a basket of apples. She threw one at him with such force that it stung his blistered hand.

"Pretty good, Ashtabula! I take it you're not without experience in our national sport. I see you've got the fire going. If you'd given more thought to the damper the kitchen wouldn't look so much like a bad risk for the underwriters."

He followed her meekly into the kitchen where she instructed him as to dampers and after the room cleared she approved of his wood-cutting, though she didn't praise him as he felt he deserved.

"I'll shake up a lunch and while I'm doing that you can go through the hennery and look for eggs. Don't forget to close the gates *en passant*. After you collect the eggs you might try your hand whitewashing the chicken parlors and fences."

"Excuse me, Miss Holbrook," began Walter, appalled by the rapid multiplication of his tasks, "but, frankly, I don't undertake to be your handy man of all work for life."

She was reaching on the wall for a stew-pan and as she swung round she jiggled it by the handle as if she were testing its availability as a weapon. But she set it on the range and eyed him critically.

"Now, Gustavus Adolphus, I'm not running a debating society here. We've discussed this once and we're not going to open it up now. Until the Colonel comes out of his fog over your silly book you're going to help me keep this ranch going. I'll tell you right now that with winter coming on and the Duchess hard-boiled as to remittances I've got to cash in on my apples or my remains will be found right here when the hills thaw out next spring. Now, Hermes Trismegistus, would you be offended by a request to tote in a pail of *aqua pura* from the fount without?"

His bitterness yielded before her smile. It was an appealing smile that caused all the chivalry in his soul to vibrate. She was rather putting it up to him to be generous, to help her out of a scrape. He not only fell with alacrity upon the pumphandle but having delivered the water at the kitchen sink took from her the pan of potatoes she had begun to peel and proceeded to hack them in a shocking manner.

Virginia's merriment at his stupid wastefulness was even more hypnotic than her smile. He encouraged her to laugh from a sense that laughter had long been denied her. She asked him to stay for luncheon. The Colonel came leaping through the door at Virginia's third peremptory call, and took his place at the table in the screened porch.

"You!" he cried as he descried Walter.

"Me!" Walter retorted, able now to be amused by the Colonel's antics.

"Yes, Colonel," remarked Virginia handing him his plate. "Don't look so fierce. This is Horatius Flaccus, your brother Nut on the Tree of Irish Spookology. You might thank him for letting you have that crazy book."

"Invaluable! Priceless!" cried the Colonel, spearing a piece of chicken.

"I'm glad you approve of it, Colonel," Walter replied with faint irony.

"What, sir, is your attitude toward 'The Book of the Dun Cow'?" the Colonel demanded, waving an ear of corn.

"I accept it as authentic. But it has no such value as 'The Yellow Book of Slane,' " Walter answered.

"Stupid! Stupid! Virginia, we have done well—well—to appropriate the *Mythoi Hibernikoi*. This person has no business intruding upon a field which I have preempted—a field, sir, which I propose to retain."

"That will do, boys," remarked Virginia. "It's a long, long way to Tipperary and you needn't start a riot here."

"I've discovered in the *Mythoi* some references that may make it necessary for me to leave for Ireland," declared the Colonel.

"I see you beating it for Ireland!" replied Virginia. "You've lost your financial backer. Not another dime, wired the Duchess firmly."

"My wife!" explained the Colonel. "It's my wife that's referred to. My wife. Ha! That cruel woman has millions—millions! But a heart of iron!"

"Shooting honeysuckle!" cried Virginia. "Rave on, Colonel."

Virginia was doing full justice to her luncheon,

which, Walter was aware, had been admirably cooked. The literary life had not crippled the Colonel's appetite; he had consumed an entire chicken and made heavy inroads upon everything else on the table.

"Your work—it will be a matter of volumes?" Walter courteously inquired.

"Ten, sir. Ten at least!" the Colonel sputtered, his mouth full of corn. "There are other works in your collection which I may care to refer to. You dare not question my superior right to examine them."

He did not wait for a reply but, struck with an inspiration, rushed into the house.

"Let us have peace, said me and Grant," remarked Virginia. "I believe you said your true name or cognomen is Ramsay. Have you near and dear relatives who might be called butternegg men? There's a pirate in the capital of this state who does business under the firm name and style of Archibald J. Ramsay, Incorporated. Possibly——"

"My father. The Incorporated is purely ornamental," replied Walter. "My father is the whole *fromage*."

"His scouts have been touring these Hoosier mountains buying apples, chickens and eggs. I fired one of them off the place this very morning. He had the brass to offer me a dollar fifty a bushel for my entire apple crop f. o. b. Indianapolis. I wouldn't spray the trees for that! You don't look as if you came of a tribe of highway robbers. Your pop must be the original gentleman who rode through the needle's eye on the back of a camel. If you have influence with old Nebuchadnezzar he might push the price up a little."

Walter grinned and shuffled his feet. There was no telling how Archibald J. Ramsay would receive a request for quotations from a son who had scorned his business.

"My father," he began diffidently, "my father and I—er—were hardly on speaking terms when I came up here to write my book. He shares your animosity toward Irish literature. But I might write him for a price on your whole output."

"Nothing doing. I avoid epistolary correspondence wherever possible. Shoot him a wire. Try him on fifty barrels of apples and forty dozen hand-fed broilers."

"What's the name of your apples? I suspect that has something to do with the price."

"They're big red apples," she replied.

"In the rude world of commerce I'm afraid that might be considered inadequate."

"Well, the man who sold me the place called them something but I've forgotten it. Suppose you call them the Jupiter Juleps. I'll bet if you hung that name over a barrel of this fruit in front of a grocery they'd be snapped up at a dollar apiece."

"An excellent idea, though possibly a violation of the Volstead Act," said Walter thoughtfully. "You might call the chickens the Golden Pippins. I think pippin is applied more particularly to apples, but there's nothing like being original."

"Anything can be a pippin; it's the highest superlative," said Virginia.

She brought pencil and paper and after many experiments they composed this message:

Archibald J. Ramsay, Inc.,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Name best price for fifty barrels of apples Jupiter Julep brand hand-picked fancy. Also bid on forty dozen broilers Golden Pippin breed warranted healthy and pleasing to the most discriminating taste. Make prices f. o. b. Crazy Hill Farm. Railroad and post-office Sinker's Switch, Brown County, Indiana. Love and kisses to one and all.

Walter Pitt Ramsay

"That certainly shows a literary touch," said Virginia. "I've got to go down to the village to trace a case of green turtle soup the Colonel's been whimpering for and I'll send the telegram."

As it seemed a pity for Virginia to go alone, Walter provided transportation in his own



"The Djer-Kiss"—INTERPRETED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

Here you behold the charm one gains by the use of my beauty-aids, Madame! Mademoiselle! "The Djer-Kiss" so subtly whispers my message, that I have asked the world's great artistes to express it—each in his own manner. Watch for these illustrations and, as you use my creations, watch in your mirror for the beauty which inspires "The Djer-Kiss"!

(*Signed*) KERKOFF, Paris

Beauty Irresistible.... with Djer-Kiss!

WOULD you know the secret of alluring charm? It's not difficult to attain —if you will only take care to *choose,* and *use,* the right beauty aids!

Parfum Djer-Kiss—to endow your personality with exquisite appeal. A touch to your handkerchief, your boutonnière, and—*voilà!* you take on a new loveliness.

Talc Djer-Kiss—created and packaged in France—to make shoulders and arms satin-smooth; and slim slippers more comfortable!

Face Powder Djer-Kiss—made and boxed in France. See the difference as you begin to use it! Your skin takes on an exquisite, *natural* beauty, a clear and lovely color.

And, as *one* odeur is smartest: Sachet, Bath Crystals, Bath Powder, and Toilet Water, too!—each exquisite with



Djer-Kiss
Kerkoff, Paris

Talc Djer-Kiss—in moss-green can, or crystal bottle.

Face Powder Djer-Kiss—Rachel, Chair (Naturelle), and Blanche tints.

Parfum Djer-Kiss in graceful crystal container.

ALFRED H. SMITH CO., *Sole Importers*
418 West 25th Street, New York City

Who wouldn't?

FOR THAT perfect "balance" of fine Turkish and American tobaccos, that extra delicacy of taste and aroma which are Fatima's and Fatima's alone—who wouldn't pay a few cents more?



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

SHORT-STORY WRITING



Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dr. Esenwein Dept. 63 Springfield, Mass.



Driving in the rain on slippery pavements or treacherous country roads is dangerous enough itself . . . and is doubly so when you are practically "blindfolded" behind a rain-blurred windshield. NO-BLUR reduces to a minimum the dangers of rainy-day driving in enabling you to see clearly through the entire windshield. One application of NO-BLUR on your windshield is effective for six months or longer. It will not wear or wash off. NO-BLUR is absolutely transparent. You can't even see it after it is applied . . . in fact you wouldn't know it was on your windshield but for the perfect vision it enables you to enjoy each time it rains. Even though your car is equipped with a mechanical windshield wiper you will welcome the added safety and convenience of being able to see clearly through the ENTIRE windshield instead of a scant semi-circle. For sale at accessory dealers or sent direct. RESULTS GUARANTEED.

Price $1.00
The best dollar you ever spent.

Standard Sales Co., Dept. E-53, Memphis, Tenn.
AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS

ART
We Teach
COMMERCIAL ART

Meyer Both Company, maintaining the most widely known Commercial Art Studios in the World, offers you a practical training based upon 25 years' success in producing over a quarter million drawings for leading advertisers. This attractive profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

Get Facts Before You Enroll in Any School

Send 4c in stamps for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Dept. 94
Michigan Ave. at 20th St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

roadster. He gave the operator five dollars to assure a prompt delivery of the answer and returned to Crazy Hill to wind up the day's chores.

When he crept wearily to his bungalow after supper he found that his Celtic library, notebooks and everything else pertaining to the writing of his great classic had disappeared. Presumably the Colonel had devoted the afternoon to the surreptitious transfer of his rival's effects to his own establishment. Walter was too tired to care much. The loss of his library was nothing compared with Virginia's sad plight in being estranged from her mother and forced into exile with her lunatic father.

The Colonel had breakfasted and locked himself in his study when Walter reached the house at seven the next morning. While he was breakfasting with Virginia, a boy lizzied up with a telegram. They put their heads together over the table and read:

> One hundred dollars a barrel for anything named Jupiter Juleps Stop Ten dollars apiece on the hoof for Golden Pippins or any other breed of chicken you can catch Stop Have you freed Ireland or whats happened Archibald J Ramsay

"He thinks you're kidding," said Virginia. "You'd better sink to Sinker's and sing on the long-distance to old Hippocrates."

"Not much I won't! I'll fire him another wire accepting his offer and that will make it a legal contract. He's been keen to make a business man of me and I'll show him a few tricks. I'll tell him to send up crates and barrels to pack the goods. I guess that will impress him with the idea that this is a strictly business proposition. I'll order some more of the essence of green turtle to make sure the Colonel gets his nourishment. And I'll tell him to send a roast of beef and half a dozen thick steaks and a five-pound box of chocolates."

"O ye glorious heavens!" cried Virginia ecstatically. "I never expected to see a beefsteak again. And that candy idea touches me, John Milton. To be real frank with you my total balance in hand right now is exactly four dollars and seventy-two cents and if Ramsay Incorporated doesn't come across the Colonel and I will starve to death."

"I think father's solvent," said Walter. "He'll come through all right."

Walter was cleaning out the chicken yard along toward noon when a messenger brought the answer to his second telegram:

> This confirms proposition of yesterday Stop Packing facilities provided per order to our Bloomington Branch Stop We appreciate your business Stop I thought you hated candy Stop Mother attending club convention Denver
> Archibald J Ramsay

"I'll bet Archie's a good scout," remarked Virginia when she had read the message.

"Um—yes; father's the best man alive," Walter affirmed with a pang—his first—at the remembrance of the high-handed manner in which he had flouted his father's wish to make a business man of him. In his contrition he was moved to take Virginia into his confidence. "Father's bitter at me because I wanted to write," he explained. "He thinks I'm an imbecile, but I just have to do this book. You can see how it is!"

"You bet I see how it is," she replied with disconcerting promptness, "and I'm strong for old Archimedes. If a man at your age gets a bug of this kind it's all over but buying gloves for the pall-bearers. Look at the Colonel! The Duchess bought him an interest in a flourishing bond house in Boston and all he had to do was to sit at a mahogany desk and sign where they told him to, but he wouldn't stay put. The first thing that hit him was a craze to write a book to be called 'The Pigtail as a Clue to Chinese Mysticism,' but the Duchess put her foot down because she was afraid he'd get killed if he interviewed the Grand Lama,



Sedan $895—Special Sedan $995
De Luxe Sedan $1075
f. o. b. Detroit

A Good Name

—*priceless* • • and therefore jealously upheld

It is a fact well known that the name DODGE BROTHERS is more valuable than the vast and expanding works in which Dodge Brothers product is built.

Dodge Brothers, Inc., have simply kept the faith, and implicit public confidence has been their reward.

Year after year the car has continued to mature into a better and better product.

Costly chrome vanadium steel was the basic metal employed in the beginning, and it is the basic metal employed today—in larger measure than in any other motor car built.

The first automobile to leave Dodge Brothers Works—a Touring Car—was equipped with an all steel body.

And during the past few years, Dodge Brothers have perfected this superior construction for ALL their motor cars.

Beauty has been added to dependability, comfort and silence to beauty. Endless refinements have been made. Prices have been reduced.

But always in every instance, the quality of every detail has been maintained or improved.

The consistent goodness of the car has attracted a steadily expanding market. Wider markets have permitted a better and better product at lower and lower cost. Dodge Brothers progress has been conservative and logical.

The result is a GOOD NAME, worthy of the public trust it inspires, and too priceless ever to jeopardize.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

which was a part of the scheme, and she *is* fond of pop, you know.

"They compromised on Ireland as cheaper and safer but she got fed up on that, traveling around with a growing child like me and nervous for fear he'd catch pneumonia in some damp place and die among strangers. Save yourself, Walt Whitman, while yet there is time! Look at the Colonel and consider what he's come to! Don't be too severe on Archie for wanting to make a butternegg man of you. Just think it over while you're splashing whitewash on the chicken houses."

Virginia's succinct description of the devastating effects of Irish mythology on her family life did, indeed, give Walter food for reflection as he applied whitewash to the hennery and adjacent fences. And he was making a closer study of the Colonel, whose table-talk irritated him as that of an irrational being intent upon doing something for which he hadn't the slightest qualifications. What if he should become another Colonel! This frightful possibility worried Walter a good deal . . .

A week passed. Walter, dutifully performing the jobs Virginia assigned him, had well-nigh forgotten the *Mythoi Hibernikoi* when he was aroused at two o'clock in the morning by a violent assault upon his bungalow. Someone was pounding on the door. He made a light and got into his dressing-gown. When he cautiously opened the door he discerned a man with a lantern and a woman—a small woman in a long traveling coat—on the veranda.

"This gentleman seems civilized!" exclaimed the lady. "You may go, driver. Here's the fare, with a generous tip. And thank you so much for not murdering me as I feared you might."

The man departed in haste while the small lady pushed open the door in the manner of one not to be denied.

"The Holbrooks are your neighbors, are they not? I am Mrs. Holbrook. I have come to see my daughter. Owing to difficulties with my husband I cannot go to his house, and as there seem to be no inns in this neighborhood I must ask you to let me sit somewhere until daylight."

"Well—yes—certainly," Walter agreed. "I take it that you are—ah—the Duchess!"

"Right the first time! Then you are acquainted with Virginia? How is that poor, long-suffering child?"

"In perfect health and good spirits at eight o'clock last evening," Walter answered.

"That's good. My husband is as wild as ever, I suppose."

"Wilder, I think," replied Walter.

"That also is good. If I'd hear he'd gone sane I should have a stroke. There are some bags on the veranda. If you'll bring them in I'll have a drink of coffee from the thermos bottle without which I never travel."

She threw off her hat and coat and insisted that Walter share the coffee. An astonishing little woman, amusingly suggestive of Virginia as to eyes and voice and manner of expressing herself. Except for the gray in her fluffy reddish hair she looked quite as young as Virginia.

"There's a guest-room here," suggested Walter. "It's all cluttered up but there's a bed and clean linen. Do pardon the looks of this place. I've been—er—assisting your daughter in her labors—nothing important—merely incidental—neighborly help——"

"Not if I know Virginia it isn't incidental! But I'll see you don't regret it. I should have prevented her following her father if I had to get a writ of habeas corpus. It was all my fault; my husband is unworthy of her devotion. Sheer quixotism! Which she gets from my side of the family. My husband's not a bad sort—really he's not—if he hadn't become hipped over Irish fairy-tales. Such an aberration is probably incomprehensible to a sturdy young son of the soil like you!"

When the guest-room door closed upon Virginia's mother Walter went out and sat on the veranda a long time, staring at the stars and wondering whether he wasn't as big a fool as Holbrook. And this was a very disturbing question to be pondering in the cool morning air with the big planets fading as the sun rose.

It was Virginia's very practical suggestion that she and her mother take over Walter's bungalow and that he transfer his personal effects to the Holbrook establishment. Almost before he knew it he found himself domiciled with Holbrook. And his passion for the Irish sagas was greatly cooled by his enforced contacts with the Colonel.

There had risen in him a great desire to appear well in Virginia's eyes and as the days passed he was equally anxious for the Duchess's good opinion. The cooking for the colony of four was performed in Walter's kitchen and it was part of Walter's job to carry the Colonel's meals down to him. The fact that his wife had penetrated to the hills hadn't apparently interested the Colonel a particle. He bored Walter greatly by cornering him to read passages from the great work.

The Duchess proved to be as resourceful and energetic as the tireless Virginia. She kept the operator at Sinker's Switch busy and summoned, as if by a wand of magic, a housemaid, a cook and a powerful touring-car with chauffeur attached.

The picking and packing of apples went forward rapidly under Virginia's generalship. Walter found it exceedingly pleasant to be picking apples down the same orchard aisle with Virginia. Virginia was proud of her products. Every evening she made a computation as to the amount rolled up that day on the contract with Archibald J. Ramsay, Incorporated.

The doubts Walter had entertained as to his father's good faith in making the extravagant bids for the products of Crazy Hill Farm were dissipated when the agent who accompanied the trucks that carried away the first instalment of broilers made out a check payable to Walter Pitt Ramsay on the basis of the stipulated price. Walter indorsed the check to Virginia, who deposited it to her account in the Sinker's Switch bank.

Walter, elated that Virginia's farm products were disposed of, was surprised to receive this wire from his father:

> The fairies produce good chickens Stop
> Best regards to Virginia

"How do you suppose he got your name?" Walter asked when he referred the message to Virginia, to whom it now seemed the natural thing to refer all his perplexities.

"Oh, you're so dumb, Lord Templeton! Your pop, not being a nut, took a squint at that check as soon as it got back to his hometown bank. If I've got the old boy right he won't worry. He probably thinks he's got to support you anyhow and he'll only lose a few dollars apiece on the chickens. You might ask him to come down and look you over after we land the apples in his warehouse. You'll be all set then to resume the literary life. The Duchess threatens to take me cruising in the South Seas. She's figured that with you and the Colonel both loony on the Irish stuff you'd keep each other company and get on better without interference."

The intimation that the Duchess, who was indubitably a woman of action, might transport Virginia to the austral seas caused Walter's heart to act queerly.

"It would be a good deal different here without you," he remarked.

They were picking apples and Virginia held up a particularly fine specimen of the Jupiter Julep and replied: "Oh, not necessarily! You and the Colonel have so many interests in common you'll be sure to have a jolly winter."

Walter eyed her covertly, strongly suspecting that there was a small waspish sting in her remark.

On a crisp October day the last of the Jupiter Juleps were graded and packed and the juggernauts of Archibald J. Ramsay, Incorporated, rumbled away to precipitate them upon the markets of the world. They made an event of the ending of the harvest—the Duchess, Virginia and Walter—with a special dinner in Walter's bungalow, while the Colonel, in keeping with the established routine of the two establishments, ate alone at Crazy Hill.

As was their habit after dinner Walter and Virginia strolled up to the crest of Crazy Hill.

"I suppose, Hercules, I ought to pay you for the hard work you've done up here; I've taken a lot of your time," said Virginia. "And we've driven you out of your house, which was rather nervy, I admit. But now I'll make the Colonel give you back your stuff and you can go on with your job. You might send me a copy of your book when it comes out."

"Thank you," said Walter with a gulp. "But somehow—I don't know that I'll go on with my book. As I've sawed wood and fed chickens and done little chores around here, it's struck me that nothing that happened to the ancient Irish really makes much difference now. It wasn't very pretty the way I worried my father by refusing to go into the business with him or even to talk to him about it. I believe if you would—well—of course I'm a poor stick and pretty stupid and you might find Indianapolis slow after living in Europe and knowing a different sort of life—and——"

"Crying Christopher!" cried Virginia. "What do you make of that!"

On the slope below them a flame shot up suddenly. The bungalow of Crazy Hill farm was on fire! As they hurried down the orchard they descried the Colonel as he dashed out of the kitchen carrying an armful of books. When they reached the house he was frantically filling a dipper at the pump and flinging spoonfuls on the roaring flames.

"Disaster! Ruin!" he shouted, seizing Walter and shaking him furiously. "My priceless Celtic collection destroyed! And you, sir, standing here—silent—bah!"

He dropped the dipper and dashed into the house in spite of Walter's efforts to hold him. In a moment he reappeared, badly singed as to whiskers, clasping the *Mythoi Hibernikoi*.

"My priceless treasure!" he gasped.

"Pump water on him, Neptune!" cried Virginia. She snatched the *Mythoi Hibernikoi* and sent it flying into the flames.

A few spectators, drawn by the unwonted illumination, silently contemplated the ruins. The Colonel had promptly transferred himself to the bungalow that once was Walter's, where the Duchess was giving first aid to her erratic spouse's scorched fingers.

"It reminds me," said the Colonel with a sob, "of the destruction of the Alexandrian library. And now, alas, Othello's occupation's gone!" he concluded dramatically.

"Don't spill the wich-hazel," the Duchess admonished. "I'm rather keen about these hills and I'm going to buy a few thousand acres and start you to raising Angoras. You'd make a good shepherd for a flock of goats."

"Ah," the Colonel caught her up, "a divine thought! All the Greek poets were shepherds. Perhaps in the pastoral life my soul will find peace."

"Here's hoping for the best," replied the Duchess without emotion.

A high-powered car was at the gate and a gentleman appealed to the Duchess for information as to the whereabouts of Walter.

"Something tells me," said the Duchess, surveying the visitor critically, "that you are the father of that very interesting young man. My daughter has been giving him what, in vulgar parlance, is called a workout. I think he isn't quite as excited as he was about Irish spooks. Come with me!"

She piloted Archibald J. Ramsay across the meadow and half-way through the orchard.

A moon, like a gigantic wafer, seemed to have stuck low in the heavens. Discernible against the reddish-gold disk were two human heads in close proximity.

"Those are our children," said the Duchess. "And I think Virginia has found a life-work for Walter."

Touching Up Married Life (*Continued from page 59*)

words it would have run something like this—"John, John, John!"

The telephone rang somewhere in the house. She heard Forbes take down the receiver and say, "Yes, Doctor Nobel . . . Yes, sir, she is here, just came in." A longer silence of listening, then: "Very good, sir. I will tell her."

"Hilmer, as usual!" Francel thought, frowning, meaning something uncomplimentary about the usualness of her husband.

She heard Forbes coming down the hall outside and started up guiltily. A lady cannot afford to let even her butler find her sitting unintelligently against the wall of her room. Psychically speaking, the position is compromising; too revealing of concentration upon some kind of inward disturbance.

"What is it?" she demanded, facing him in the doorway.

"A message from the doctor, madam," Forbes announced, folding his hands numbly in front at the depressing angle of servitude. He always dreaded bringing these messages from the doctor to his wife.

"He is detained, of course," Francel suggested, with that faint air of well-bred annoyance.

"Yes, madam. I was to tell you that he doesn't know when he will come in. And he cannot keep his engagement for the theater-party. But he hopes you will go ahead with that as you planned."

Francel made a motion, delicately declamatory, meaning that she would do nothing of the kind.

"There has been an accident, I understood him to say, but I did not get all of that—he was in a great hurry," Forbes added as an extenuating circumstance.

"I must call up the Mitchells and explain," she said, moving past him to the phone at the end of the hall.

He followed her, at the respectful distance of one who wishes to avoid the excessive heat of human temper, but must take his chances.

"Shall I serve dinner now?" he asked.

"No! Not until Doctor Nobel comes, if it is midnight!" she flamed.

He bowed and disappeared through the door, closing it softly behind him.

"Our lady is furious with her husband again," he told the maid. "She will not attend the theater with the Mitchells. She is making a martyr of herself and will not dine until he returns even if we wait till midnight to serve dinner. You might think he'd gone on a bat."

"I wish he would. Teach her some sense," giggled the girl.

"She hopes the food will be cold."

"It will be!" and so forth and so on.

Francel's mind was now purged and purified by a wifely indignation. She was thinking only of Hilmer, how frequently her plans for pleasure must be discarded for his professional convenience. If she was having people in for dinner he was sure to be detained at the hospital. If they dined alone it would be any time between six and eight o'clock. He might as well be as bad as the worst so far as his reliability as a husband or host in his own home was concerned.

Women, even in these days of astounding information, know much less about men than they think they do. They simply know more about themselves. They have made the terrific discovery of their own powers and charms. Man is a frail creature so far as they are concerned, easily within reach. Formerly only doubtful women had this kind of working knowledge of the opposite sex; now they all have it by a sort of outrageous license they take in living, smiling and enchanting. They no longer wait modestly for his voluntary approach; they go out after him as any other enterprising person goes out after business. This is the confidence they have gained. The effect upon society is more revolutionary than anything else that has happened in the last fifty years, not omitting wars or the changing institutions of civilization. They are themselves the one brand-new institution not evolved by men, but, you might say, in spite of them.

The trouble is that they are limited in their curriculum by their romantic instincts. They have only what may be called the first semester course in their knowledge of men as lovers, no permanent wit of their transient character in this rôle. A woman may be stabilized by marriage, but it is another business altogether to standardize a man as a husband, not because he is unfaithful to the vows that made him one, but because he takes other vows to his political party, his profession or his business, so imperative that he frequently keeps them to the exclusion of those primitive pledges he made to get a wife. By some tricky formation of the masculine nature which women do not understand, he outgrows being a mere husband, never a star rôle except in his own house, for a wider and more complimentary interpretation of himself in the world at large. In any case he is sure to drop the part of lover.

This is where the racket begins. A woman marries merely to secure the lover she has taken. Therefore, when his romantic period passes, she is confounded and reduced to tears.

Meanwhile she knows less about men than the single woman, because she has been obliged to give up the study of lovers, which is a clever and inspiring science. All her faculties are now engaged in deciphering her husband, who, however kind and affectionate, reveals only so much copy of himself as will create the least disturbance in his domestic life. What he wants there is peace and quietness, not an emotional drama of his past tense as a lover. Along with the meals and comforts of the home, he expects his wife to furnish the ideality with which she flattered him as a lover. This is natural, but it is only natural, not ethical, matrimonially speaking.

But what can you do about it? Nobody knows. All experiments have failed to afford relief from the monotony and depressing silence which overtake these men and women who have sworn so joyfully with the ringing of bells to love and cherish each other. The reason why they go on committing themselves to it is because marriage is the only decent and sacred way of being unhappy together in this world.

At the end of five years Doctor Hilmer Nobel found himself in precisely this situation. It dawned upon him like a cold and frosty morning that Francel's weather had changed. She was even more beautiful than she had been as a girl. She had acquired a grace and dignity very becoming to her. As his wife and the mistress of his house she was faithful to her duties, but somehow she was remote as if she had become the conscript of herself. He brooded virtuously over these changes in her. Where was the emotional, adoring woman he had married? He was conscious of his excellencies as a husband. What was wrong? She couldn't expect him to neglect the duties of his profession for her sake. He was no lounge-lizard. Besides, a man did not flirt with his own wife—he married her to economize this waste of time for more profitable concentration.

Francel, he decided, was simply a woman spoiled by indulgence, and he retired into the more or less stinging silence of the aggrieved husband. The effect was to intensify her outrageous manner. Whenever he came home, she took the veil like a sadly beautiful woman cloistered in herself.

He was a short man, stockily built, and belonged to the cockrobin type of man, coat buttoned up, carrying himself reared back a trifle on his brief legs. He was clean-shaven, complexion sallow, small, pale blue eyes, a wide, thin-lipped mouth, a froward chin, black hair on a good hard head. Certainly not handsome and without the magnetism so many homely men have. His ruffled-up

WHEARY
TRUNKS
America's Finest



Even more than faith in Wheary standards inspire the growing preference for the Wheary Wardrola. A child's strength can roll it open; a touch closes it, protecting its contents from dust and "light fingers" in hotel rooms; there are no rumpled rugs; no marks on bare floors; yet no rollers exposed to damage in transit. The solid base is a bulwark against breakage, saving repairs; prevents tipping; keeps out the dirt of baggage rooms.

See the new VACATION and VARSITY SPECIALS now on display by Wheary merchants. Also the WHEARY TRAVELITE for automobile travel. Booklet on request

WHEARY TRUNK COMPANY, *Racine, Wis.*

The only trunk manufacturer honored by membership, Rice Leaders of the World

Canadian Manufacturers: M. Langmuir Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto

WHEARY
Cushioned Top
WARDROLA
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE TRUNK THAT *Rolls* OPEN



Pyrene PROTECTS POLAR PERIL



COMMANDER BYRD carried PYRENE to the Pole because he had to have dependable protection against fire.

PYRENE is man's best friend, wherever there is danger from fire. IMPROVED PYRENE is always ready to work quickly and save life and property on land, sea or in the air.

PYRENE MFG. CO.
Newark, N. J.

Caution: Use only Pyrene Liquid (patented) with Improved Pyrene Extinguishers

Blonde Hair Kept Light By New Swedish Shampoo

Blonde hair is highly attractive but it has a tendency to darken, streak or fade as one grows older. Then blonde hair is far from pleasing. But now every blonde can keep her hair beautifully light and sparkling *always*. Simply use Blondex, the new Swedish light hair shampoo. This not only corrects the natural tendency of blonde hair to darken—but actually brings back the true golden beauty to hair that has already darkened. Makes hair fluffy, silky. Fine for scalp. Not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. Over half a million users. Fine for children's hair. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores. Money back if not delighted.

BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo

robin strut was not due to vanity, but to purely anatomical reasons. His neck was short, he was bellows-breasted, thin-flanked. In early manhood he had committed himself to a cut-away coat, a trifle long behind, and he stuck to it as any other bird sticks to his tail-feathers. If he had not risen to eminence in his profession he would have been regarded as ridiculous. As it was, Santa Maria conceded his coat tails as the idiosyncrasy of a great man, lionized him and trusted him with those occult complaints which the civilized human nervous system develops so rapidly since the discovery of sex as a spiritual attribute, and probably the only one such people have.

When two people are married the drama of their life together goes on without a moment's intermission, though the scenes of it may be laid far apart. Precisely so, at the very hour Francel was taking purely poetic license with her marriage vows sitting beside the Ocean Highway, Doctor Nobel returned to his office after a round of visits to his patients in the adjoining hospital. This had been an easy day for him, not so many women coming in to have their complexes unraveled with the stethoscope and a prescription. Still, he was discontented, irritable on general principles, which is one of the esoteric afflictions of married people when they have missed their cue either by staging the wrong scenes or on account of not knowing what lines the other contracting party is putting in. He was venting a sort of professional spleen on his patients.

It was disgusting that a physician was obliged to lie to his patients, always concealing them from themselves and the real cause of their disorders. Here was the case of the woman who had just gone out. She had come to consult him about her heart. Confound it, hearts had become a disease among women! And it was a fact that they did have lesions, murmurs or something, as any delicately constructed motor badly used and driven develops leaking valves. He could not cure them. The mischief had been done. And he could not tell them the truth, that their ailments came from social dissipations and the fierce competition they carried on with one another in their club and civic strife to reform the world. If a woman came down with nervous prostration, she must be sent to a sanatorium.

What was the cause of this universal restlessness and nerve exhaustion among women? They wanted something! Every one of them wanted something else, no matter what she had of wealth, leisure or position. Well, what did they want? None of them was happy. Whenever had he seen a happy woman?

By this process he finally reached the subconscious text of his quarrelsome mood—Francel. From being the lightest-hearted girl in Santa Maria, she had died away into a calm and deadly married woman with all the manners and attributes of unhappiness. She was showing the usual symptoms of this disorder, headaches, fits of depression, sensitiveness, without a single indication of physical ill health to account for these complaints.

This question suddenly occurred to him—if Francel came to him as a patient, how would he diagnose her case? Hysteria, of course.

Now, how would he treat a case of hysteria if he were in a position actually to effect a cure, instead of giving a politer diagnosis and prescribing a harmless sedative as he must do for his patients?—because no doctor had sufficient authority to produce the conditions necessary to overcome a stubborn case of hysteria. He had often wished to try out certain theories he had along this line.

He pursed up his lips, squinted the way men do sometimes when they are enjoying the exercise of their shrewder faculties. Then he arose, thrust both hands in his pockets, took a turn up and down the room, kicked a chair, made a declamatory gesture, muttered to himself with a sort of hissing violence, came back to his desk, sat down, crossed his legs, seized a pen and made thrusts with it on a sheet of paper. No written words but the zigzag lines of black lightning, the hieroglyphics of his prescription in this case, instead of those equally cryptic symbols he usually wrote on a prescription pad for such patients.

"All set!" he announced presently. "If that is what Francel wants to revive her, I'll give it to her!" he added grimly, put on his hat, picked up his gaping bag and started for the door.

He had passed through and closed it when the ringing of the phone called him back.

When he came home three hours later he was exhausted, in no condition to begin on a new case, but he still had Francel in mind.

The house was glowing with shaded lights, restfully silent, nobody around. Francel had gone on with the Mitchells, he concluded with the sense of relief a man feels when a difficult piece of work has been postponed. And he was glad to have missed that party as things had turned out. Theatrical performances bored him under the best conditions. A play was rarely ever so convincing as the scenes a doctor must witness every day.

"What I need for recreation is the normal life and gaiety of healthy people," he reflected grumblingly, seeing that Francel was no longer normal or gay. She had become the irritating period of every train of thought he had these days.

He was standing beside the hall table, gaping medicine bag still in hand, shuffling through the mail with the other hand.

He faced about and at the same instant saw his wife through the open door of the library. She sat at the far end of the room staring out of the window, hands folded like withering lilies. He caught her note at once—preying upon him as usual with her sacrificial airs! Not even turning her head in recognition of his presence. All right—he'd draw her attention and keep it if it cost him his record as a civilized man and a dutiful husband!

He dropped his medicine bag with a bang, thrust both hands into his collar and yanked it wide open as he strode down the hall into the dining-room. Table still laid for two, he perceived. Then she had not dined—gone on a hunger strike to annoy him. He made a quick calculation, malicious and inspiring, between the two chairs and seated himself at the end of the table. This was really Francel's place, where she could reach the service bell with her foot.

He leaned back, opened his coat, unbuttoned his vest, collected the coruscations of a vicious frown and thrust his hands through his hair, raising every lock on end. Only the poor creature who takes a man for better or worse knows what a ruffian he can make of the perfect gentleman she thought he was with a few fierce strokes at himself and the addition of a frown! Nobel was "making up," you understand, for the part he was to play as nerve specialist to his wife.

He stamped upon the bell. Forbes rushed in, noiselessly, to be sure—still, he rushed, because never before had this bell summoned him with such violence of authority. He was astonished at the sight of the disheveled apparition seated where he did not belong at the head of the table.

"What's the matter?" Nobel demanded, practising his glare on the amazed butler.

"I don't know, sir—nothing, sir," the man stuttered.

"Bring me a cocktail, something stout. Tell Mrs. Nobel dinner is served and serve it," he ordered.

Francel entered, chin lifted, eyes wide-open, fixed in a stare of vacancy somewhere above the place where her husband sat. She moved slowly past him like a beautiful somnambulist walking in a bad dream.

Forbes shot a glance at her and disappeared. He perceived the portents of a storm brewing.

Francel had not seen her husband tearing his raiment in the hall, but she had heard the resounding thud of the medicine bag and knew by the heel-strumming of his stride down the hall that something was amiss. She was determined not to dine with him, but she wanted to know what was the matter with

Hilmer. Curiosity is stronger than perversity in most women—so after a dignified interval she had followed.

Her indignant wits as a wife did not return to her until she was obliged to observe the exchange he had made in their places.

"You have made a mistake, haven't you?" she murmured, still without observing him as she slid into his former place.

"No, I am correcting one," he retorted.

A climax is one of those little peaks of predestination in married life brought on by an emotional crisis. Almost invariably the wife thinks she arrives there alone, only to find her husband waiting for her in the same exclamatory mood.

Not until this moment did Francel actually see her husband. She had simply assumed his presence as a wearisome familiarity. Now she took him in, fascinated.

He was scowling at his plate, every hair erect. He appeared merely to be sitting in his clothes. Coat and vest had let go despairingly and sagged from him like negligible side draperies. Too much of his shirt was apparent and it was open at the neck. The knot of tie had slipped and one end of his collar reared up.

"Have you had an accident, Hilmer?" she asked gently, meaning that in case he had she was willing to let bygones be bygones for the moment and do her duty as a tender and solicitous wife.

"No, but John Stockton has had his frightful accident at last."

Francel made that little feminine motion of the hand toward her breast that women sometimes make without daring to finish the gesture lest it should be too revealing of what should not be going on in their breasts.

"When—how did it happen?" she gasped.

"Oh, he was speeding like a fool as usual out here on the highway this afternoon—lost control of his car just beyond our place. The thing turned turtle, rolled over the twenty-foot embankment into the surf, taking him with it. Fellows in the car behind him dragged him out just in time. Lungs full of water, one leg broken, concussion of the brain, maybe a fractured skull—can't tell yet. He is still unconscious. Flambert, Haines and I have been with him nearly three hours, bailing him out and trying to piece him back together."

"How terrible!" she barely breathed.

"He was drunk, of course. Is yet. Probably develop pneumonia before tomorrow night, if he lives that long."

Forbes came in with the cocktails, and dinner was served. Francel could not eat. She was conscience-stricken, not because she had indulged in a little wayside coquetry with John Stockton, but because she knew he must have lost control of the car when he looked back and waved his hand to her in reply. This accident had suddenly removed John from her romantic consideration. The only feeling she had now was one of regret and embarrassment. She was pure in heart again, but with that faint pigment of guilt from which only faithful wives suffer.

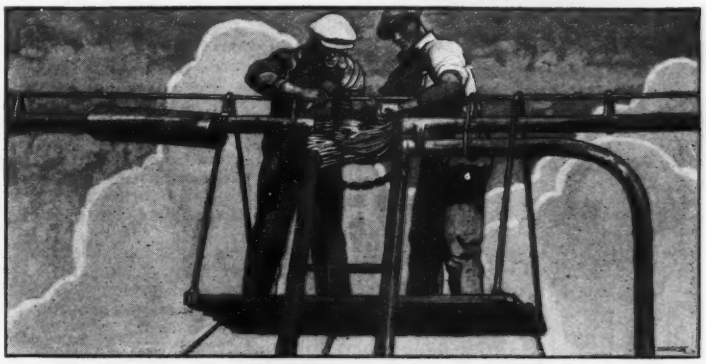
She regarded her husband with increasing anxiety—without suspecting that he was in such an Almighty relation to her. Hilmer was walking in the dark garden of her thoughts as if he actually was calling, "Where art thou, Francel?" As a matter of fact she had not once been able to catch his eye. He was glooming like a man with a grievance. If he was ignorant of his grievance, what right had he to behave like an outraged husband? None, of course! She was getting back to her own grievances. Why had he come to the table looking like this? If he didn't fix that collar she would scream——

"I'm sorry for Mary," he said, speaking into this angry confusion of her thoughts.

"She has my sympathy, of course, but——" She was going to say that Mary was not suffering from concussion of the brain or a broken leg and was much more likely to survive than John when he interrupted.

"Well, she has my admiration. Behaved

Joining the wires in a great trunk nerve between New York and Chicago



The Nerves of a Nation

THE magnitude of our present system of telephone communication was beyond the thoughts of men fifty years ago. While at that time Bell, the inventor, had a prophetic vision of places and houses and factories connected by telephone, even he could not have foreseen the American city of skyscrapers with more telephones in one building than are to be found in many a foreign country.

The massed multitudes of the modern city can no longer be served by wires strung in the air. We now have telephone cables no bigger than a man's wrist each containing 2400 thread-like wires, carrying beneath the city streets their millions of spoken messages. Long distance cables overhead and underground connect cities with one another by storm-proof conductors, now being extended into a country-wide network.

At the present time nine-tenths of the 45,000,000 miles of telephone wire in the Bell System are in cable. The service of each telephone user has become more and more reliable with the extension of this cable construction.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

Cash Special
Examine FREE
3/4–1/16 Ct. $68.50
Try to Match at $120
This 3/4 less 1/16 carat correctly cut diamond, a snappy blazing solitaire in handsome ring for only $68.50, with loan guarantee. Try to match at $120.00. This, or any of hundreds of equally big diamond bargains sent for examination, at our risk.

Why Pay Full Prices for Diamonds

This 76 year oldest, largest, rated over $1,000,000.00, Diamond Banking firm in all the world lends money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans and other bargains. Many from big cash deals direct with European Diamond Cutters. Must sell now.

Send for Latest List Diamond Bargains described in detail, exact weight, color, quality. Table of guaranteed loan values, unlimited exchange privilege, details of examination. List is Free. Send now.

JOS. DE ROY & SONS, 1047 DeRoy Building
Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburg, Pa.

$5 BIASCOPE SIX-POWER
American made Binocular



SEE ALL THERE IS TO SEE!!

Wonderful for outdoor folks, farmers, hunters, fishers, campers, tourists, scouts, naturalists. Lighter, more compact, easier to adjust, equal to many foreign glasses costing much more. At dealer or direct, postpaid. Money back guarantee.

WOLLENSAK OPTICAL COMPANY
829 Hudson Avenue Rochester, N.Y.



LUSTROUS HAIR /

Beauty is more beautiful when it is crowned with a glowing loveliness of hair that is radiantly lustrous. The hairdresser's secret of lustrous hair is *a touch of henna in the shampoo.* You may have *just the right touch of henna,* prepared exactly as he uses it, in the clear, fragrant liquid of HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO, to bring out all the richest natural lustre in every type of hair.

If you cannot obtain HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO *from your dealer, send 60 cents to Hennafoam Corp., 511 West 42nd Street, New York.*

HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO,

WILL YOU RISK ONE CENT? To learn how to make extra money—lots of it—Your name and address on a Postal Card will bring full details of our Free Stationery offer and money making plan. Individual Stationers, Inc., Corry, Penn'a

Banishes Gray Hair in 15 Minutes



WITH invariable success hundreds of thousands of American women are regaining the youthful glory of their hair by using INECTO RAPID NOTOX. And the success of these is guiding thousands more to use this, the one tint that is perfectly natural and perfectly safe; strictly scientific, conforming with the most exacting laboratory standards.

It is specifically guaranteed to impart to gray, streaked or faded hair all its former harmonious beauty of lustre, of silken texture and shade. Its use cannot be detected. It is guaranteed permanent; its color withstands any condition or treatment that Nature's will—brushing, rubbing, shampooing, sunshine, salt water, perspiration, Turkish baths, permanent waving, marceling and curling. It is safe, it cannot injure texture or growth; it contains no paraphenylene diamine. The ease of application enables anyone to apply it in the privacy of her own home.

If you are concerned about your hair, Jeanne Ruere, expert of the greatest hair coloring manufacturers in the world, is ready to give confidential advice on your particular problem.

Send No Money

Merely fill out the coupon below

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

Please send me without cost or obligation full details of INECTO RAPID NOTOX and the beauty Analysis Chart Form Y-29.



Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

IN CANADA called NOTOX. Made by Notox, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

like a brick this afternoon. No tears, no hysterics. Loves her husband for everything he is or isn't. I doubt if she knows yet she made a bad bargain when she married Stockton."

"Hilmer, your collar is unfastened," she said, determined to change the subject.

He seized it by the loose end, pulled it off with a jerk and stuffed it into his pocket.

She was tempted to leave the room, realizing at last that there was something offensively personal to her in his manner. But Forbes was serving the next course. She could not afford to retreat before such a public. When he had finished she gave the man a banishing look.

"She has bobbed her hair, pretty!" he began, going back to Mary. "Looks like a girl. Most women grow staid after they get husbands, but she has grown more wittily woman, if you know what I mean."

"Thank goodness I don't!"

"Pity—wish you did," he came back. "Can't define it myself, but it's some kind of sweetness, swiftly moving charm, never the same, always changing, suggesting another prettiness or loveliness of her self."

Francel flushed hotly. She was about to take that last step downward into the accusative vulgarity of jealousy which the proudest woman so frequently takes in one of these dire moments with her husband.

"I wish you had married her, since she is still so attractive to you," she said, letting him have the edge of that sword every woman carries between her teeth.

"Couldn't do it. She was in love with Stockton," he returned, letting her have the other edge of the same sword.

Followed one of those breathless silences which always falls upon the two victims who have just murdered each other for the moment. They had both forgotten the hapless John. Such was the physician's attitude to the patient. Such was Francel's remoteness to the man who, she realized, had always been in love with another woman. What she had not suspected until this moment was that Mary had had her choice. Hilmer had not married her because he couldn't! Oh, God!—and so forth and so on. This was not love she felt, but anguish, and she showed it. Her face was a pale rose, rain-drenched with tears, eyes fixed in passionate woe upon her husband.

He kept his gaze averted, as a skilful swordsman guards against the blade of his antagonist. So long as she could not poniard him with her sad two-eyed look of reproach, he had the advantage of his own cover and might continue the engagement to a successful issue; but just let her melt him with a tear and he was done for. If he was not mistaken he felt the presence of tears, and he was not half done with his chiropractic treatment of Francel's nerves!

"Hilmer," she exclaimed with a sob, "what is the matter?"

"Tired. What's the matter with you?"

"I suppose I am tired too," she said in the still small voice women use when they desire to touch the wriggling worm of a husband's conscience.

"We are both tired," he returned, ringing the changes sarcastically on this little staggering verb.

She perceived the challenge and feared to accept it lest he should tell her in so many words what tired him.

"Bored is more accurately what I meant," she explained.

"You are right about that," he retorted. "I can rest and you cannot. Being bored is a mental and moral disorder which comes from having nothing to do. Workers never suffer from that malady . . . I work and have a right to be tired," he went on after a withering pause. "Nobody has a right to be bored. That is a boastful confession of being worthless, at least to yourself. Now I——"

"Hilmer!"—as much as to say, "You forget yourself!"

"Now I can't afford to give up and pet myself if things go wrong"—lifting his voice, meaning that she could not strike her reproachful "Hilmer!" note and get away with it. "I'd lose my practise if I did. Got to take 'em as they come, sick, bad or indifferent. But a woman like you can quit and still have everything she wants."

"Not everything," she sighed.

The thrust pricked him. He lost his eyesight as a nerve specialist and blundered on where husbands flounder. She waited for him in that place, once more in perfect possession of her strictly feminine wits.

"Have I ever denied you anything?" he demanded virtuously.

"You deceived me," she charged.

He was taken unawares and flashed her a look that covered her like a conflagration.

"Every woman is deceived in her suitor, I suppose," she offered as explanation of what she had just said. "Else she would not take him," she added coolly.

"What do you mean? I was your suitor."

" 'Was' is right, but not now"—turning her face away as if this present, of which he was the living image, was too dreadful to contemplate.

"But now"—picking up her words where she had dropped them—"I am your husband, a more reliable and responsible relation, I can tell you!"

"That is precisely what I mean. You are just a husband. You provide for me."

"Don't I provide handsomely?"

"Yes, of course, the material things."

"Haven't I treated you with the consideration and respect a man owes his wife?"

"I suppose so"—indifferently, implying that such commonplace virtues in a husband were taken for granted among respectable people.

"Have you ever suspected me of any bad habits?"

"Heavens! No!" she cried, giving him two versatile bars of a laugh in C major ridicule.

He would come back to that presently, having recognized the mockery with which his virtues inspired her.

"Have you ever had occasion to doubt my fidelity to you?"

The vision and his version of Mary flashed through her mind, but she was not to be trapped into a confession of jealousy.

"Don't be ridiculous, Hilmer—of course not!" she replied too quickly for him to suspect the presence of Mary in her thoughts.

For some senseless masculine reason the manner of her retort infuriated him. She was that sure of him, was she?—bored to death, because she was the only woman in the world to him.

"How, then, have I deceived you?" he went on, having digested this evidence of her conceit.

"As a lover, I said. What I mean is that if women knew that husbands are not lovers, they would not take them."

"What would they take?"

"They would keep themselves."

"My eye, you would!" he snorted. "If I hadn't come to the rescue, you would have married that fellow Stockton."

"You have just been telling me how happy and devoted his wife is," she reminded him.

For the first time in his married life he felt the lightly flicking lash of jealousy. For women it may lead to anything from sad submission to cheating in love, but in men jealousy is always a virulent form of madness.

"Am I to understand that you are disappointed because I am not a dissipated husband?"

She let her lip quiver. No use trying to make him understand.

"That's it, whether you know it or not. You are not satisfied with the quiet good life of a peaceful devotion. You want a man who is never sane or sober, stakes half his fortune in a game of poker, who drives his car like a cheap sport, turns turtle in the road and has to be dragged from under it with a broken pate and a broken leg. You want to be kept at a high tension waiting and watching

for him when he is out of your sight." He leaped to his feet. "This is the reward I get for being a husband indeed!" he shouted, unconsciously using the widow's Scriptures. He went on muttering profanely.

Francel stood up, bent forward with her hands pressed to her breast, pale to the lips, quaking with fear and amazement at this conflagration of a husband. Never until this moment had she heard him utter a word of indecently strong language.

He was losing ground as a nerve specialist, but he had gained a cubit as a husband.

At last he gave her a bitter, brassy look and strode from the room. But with the theatrical instinct which flares now and then in the most ordinary person, he halted in the doorway, groaned, faced about, eyes cast down, a wretched, short figure of tragedy, and addressed her in the low, hoarse tones of a man saying farewell forever to love and honor.

"I have tried to spare you. I have kept everything, even my own life from you, cherished you, because, miserable man that I am, I wanted to make you happy. I have failed. Now you may as well know the truth." He seemed to struggle for terrible words. "I am not, never was the man you think you know. I am a confirmed dipsomaniac. Whenever I come home with my medicine case gaping you may know that I am intoxicated. I drink all night after you are asleep."

He heard a low moan, but went bravely on. "I am also a gambler. We no longer own the roof over our heads. Everything is mortgaged to pay my debts of honor except your jewels. I tried to play fair. Whenever I lost heavily I made you a present of equal value, because I love you so much. Your pearls, your emeralds and diamonds were all gifts made to balance our accounts. The vice gripped me. I cannot stop. At least you are safe, whatever happens to me. Your jewels are equal to a king's ransom."

"Hilmer!" Francel cried, coming swiftly toward him with her arms outstretched.

But the glorified Hilmer was gone. She heard the roar of his car outside.

He went first to his office. He could not afford to "kill his act" with Francel by stopping to make himself presentable before going on to the Stocktons', where he was due for a consultation with Flambert later.

The view he caught of himself in the glass above the lavatory as he entered gratified him. "Some brute!" he exclaimed, grinning.

He began furbishing up, letting out hoarse syllables of heavy laughter as he did so.

"Romantic complex," he snickered—"can you beat it? Lovely, charming woman like Francel suffering from a maiden's mental disorder when she's minus a lover, and doesn't know right now what ails her. Had a good husband, couldn't bear the monotony of being peaceful. Now she thinks she has a bad one, and she rises like a fish to the bait. Her happiness must be predicated in the shadows of anxieties, fears and possible sorrows. She is a gambler with her emotions for stakes.

"Wonder how many of my women patients come by their complaints the same way. Probably half of them. And a doctor can't cure a single one of them. Takes a husband to wring their hearts back in place.

"This talk of your modern woman about sex and sex and sex is all piffle. Got the word somewhere and don't know how to use it. They are not interested in sex. What they want is romantic adventures without paying for them in terms of sex. Any one of them will marry a wretch with her eyes wide open for the touching experience of reforming him. It appeals to their virtuous vanity."

Men have a secret sense of humor in the married relation. A husband who told the truth would almost surely make a comedy of his wife's biography. This is one reason why we never see such a book.

The moment the Nobels made their sensational exit from the dining-room, Forbes entered and began clearing the table. They did not ring for dessert, but from his station



"He Said My Teeth Were Diamonds in the Moonlight"

WE had just danced together for the last time. Dick's vacation ended the next day, so we went to the beach to talk a little . . . and to say goodbye.

"Helen", he said, after we'd found a seat on a fisherman's up-turned boat, "Your smile is the most joyful thing there is . . . your teeth are diamonds in the moonlight . . ."

I could have added "Thanks to Colgate's", but why give away one's beauty secret?

* * *

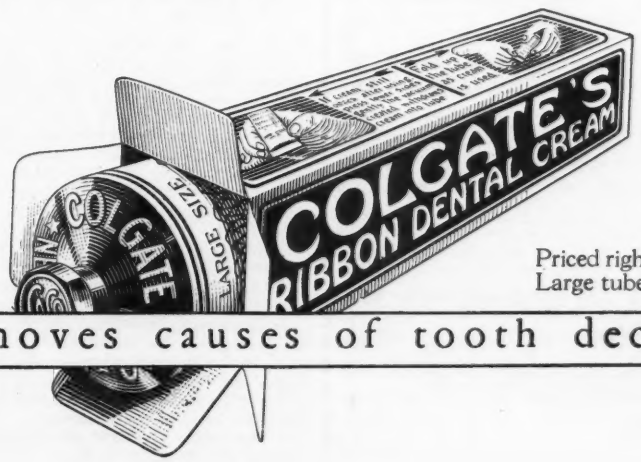
Do you possess the charm of beautiful teeth?

Do yours flash white and lovely when you talk and smile?

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream will make your teeth glisten gloriously. It will whiten them and bring out all their natural beauty. But more important . . . it will help to keep your teeth and gums healthy, for Colgate's foams into every hard-to-get-at place between the teeth and under the edges of the gums.

It washes impurities away, leaving your teeth and gums absolutely clean. The warm, dark interior of your mouth is an ideal breeding place for germs. But they can't lurk there and multiply, when you use Colgate's regularly. Colgate's literally goes right into their hiding places and *removes those causes of tooth decay*. Your mouth feels clean after using Colgate's . . . and it is clean.

You'll like the taste of Colgate's . . . even children love to use it regularly.



Priced right, too
Large tube..25c.

removes causes of tooth decay

Only this way is sure



NOTHING else can clean toilet bowls so thoroughly and surely as Sani-Flush. It does away with mops, pails and acids.

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush. Every mark, stain and incrustation is gone. The bowl is white and clean. Even the unreachable trap, so especially dangerous if neglected in hot weather, has been cleared of all sediment.

Always keep a can of Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom. Harmless to plumbing connections.

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

For reliable information about schools and colleges consult
THE COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
119 West Fortieth Street. New York City.



Kissproof Lipstick

Makes Alluring lips! Intriguing lips! Lovely lips! Used by America's leading beauties.



Kissproof Lipstick is a new color—so indescribably natural it defies detection! Gives your lips a soft, full color—a rich effect, compellingly beautiful.

Waterproof—Stays On

As you face your mirror and apply this dainty creation, you will behold lips more intriguingly lovely than you ever knew were yours!

At all toilet counters or direct 50c, or send for free samples.

Given

DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. C-117
3012 Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send free samples (enough for one week) of Kissproof Lipstick, Kissproof Rouge, and Kissproof Face Powder. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

☐ Ivory or Cream ☐ White ☐ Brunette or Rachel ☐ Flesh

Name.....

Address.....

Check Shade of Powder

just inside the pantry door, which was discreetly ajar, he had witnessed the best performance staged anywhere in Santa Maria that night. He was refreshed and elated. He wagged his gray head wittily at the recollection of Doctor Nobel's confession, and professed not to be surprised at these revelations. But why had he made them? Forbes was an observer, not a student of nervous disorders in women.

Everything was going very well, though Francel was pacing her room in a great state. Hilmer, of all men, leading a wild night life! Right now she did not know where he had gone. Never before had she felt the least anxiety when he was out in the evenings. She supposed he was attending to his professional duties as usual. But now everything usual about him had been rubbed out by that terrible confession. And he had left the house wild with despair. It was like raising the wind to think of such a word in connection with her husband. And it continued to blow through her mind like a gale, sweeping dulness and monotony before it. She did not know that she was enjoying herself. She said at last that she could not bear this suspense any longer. She must know what had become of her husband. Hurrying to the phone, she called the Stockton number.

"Line busy," central told her. She waited and called again. At last she had the wire.

"Is this you, Mary? This is Francel. How is John? . . . Oh, I am so glad. Then he can't be as badly hurt as the doctors feared. Is Hilmer there?" Hilmer was not there, but Mary held the line telling her how John had just recognized her and how she would certainly die if he didn't get well and so on.

Until this night it had never occurred to Francel to await the return of her husband. If he was out late he usually found her in bed asleep. But under the circumstances she felt obliged to stay up for him. She chided herself for having been so negligent in the past. Men couldn't bear being watched; still, they must be watched. They were poor weak creatures who must be guarded by their women. If only she had realized this sooner with Hilmer—but she never dreamed he was "that kind of man." She had always thought of him as an able one, absorbed in his profession. She stared at the bracelet on her arm, a beautiful thing set with diamonds. His last present to her. She remembered the casual way she had received it. Now she realized the tender motive back of the gift and wept. It is astonishing what gallant, sentimental things a man can make his wife believe, because to believe flatters her.

The interminable hours passed somehow, and it was after midnight before she heard Hilmer's car. She flew to meet him.

"Hilmer, darling," she cried, flinging herself in his arms, "forgive me!"

"Forgive you?" he repeated, turning up her face to kiss it and study it. He perceived that she had been weeping and she wanted to be forgiven. This was being more successful than he had intended.

"I was afraid you would never forgive me," he added, reciting his lines mournfully.

"It has all been my fault, dearest. You are really the best man in the world, and from now on——"

"Yes, from now on you will love me a little, even if I don't deserve it," he whispered tenderly.

"You deserve everything. You are precious. And from now on I am going to take care of you. I shall be so close to you that you—will be strong, Hilmer!"

He was faintly alarmed at the closeness and tightness of her resolution. Having lost his reputation with her as a sober, dependable husband, he hoped to retain a few of his manly liberties. But what he said was:

"If you will only stand by me and trust me, Francel, I'll win out. That's what I need."

The last man living will insist upon being trusted by his wife whether he or anyone else does it or not.

But Francel was silent. She had caught sight of his medicine bag. It sat on the floor beside them gaping more widely than usual.

She withdrew from his embrace, eyes fixed upon his face in a wild, tragic stare.

"What's the matter?" he asked, amazed.

"Have you been—drinking, Hilmer?"—barely breathing the question.

Good Lord! he thought, had he let himself in for this?

"No, why?" he asked.

"Your bag—it is open!"

"Oh, that!" he laughed, relieved. "I went by the office and stuffed it so full of bandages for Stockton I can't close it."

She took his word for it in spite of his other word, given earlier in the evening, and the supporting evidence to confirm it. The good woman will always show the same confidence in her man. It is the other kind who never believe anything a man tells them.

They walked arm in arm like lovers down the hall.

"How is John?" she wanted to know.

"Better. He'll pull through. But Mary is all in. That frail type, you know, can't stand the gaff. She'll look like a withered old woman in a year, the gait John is making her go."

Francel thought so, too, and never again recalled the glowing description Hilmer had given of Mary at the dinner-table. But she resolved to go down-town first thing in the morning and have her hair bobbed. She had been such a fool, thinking Hilmer wanted her to wear it long. Men didn't really know what they liked in their women. It was for the women to find out and do it!

A Dog Worth Fighting For (*Continued from page 41*)

Bean's was, this night, a very happy place.

It would be between nine and ten, with two hours of liberty yet to go, when Alfred Tupper and the melancholy Mike got down that far; they had started at the other end of town. Mike had been ugly all evening, and both he and Alfred showed wear. Alfred had found it necessary to carry him; he wouldn't lead at all, in spite of his collar. But this far, luck had been mighty kind to Alfred; in Panama, where Mike was known for two cruises, no person had recognized him. They raised the lights of Billy Bean's and paraded to the bar.

It was a good night at Billie Bean's. Besides the regular customers, a big English boat was in, carrying some hundreds of Irishry out to Australia, on a settlement scheme. The fo'c's'le of a Norwegian was present in a body, large, crop-headed fellows drinking *aquavit*. Most of the Benlothians were there, and other merchant chaps were represented. The front bar was rather crowded, and the dance-hall behind was paying for itself.

Alfred Tupper set Mike upon the bar and did something secret, and Mike got on his hind quarters and barked. "Hi, mite," said Alfred to the gentleman in the white jacket, heartily, "me little friend 'ere, 'e says 'e'll 'ave a spot o' Old Tom. An' a spot fer meself, eh? No fears about tiltin' the bottle—right-o!" Alfred flung small coins on the bar and shot his slug down. "Ow, ye don't fancy yours, wot? No fear, I'll tike it—never waste good 'Ollands, wot?" And he wiped his mouth and began a long account of his little friend. "Mite, hit would bloody well hastound you, the store I set by that there tyke. Like brothers, we are—like brothers. There's few tykes like him——"

"Where'd you get the mutt?" cut in the bartender, with a narrowed eye.

"Mite, I'll tell you. Last run, there was a lidy—bleedin' lidy of quality, she was—Alfred Tupper nimes no nimes," began Alfred with a smirk, "on our little packet, an' she——"

"Huh!" said the bartender.

Mike, still erect, kept an uneasy eye on Alfred. From the arbor came a gust of song—a hundred men yearning thunderously for Sweet Adeline. Mike rolled his eye that way and shivered violently . . . And a fellow lounged alongside and said:

"Man, it's a grand tyke ye have, that same. Meself, I'm all for the beasts. Sittin' on his hunkers like that, would he be knowin' any tricks, now?"

Later Mike sat in the center of a table, among beer mugs, and wretchedly made sport. And two petty officers drinking near-by said:

"Amoosin' mutt, that. Kinder like the mutt the marines uster have aboard—they lost him sommers. What was that mutt's name, now?"

Private Jones was not one of the big men of the guard; when the guard formed for ceremonies, his squad was more than half-way down from the right, where the first squad ran six feet three or so. But what there was of him was very compactly put together. He had been out for air; the property sergeant had said to him, like a father:

"Now, listen, Jones—you're gettin' tight. Now you just get outer here an' run around the block a couple times."

He was returning with his head cleared. He passed the group at Mike's table—Mike had muffed one, and was being corrected—and he came to a full halt.

"Say, guy, where'd you get that dawg? I said, where'd you get 'im?"

Mike had been standing stiffly with Alfred's cap on his nose; now he whirled around. Alfred caught him a cuff and cursed. He told this sunburnt bloke in khaki where he could go, him an' his tight pants an' his tin-pot nivy, too—blowin' in on a hartistic ak like this here.

"Lissen," repeated Private Jones earnestly, overlooking personal insults, "that's our dawg. That's Mike. Of the Marine Guard, U. S. S. ——"

Mike whined very pitifully and quivered; Alfred Tupper snatched at his collar and Jones saw.

The closest way to Alfred was across the table, and Jones took it. The table overturned, with other matters; Mike barked, one of the dance-girls screamed, and Alfred said nothing whatever, because Private Jones himself was using his windpipe. The jolly merchant seamen at the table picked up chairs and danced around the pair on the floor, watching for an opening; they didn't care about Alfred Tupper, but they resented militarism. Others jammed in on the pair, catching up chairs, bottles, steins, anything; espepecially the Irishry. They didn't know what it was all about, but they had hopes.

It was the narrow-eyed bartender who whispered to the bar-boy; that volatile Jamaican scuttled back to the arbor, and immediately thereafter a wave of Marines rolled silently through the door at the flank of the long bar and waded in. The fo'c's'le of the Norwegian finished their *aquavit* and rose to a man, baring huge freckled arms. People crowded in from the dance-hall; odds and ends from the harbor bore a hand, and the girls took refuge behind the bar, squealing.

In an instant, the place was a perfect hell; pacifists there present went away; *Rhon Istmeño* is no friend to peaceful folk. Bottles sang through the air; chairs and tables crashed into ruin; a stool flung by a huge Marine ripped down the array of bottles behind the bar, from an enfilading direction, smashed the big mirror, and caught Billy Bean, entering from the dance-hall to investigate, square on the bows. Billie Bean, a robust person, roared like a lion, caught up a bung-starter and came into action with complete impartiality.

The astute bartender, from under the bar, sent his Jamaica boy for the police, the naval patrol and the Special Service Squadron, if the last happened to be available. All at once there were uniforms in the street doors; a lieutenant with a black arm-band blew piercingly on a whistle. And the gunnery sergeant of the guard, who had climbed on the bar for observation, thought fast; he made a dive at the switch behind the bar and pulled the lighting. In the breath of comparative silence that followed the sudden dark, a great voice spoke:

"All right, M'rines—get clear—hold everything—patrol's aboard—back to the ship, all hands!"

There is nothing like military discipline, even in a barroom row. When the furious Billie Bean found his lights again, two or three Marines who had been engrossed in their work to such an extent that they had not heard their orders, were all the patrol officer netted. The Marines stated that they had been attacked and were defending themselves; would the patrol officer please take care of them? The Panama police made numerous captures, and the fine new bastile of Panama city was a populous place that night.

It is just a dash from Billie Bean's place to dry and orderly Balboa, as you go down to the docks. The first sergeant shepherded his men on the Balboa road, and squad leaders checked up.

"We'll just shove on back," said the first sergeant, nursing skinned knuckles. "Any casualties? And did anybody find out what it was about?"

"Word was passed some of these here merchant marines beatin' up a gyrene, all I heard."

"Well, it was a good scrap, anyway. Who was it, gettin' beat up—an' how come?"

"Damfino. Tell you what I did. 'You Scowegian devil,' I says, an' wit' that I hit him."

"Say, one guy was all set to massage your dome wit' a table leg, an' I kicked the seat of his pants right up between his shoulders, I did. Say!"

"Jam like this, chair makes the best weapon in the worl'. Not too heavy, an' you hit a guy wit' a chair, you're bound to land somewhere—can't guard off a chair."

"Sargunt, sleeve's tore right out of my new blouse—English khaki—survey it for me, line of duty, will you?"

"Wait till Skipper sees it—Skipper'll be mad as——"

"Aw, the Skipper! First thing he'll say'll be, who licked——"

"Jus' the same, better get back an' tell the Lootenant about it first, an' let him tell the Skipper."

"Hi! Who's that there?"

Private Jones had withdrawn early, and with a reason. He stood up now under a street light, where he had been effecting running repairs, and he yelled: "Gang—it's ole Mike! I got ole Mike back—lookit! Know who had him? That Limey son of a——"

The yell that followed brought all the motorcycle cops in Balboa. And shortly thereafter the flagship guard went down the road in column of squads, closed up and keeping step under their non-commissioned officers, all present, including Sergeant Mike, and roaring out: "From the Halls of Montezuma":

"If the Army and the Navy
Ever win to Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded
By United States Marines . . ."

S. S. Benlothian entered the Canal on the first run next morning. The fo'c's'le cook was in his galley, trying to carry on with two ruined deadlights and a throat that was almost ruined for practical purposes, besides other bruises and contusions of a painful nature. He had lost his dog, and his shore-going duds were fit only for brass rags. He is still wondering just what happened, and why, and he will always cherish a sense of injury against those bloody Yankee Marines, one of whom assaulted him, all for nothink, mind you—just for nothink, the bleedin'—— He didn't notice, when S.S. Benlothian swung across the flagship's bows, a little black dog among the people on her fo'c's'le, trying hard to tell his folks how glad he was to be back in his own place . . .

Why the Ever-Ready Blade gives more and better shaves

A



B

A SHAVING edge, to be perfect, must be *hollow ground;* and a blade, to be hollow ground, must be *heavier.* You can see that the Ever-Ready Blade (A) is staunch in cross-section, that it is reinforced with a metal backbone, and that it provides ample steel for hollow grinding to a super-keen and durable edge.

Contrast its sturdy cross-section, shown above, with that of an ordinary "wafer" blade! (B)

Ever-Ready blades give perfect shaves, and retain their keenness longer, because of the modern principles on which they are built. Buy an Ever-Ready Razor and a package of these remarkable blades—and see what real *pleasure* they give you!

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Blades



Make These Lovely Things Yourself

For Profit and Pleasure



Earn money at home, this fascinating new way, in spare time—through membership in Fireside Industries, the national organization of artistic home-workers!

THIS is the most delightful work you could imagine: you will enjoy every minute you devote to it. Many people do it solely for the artistic pleasure they get in creating beautiful things. But it also *pays surprisingly well*, for there is an enormous demand for art novelties. Many of our members make $20 to $50 a week, and have built up profitable businesses from small beginnings.

Think of decorating a pair of candlesticks, for example, requiring only an hour's work, and realizing a profit of $2.00. What other work could be so interesting, and pay so well?

What a member earned

"My total sales fo the holidays were $187.98—a profit of $126.75."

Henriette Worthington

No Special Ability Needed

The co-operative association of home-workers known as Fireside Industries now has openings for a limited number of new members. This is your opportunity. Find out how you can secure a membership. The work is easily learned, and a perfect joy to do.

You have only to follow the simple directions given by Gabriel Andre Petit, the Art Director, and you easily learn the latest methods of decorating wooden toys, parchment lamp shades, novelty painted furniture, book-ends, greeting cards, batik and other lovely objects of art. Through Mr. Petit's perfected system, the work becomes extremely simple, and you are furnished a complete outfit of materials, worth at least $10.00, without extra cost. You can start making money almost at once.

Money Back Guarantee

What thousands of others are doing in Fireside Industries, you also can do. So sure are we of your success in this fascinating work, that we guarantee to refund your money in full if, after completing your instruction, you are not entirely pleased. You take no risk whatever.

Send for Beautiful Book

The beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, explains all about this new way to earn money at home. It will be sent you, absolutely without obligation. Just mail the coupon, or write, enclosing 2c stamp to help pay postage. But do this at once, while openings for new members are available. This opportunity may not occur again.

Fireside Industries Dept. 23-K, Adrian, Mich.



Fireside Industries
Dept. 23-K, Adrian, Mich.

Please send me the book on Fireside industries, which explains how I may earn money at home by decorating art novelties; also particulars of your money back guarantee and special co-operative privileges. I enclose 2c for postage.

Name .....
Write Plainly in Pencil

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Understanding Heart (*Continued from page 103*)

we will not have to drag his wife into court at all."

"I do hope so, Tony."

"While Bentley was here I got him to sign Uncle Charley's will as a witness. Bob has already signed it, but of course I cannot file the will for probate until Bob is disposed of. The editor of our local palladium of liberty will never annex any editorial laurels, but he has horse-sense, and he'd want to know how come an escaped convict to sign that will as witness. Bentley would be smeared officially, but of course when Bob surrenders Bentley will be regarded as a rare sport and a good fellow for having trusted him.

"You're a smart Tony!"

"Thanks. How's the patient?"

"Improving rapidly and much more cheerful than he was. The nurse is gloomy. She wants to tell the world all she knows and I'll not permit her."

Garland laughed. "So she knows things, does she?"

"Oh, yes! She's a very intelligent woman—almost as smart as I am, Tony." And Monica laughed with him. "She's very nice, really. Highly civilized, that's all, and thinks too much about her duty to society. How are things with you, Tony?"

"Better than I expected. The chief ranger gave me a roast for deserting my detail the day of the fire, but excused it when I told him I had gone up to look after you. By the way, Bentley took his horse and outfit home today. Baldy looks a bit banged up, but he'll make a hand again. May I ride up for dinner tonight?"

"Oh, do, Tony!"

"Thanks. I'll start now."

He arrived with a fawn across his saddle. "He's a late spring fawn, Monica," he declared. "See, he isn't out of the spots yet. He lost his ma in the fire and he was so hungry and tired he just trotted right up to me and told me about it down the trail a bit. Let's introduce him to Pansy."

They did—with gratifying results—and put him to bed with Pansy. "If he and your dog make friends, now, you'll have a nice pet to amuse you," he told her. He slipped her hand into his as they walked back from the barn. "Pretty embarrassing living with Old Sleuth, isn't it?" he queried.

"No, it's embarrassing for Old Sleuth to have to live with me. And Bob despises her. Just as soon as he is able to sit my horse I'll dismiss her, and then she can talk to her heart's content."

"I'm glad you're not that kind of woman," he told her tenderly. His arm went around her shoulders. "What a treasure you are! You just naturally know what it's all about and never ask questions." His right eyebrow went up whimsically. "I'll bet King Solomon's most popular wife conformed to your specifications, Monica. Old Sol must have been fed up on the garden variety when he prayed, 'Lord, give me an understanding heart.'"

"Silly! Why, everybody knows Solomon was using poetic license when he said that. He wanted the Lord to endow him with an understanding mind and a kind, democratic nature. He wasn't thinking of a perfect wife at all, because in those days a man didn't require a perfect wife. The man was the head of the house then and whenever one of his wives spoke out of her turn she was banished until she learned her lesson."

"I think you're wrong," he persisted gaily. "Solomon got so tired banishing them that he prayed for one he wouldn't have to banish. What he craved was a wife who would study his moods and respect them. Whenever he set himself to do some ground and lofty thinking he hated to be disturbed, but it was a heap of comfort to him, after having concluded his knotty cerebration, to have somebody say, 'Solomon, dear, I think your decision is the acme of wisdom.'"

"And of course," Monica added, "Solomon, being an egotistic male, would swallow that compliment hook, line and sinker."

"By the way, Monica, I was over to Dogwood Flats yesterday and met Thurlow again. I told you over the phone all about my conversation with him the night I left Bogus. He asked me yesterday when I was going to file Uncle Charley's will for probate. He said he'd heard I was pretty busy and offered to drive me over to Montague in his car when I was ready to go. Well, let's go in and look old Bob Mason over. I suppose when his hide heals, he'll be a pinto, won't he?"

In his office in San Francisco, Henry Jethroe, president of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company, sat studying a blue-print map of Monica Dale's section of auriferous land and Bob Mason's Honey Valley ranch, when John Thurlow was announced as being in the general office and desirous of seeing him.

"Of course. See him immediately," Jethroe told his secretary. His tones were freighted with heartiness.

Thurlow entered. "Hello, John," the president greeted him cordially. "What brings you down here off the job?" He shook hands with the superintendent and waved him into a large easy chair.

"I'm not down here off the job, Mr. Jethroe," Thurlow corrected him. "On the contrary, I'm very much on it. I don't like the turn our deal for that Canfield section is taking. I wrote you, of course, that the old man had died suddenly, just after we'd traded but before I could secure a deed from him. Well, at the time of his death up at the lookout station on Bogus Peak a young forest-ranger named Anthony Garland happened to be present. It appears there was considerable of a fire in the San Dimas that day and he'd gone up there to look after the Dale girl, who keeps the lookout. Old Canfield took a sudden queer shine to this ranger, who wrote out a will. Canfield left everything he had to Monica Dale, his old partner's daughter. The ranger, Garland, told me about the will the night following Canfield's burial."

"A delay, of course, but not necessarily a fatal delay, John," Jethroe replied cheerfully. "While I am aware that the Dale girl, being smarter than old Canfield, may hold us up for a greater price, I do not anticipate that she will resist us indefinitely. She dislikes the company, of course——"

John Thurlow permitted himself a sly little smile and Jethroe, observing it, smiled too. "Perhaps it would be better to say that she dislikes the president of the company," he corrected.

"You're practically the company," Thurlow reminded him.

"No sensible person bites off his nose to spite his face," Henry Jethroe resumed. "When old Canfield's estate has been probated and the girl comes into possession of that land we want, I'm certain she'll listen to reason."

"I doubt that, Mr. Jethroe. She wouldn't listen to reason when you approached her on the subject last year, thinking she owned the property. She told you she'd rather starve on Bogus than sell that land to the man she held responsible for Bob Mason's conviction and sentence to life imprisonment. She didn't even give you an opportunity to make her an offer then."

"Quite so, John, quite so. But time cures vindictiveness, even in women. I concluded to wait a year. I felt that another year on Bogus would work a change in the girl's outlook on life. Solitude and loneliness are productive of thought—rather straight thought, usually. I believed she would eventually come to the conclusion that her resentment wasn't worth the price she was paying for it."

"I don't think money had anything to do with it. Until Bob Mason should decide to sell you Honey Valley, to be used to impound the débris when we commenced sluicing down

that hill section, the girl felt she had to stick by her guns—to decline to desert a friend, particularly when that friend was, as she believed, wrongfully imprisoned. Of course," he added, "she's a mountain-girl and born with an undue capacity for cherishing resentment. I gathered from Uncle Charley that the real reason she wouldn't sell was because she feared, if she did, the company would proceed to impound its débris in Honey Valley without bothering to acquire title to it from Mason."

Jethroe chuckled comfortably. "Not so far off the target at that," he admitted. "Once we succeeded in partially spoiling Honey Valley, we'd have the Débris Commission after us, of course. When Mason heard what we were doing he would have his attorney complain to the Commission, and we'd be stopped. But Honey Valley would have been ruined and all Mason could do then would be to sue us for damages—a pretty difficult battle for a man in state's prison. He'd surrender and sell us Honey Valley at a fair price rather than fight us. He couldn't afford the expense of litigation! Remember also the man has a small son and he must provide for the child's future. That consideration alone would break down Mason's resolution not to sell in order to defeat my plans. Men do some pretty straight thinking in the solitude and loneliness of prison cells." Jethroe winked comically. Evidently he was well pleased with his strategy.

"Would you have done that to Mason?" Thurlow queried.

"Certainly. Why not? The Hercules Company has too much money invested in equipment to consider pulling out of that country merely because the lands we at present own or lease will shortly be cleaned up. Mason can get more money for his property from us than from anybody else, and if he will not listen to reason—well, I think we're justified in using a little pressure."

"You used some before, did you not? At his trial?"

"He had murdered your predecessor in cold blood, and I made the issue a personal one. Should anyone murder you, John, I would exert every effort to convict the murderer."

Thurlow shrugged. "Of course, Mr. Jethroe, it all happened before I entered your employ, but frankly I have yet to meet anybody in that country who doesn't sympathize with Mason—who doesn't believe my predecessor on the job got exactly what was coming to him."

"A difference of opinion is responsible for horse trades," Jethroe quoted. "How did you happen to discover the girl didn't own the land, after all?"

"Well, when you despaired of purchasing that land yourself, self-interest indicated that I should get on the job. The Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company pays me twenty-five thousand dollars a year and I disliked very much the thought of losing that position when the company should discontinue operations, due to its failure to secure more desirable ground on which to operate. You will recall that the Dogwood Flats post-office is in the general store of the Hercules Company and that our store manager is the postmaster. Recently the store manager was ill for a few days so I acted as postmaster and in that capacity I observed that Uncle Charley Canfield had secured a postal money order in favor of the county tax collector for the sum of six dollars and forty cents.

"Inasmuch as land in the vicinity is assessed at ten cents per acre I jumped to the conclusion that Uncle Charley must own six hundred and forty acres or one section. I had a curiosity to ascertain its location because it occurred to me that if the old man paid taxes on a section of land he was not using, it was because he believed it to be mineralized, for land without gold in it was just rocks and dirt to Uncle Charley. So I drove over to the county-seat and looked up Uncle Charley's holdings on the assessment books; when I checked the description—section, township and range—with the map, I saw he owned the hill section

FREE:

A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Four Simple Ways to improve your skin —NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C. B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep—at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply *must eat* each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). *Then* use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple, common sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blotches, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind- and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her, but insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arm, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



Lovely Skin

in two weeks —this easy way

See blemishes go—skin grow lovely. Here is beauty insurance!

HERE is a *simple*, NEW *method*. One that thousands of beautiful women have used for ten years or more.

Lovely skin is so important to your beauty. *Now every woman can have it*—quickly, easily. This way, every woman can appear 5 to 10 years younger. For blemishes do actually vanish—*often in two short weeks!*

Read the four common-sense beauty secrets in the column at the left. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

You and your friends will notice—**a remarkable improvement within two weeks.** And remember: **You need only one cream . . . —Ingram's**

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
Windsor, Ont., Canada — 340 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream.





Society Scorns Her Gray Hair

Gray hair used to give a woman "distinction." Today, it only makes her conspicuous. Stamps her as old-fashioned or neglectful. *Because gray or jaded hair is now unnecessary.*

A pure liquid so clear you'd mistake it for water, will *restore* the rightful, natural shade of your hair. Applied in one-half hour! Countless women use it—most of whom would rebel at crude dyes or stains. So, it's folly to let any tell-tale streaks of gray remain. Besides, this happy discovery leaves hair in lovely condition.

If you will remember the name Mary T. Goldman, you can forget gray hair from this day. For your druggist has her marvelous hair color restorer; or mail coupon:

Complete Test OUTFIT FREE

MARY T. GOLDMAN
Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. (3C)

Send me the demonstration outfit FREE and POSTPAID. **Mark color of hair with X.**

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Medium Brown
☐ Auburn (dark red) ☐ Light Brown ☐ Light Auburn (light red)
☐ Blonde

Name.....

Address.....

Mary T. Goldman's

Hair Color Restorer that Leaves No Artificial Look

BUNIONS

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The lump vanishes as though by magic. THEN YOU WILL HAVE SHAPELY FEET.

SENT ON TRIAL

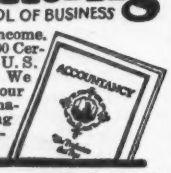
For your own relief, so you can prove results and recommend it to your friends, I will gladly arrange to send you a box of PEDODYNE Solvent to try. No obligation. Just say—"I want to try Pedodyne."

KAY LABORATORIES
186 N. LaSalle St., Dept. P671 Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for inspection and Instructions Free. Terms Reasonable.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.
753 Ninth Street Washington, D. C.

Accounting —THE CONTROL OF BUSINESS

Accountants command big income. Thousands needed. About 6,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many earn $5,000 to $20,000. We train you thoroly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training is supervised by Wm. B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., assisted by staff of C. P. A.'s. Low cost—easy terms. Write now for valuable 64 page book free.



This Book FREE!

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 855-H Chicago

you hoped to buy from Monica Dale, because you thought she had inherited it from her father. I discovered that Ashforth Dale never had owned the property, so I concluded the story that Uncle Charley had sold the land to him was a smoke screen put out by Uncle Charley for some secret reason. He was a curious old chap and nobody ever knew why he did anything. He loved to appear rough and tough and mysterious."

"Very interesting—very," Henry Jethroe murmured, and drummed on his desk with his pudgy fingers. "As soon as this information came into your possession you wrote me that you thought you could close a deal for that hill section for half a million dollars, but—you didn't tell me old Canfield owned the property."

"No, I didn't."

"You induced the Hercules Company to deposit half a million dollars in escrow in the Siskiyou County Bank for thirty days, against the deed, in fee simple, which you hoped to obtain for the land."

"Yes, I wrote the company to that effect, urging that action."

"But why half a million? You knew you could get it for a quarter of that sum from old Uncle Charley. In fact, the old fool would probably have dropped dead if you had offered him ten thousand."

"Well," Thurlow replied frankly, "the property, in my opinion, wou'd have been dirt cheap at ha'f a million, and you had told me once that the company would willingly pay a million for it, if it had to."

"Nevertheless it was up to you, as an employee of the company, to buy it as cheaply as possible for us, John."

"I agree with you, sir. An employee should be loyal."

"Absolutely. Well?"

"When you wired me to secure a deed in the name of James P. Rigdon rather than the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company, Mr. Jethroe, I was mildly curious. I discovered that Mr. Rigdon was your attorney—not the attorney for the company. Further investigation developed the fact that the company's money had not been placed in escrow against the deed, so I concluded that half-million dollars was your money. The Board of Directors of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company knew nothing about the deal. Although a dummy, I am one of the directors!"

"But you knew all about it, John."

"The other directors did not."

"Well, is that any of your business?"

"Not particularly. However, under the circumstances, I concluded that my activities in the matter could no longer be regarded as official. Personal, rather. Yours were personal, you know."

"As you intimated a little while ago, I am the company."

"You own fifty-one percent of it, but you're not the company."

Jethroe's fist smote his desk sharply. "What I say goes," he reminded Thurlow. "How much did you offer old Canfield for that property?"

Thurlow smiled enigmatically. "When I realized that you contemplated buying the property through your attorney and then using your authority, as controlling owner of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company, to sell it to the company at a profit of one hundred percent, I decided that no ethical reason existed why I shouldn't make some money on the deal for myself. I was not negotiating for the company, but for the company's president. Had I been acting for the company, open and aboveboard, or even under cover, I would have turned the property over to the company at the actual cost price. But when you tried to delude me into the belief that I was acting for the company, whereas in reality it was your own private deal, I made up my mind to two things—and one of them was that the day the deal should be closed, that day you should receive my resignation as the company's superintendent."

"Indeed! I thought you said a moment ago that you revered your twenty-five thousand dollar a year job."

"I revere a twenty-five thousand dollar a year job, but not yours—not the job it was in your power to give me and in your power to take away. Frankly, Mr. Jethroe, I do not relish working under your type of business man."

"I understand, John. It was your idea that you and I should divide equally whatever profit might arise from the deal, was it not? Well, I'm a reasonable man—even when it hurts to be reasonable." He smiled archly at the superintendent, who ignored this tentative feeler and resumed.

"During my régime at Dogwood Flats I have heard a great deal about Uncle Charley, the late Ashforth Dale, his daughter Monica and that unfortunate wretch, Bob Mason. I had an idea Uncle Charley wasn't going to live very long. He was very old. Man, he must have been more than ninety, and I knew his old heart was beginning to go back on him. I saw him carry a sack of flour out of the general store one day and after he had dumped it in the tonneau of his flivver he leaned against the car for about five minutes, head down and shaking like a leaf. When I went out to see what ailed the old man I discovered he couldn't talk; he was breathing stertorously and trembling; his face was pale green and he appeared on the verge of a collapse. *He looked frightened.* A heart attack makes anybody speculate on immediate death—and Uncle Charley was nobody's fool.

"I had a suspicion then that if I offered him a good price for his land he'd forget his animosity to you and sell. There are no pockets in a shroud and he couldn't take the land or his dislike of you into the grave with him. Uncle Charley had horse-sense. He hated you for the part he thought you played in hiring special counsel to prosecute that man Mason, who killed my predecessor at Dogwood Flats, but—Uncle Charley loved that Dale girl as if she was his own daughter. Monica Dale was always his little gal. Why, they tell me that when Uncle Charley went over to that tunnel and found his partner there dying, with his chest caved in by a rock that had fallen off the roof of the tunnel, his grief was such that half the men in Dogwood wept in sympathy with him. He and Ash Dale were boys together in the Confederate Army.

"I knew Uncle Charley was a white man. A cleaner, finer old sport never drew the breath of life. So I knew he'd sell at a price that would represent a huge fortune to Monica Dale. I knew he would want the money for her. And I wasn't disappointed. He did! Then the poor old fellow died and spoiled everything. I've got that executor to deal with now, if I want to buy the property from Uncle Charley's estate, and I've got him to deal with when I attempt to buy it from Monica Dale after the property comes into her possession."

"All very interesting, John," Jethroe agreed, "and all excellent business reasoning, even if it does appear mixed slightly with unbusiness-like sentiment. What did you offer Uncle Charley for the land?"

"A hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"In heaven's name—why? John Thurlow, you must be crazy. He never agreed with Ashforth Dale that the land was worth exploiting."

"That is true. When Uncle Charley acquired that land he had an idea it was valuable, but after he and Dale had driven that tunnel and failed to develop anything spectacular, Uncle Charley lost faith. Ashforth Dale did not. However, as I have said, Uncle Charley was nobody's fool, and of course the instant I came to deal with him he knew the land looked good to the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company. He would have declined a trifling offer and fenced with me. And I couldn't afford that. I believed the old man had but a short time to live—and I wanted to close the deal immediately. Moreover, I disliked being niggardly with that Dale girl."

"The Dale girl didn't enter into the

proposition at all," Jethroe cried angrily. "You and I were the only persons to be considered."

"Oh, yes, she did enter into it. I would have taken the long end of a big bet that she was going to be Uncle Charley's heir—and I wanted to see her fixed for life."

"You're in love with her," Jethroe charged.

John Thurlow smiled. "The man whose heart wouldn't go out to that girl would be just about ten percent human, Mr. Jethroe. I felt I could afford to be generous—with your money."

"Of all the impudence!"

"Wait! You haven't heard everything yet. You realize, of course, that when a man has no capital he must operate on brains. If I had succeeded in buying that land from Uncle Charley for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars and selling it to you for five hundred thousand, my profit would have been three hundred and fifty thousand, while yours would have been half a million."

"The two profits combined total eight hundred and fifty thousand," Jethroe reminded him, "and half of that is four hundred and twenty-five thousand. You aren't a business man, John Thurlow. You're a sentimental fool. You held the high hand and you played it like a dunce."

"Death held the high hand, Mr. Jethroe. I would have been satisfied to make three hundred and fifty thousand dollars off you, but an additional seventy-five thousand dollars in graft from the company that employed me would not have been to my liking. You see, we engineers have a code of ethics. We're loyal to the pay-roll."

"But I was the pay-roll—I am the pay-roll."

"You," said John Thurlow firmly, "are Henry Jethroe."

"Enough of this infernal fencing. We understand each other. If you can still put that deal through with Monica Dale, after she comes into possession of the property, I'll give you half a million dollars for your option."

"That is no longer possible, I fear. You see, if I had been enabled to make that three hundred and fifty thousand dollars before Uncle Charley died and left his hundred and fifty thousand to Monica Dale, it was my plan to court Miss Monica and, if my luck held, to marry her. I think," he added thoughtfully, "that I should have derived a great deal of happiness from the task of trying to make that girl happy. As a poor man, however, I would not have attempted the task. I am still involved in debt due to a little flyer in a mine which I took on my own three years ago and I'd never ask a superior woman like Monica Dale to marry me and scrimp and sacrifice to help me bury my dead horses."

"Unselfish sort of chap, aren't you?" Jethroe sneered. "You try my patience sorely, but still I will be patient. If you find it possible to put the deal through with the girl later on, will you put it through?"

"Yes, for the mining company, but not for you. And the price to the mining company will be one million dollars, all of which sum will be paid to Monica Dale. Of course as the agent in the transaction I will exact a commission of five percent, which will put me out of debt, and I have no reason to believe Miss Dale, or the executor of Uncle Charley's estate, will object to this legitimate charge."

"I apologize to you, John. You're not the fool I thought you were. Why trifle with a paltry three hundred and fifty thousand dollar profit when you can marry a million?"

"You're off on the wrong foot again. I'm not going to marry her. That young forest-ranger, Anthony Garland, the executor of Uncle Charley's estate, is the lucky man. And while I have only met him once, he struck me as such a fine, clean, decent chap I can't even work up a healthy jealousy of him."

"How do you know he's the lucky man?"

"He told me so."

"Well, I'd find out for myself if I were you."

"The suggestion is unnecessary. I shall. I never admit a sound thrashing until I've been counted out."



For men—
after shaving
If you want real skin comfort after you shave, smooth on a little Frostilla Lotion after washing off the lather. It gives a cooling, soothing feeling and prevents any chance of dry skin.

Will your complexion *suffer this summer* because you lack this *new understanding?*

ALL over the country are women who know the secret of keeping the skin of their face, neck and hands as white, as satin smooth and lovely as their body skin.

These women are the thousands who have read how Frostilla Fragrant Lotion could counteract "unequal ageing"—*unequal* because the body skin usually looks years younger and prettier than the skin of face and neck and hands. During this past winter, countless women who had known of Frostilla Lotion chiefly as the famous lotion for keeping hands soft and white began to get the same beautiful results by applying it regularly on their face, neck and hands.

If all your skin were protected by clothing always, it would all be as soft and white as your body skin. For the tiny skin glands create a natural moisture that will keep your protected skin supple and smooth—but not enough to keep *exposed* skin the same way. Exposed skin needs an extra amount of natural moisture. Frostilla Lotion can supply it. For Frostilla Lotion is the same as this natural moisture—"precious moisture" we call it.

In hot weather you expose your skin more than in cold weather. You are outdoors more, you never wear coat collars buttoned up close about neck and chin, your sleeves are shorter, your dresses are more open at the neck. More than in winter, even, is your skin in danger of being dried and toughened by wind, by dust, by sun. More than ever do you need Frostilla Lotion regularly, to supply enough "precious moisture" for keeping your complexion soft and smooth and white.

Try Frostilla Lotion now, in these hot summer days, and then keep the habit right through the year. Trial bottle, free. Mail coupon now.



Two sizes—$1.00 and 35c.
The larger bottle is the more economical to buy as it contains more than three times the 35-cent size. Sold everywhere in the U. S. and Canada.

Frostilla
Fragrant Lotion

THE FROSTILLA COMPANY, Dept. 208, Elmira, N. Y.
Please send me your free bottle of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion, the lotion that keeps skin soft and young in Nature's own way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Why didn't your story go over?

TAKE your manuscript out of its envelope and reread it. It lacks only the professional touch to make it sell at two, three, even five cents a word. That "touch"—elusive as it may seem to you—can be taught; and the Palmer Institute of Authorship can teach it to you. No matter how many stories you have failed to sell . . . how many thin, curt rejections have disheartened you—if you have potential writing ability, the Palmer Institute can discover it, develop it—enable you to write stories that sell. They offer short story training as personal as if the successful novelist stood at your desk while you write of Jeremy, perhaps, or droll sad Mabel; and helped you lead them to a logical climax. For details, send coupon. *No salesman will call upon you.*

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif. 35-H
CLAYTON HAMILTON, *President*
FREDERICK PALMER, *Vice-president*

Please send me, without any obligation, details about the course I have checked.

☐ Short Story Writing
☐ English and Self-Expression
☐ Photoplay Writing

Name.....

Address.....

All correspondence strictly confidential

Have you a Child to Educate?

You can teach your child yourself right in your own home easily and satisfactorily.

Thousands of children in this country and abroad are being educated by the Calvert unique correspondence method. Courses from pre-school years to high school. The headquarters in Baltimore supply the instructions, furnish all books and materials, guide, correct and grade the work.

Operated on the most advanced methods of child education, the courses are the same as those given in the famous Calvert Day School in Baltimore. Write for free booklet. Address Registrar.



CALVERT SCHOOL
Founded 1897
157 West 40th Street
Baltimore, Md.

Weddings

Ask for loan of handsome portfolio of engraved samples of **Wedding Invitations, Announcements, At Home, Church, Visiting Cards, etc.** 12 different, modern, correct styles. Perfect workmanship. Reasonable prices. Direct from Nation's Capital. With Portfolio, will send FREE valuable book, "Wedding Etiquette". Tells all about correct procedure to avoid embarrassment. *Write quick.* No obligation. *Est'd 80 yrs*
HAUSLER & CO., Dept. C-8, Washington, D. C.

Send For Sample Portfolio

NEW SHAVING MACHINE



ENDS BUYING BLADES

BIG PAY *to* DEMONSTRATORS

Amazing new invention gives keen, velvety shaves forever and no more blades to buy. KRISS-KROSS—the marvelous blade rejuvenator—prolongs the life of any-brand razor blade for months and even years. Cleverest machine you ever saw. Fits right in palm of your hand. Entirely automatic. Men everywhere say it is almost human. Absolutely different! Sells on sight. Brings salesmen the biggest money of their lives.

Get Details Quick! KRISS-KROSS offers surprising profits. H. King made $66 in one day. C. E. Conklin made $22 in 2 hours. We show you how. Send for details and special extra profit offer. Write today.

RHODES MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. K-930
1418 Pendleton Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

Jethroe carefully cut the end off a fresh cigar and pondered awhile. "Well, John," he resumed presently, "this conversation has been extremely frank and illuminating, even if it has got us nowhere. However, you have overlooked one trifling detail. The Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company will not buy the young lady's land."

"Then it can junk its equipment, because there is no other land available for it to hydraulic. It cost the company a small fortune to get that equipment in over those mountains and it will not spend another fortune to haul it out. I shall form a corporation to purchase Miss Dale's land and Bob Mason's Honey Valley, and then the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company will sell my company its equipment there on the ground."

"That sounds reasonable. But how do you know you can secure Honey Valley?"

"Because Monica Dale owns it. Bob Mason has given her a deed to it and that deed was recorded yesterday by her friend, Anthony Garland. In talking with Garland recently I learned that Miss Dale had the deed. Mason gave it to her just prior to his conviction, to be held by her in trust for his little son. I advised Garland to induce her to record it So I'm holding a pat hand. How many cards do you crave to fill that bob-tailed flush of yours, Mr. Jethroe?"

The last vestige of anger fled Jethroe's face. He threw back his head and laughed with the utmost good nature. "You have another apology coming to you, John," he declared gallantly.

"Don't bother to make it. How would you like to enter into an agreement with the Canfield estate now to purchase that land for one million dollars? I think I can negotiate such a deal—on behalf of the company, not Henry Jethroe."

"I'm inclined to think you win, John. In fact, I'd almost bet on it. However, there are numerous angles to consider in this singularly angular situation, so suppose you permit me to do some thinking before I give you a definite answer. Meanwhile, remain in town a few days and enjoy yourself. You've been stuck up in that remote country for nearly a year without leaving it. You should attend a few good shows and forget this mining deal for a few days."

John Thurlow gravely laid an envelop before his chief. It was addressed to Jethroe, who opened it and discovered it to be Thurlow's resignation. "There is no necessity for this," the latter declared.

"I fear there is, Mr. Jethroe. I have never been dismissed from a position in all my life and I shall take no chances now. Besides, the job is a bit dirty, and I can see you're figuring on trying some other means of acquiring that property."

Jethroe's full face flamed brick-red and his eye glittered angrily. "Well, John," he said with a heavy effort to be pontifical, "after that unjust and recalcitrant speech nothing remains for me to do save accept your resignation, which I do. Go back to Dogwood Flats, close up your accounts, pay yourself your salary to date and pull out with your straw suitcase and your old tin trunk."

"Thanks. I've done that already. I left my assistant in command and when you choose to send your auditor up to look over my accounts you'll find them in perfect order. By the way, you'll note my new address on that resignation. That's where I'll be when you send for me to put over this mining deal for you. I wish you joy of Anthony Garland."

Jethroe smiled an enigmatic smile. "I'm not worrying about him. Good-by, John. Good luck to you. I wish you that because I think you're going to need it."

Thurlow bowed gravely and walked out.

The month Monica spent on Bogus with the nurse and Bob Mason was one of alert watching. Whenever she left the cabin to go to the barn or to feed her chickens she was careful to note the exact angle at which the bell-crank on the telephone was set, and also the exact position of the receiver on the hook. If the nurse should endeavor to use the telephone, Monica must know it at once.

At the end of the third week Mason was able to get out of bed and walk gingerly around the yard—after dark. In Montague, Tony Garland had purchased an outfit of clothing for him. Thereafter he sat all day in the living-room and gave the nurse no opportunity to use the telephone, and inasmuch as Monica and the nurse occupied cots in the same room at night the former felt convinced of her ability to keep the secret of Mason's presence on Bogus until such time as she no longer cared who knew it.

She had left Mason in the living-room one day, reading, while she went down into the meadow below the house to catch up her horse. Upon her return she found the patient sound asleep in the rocking-chair and in the nurse's eye a look of serene triumph. One glance at the telephone showed that someone had used it. But Monica said nothing, preferring that this self-righteous nurse, this self-appointed upholder of the law, should not suspect that her action was known. For nearly three hours Mason slept heavily in the chair—so soundly, in fact, that Monica suspected the nurse of having given him a small dose of veronal or some other equally potent sleep-inducer.

Toward sunset the nurse stepped outside for a brief walk through the woods below the cabin. The instant she was out of the yard Monica spoke to Bob.

"After dinner, Bob, when you go outside for your nightly exercise, continue right on to the barn. You will find my horse there, saddled. It's a trifle too soon to start you back to San Quentin, but beggars can't be choosers. That catty nurse has been using the telephone, and I suspect Chief Ranger Casey will be up bright and early tomorrow morning to collect you and, incidentally, the reward that goes with you. Therefore, you will ride down off Bogus tonight to Tony Garland's new station at the eastern end of Tantrum. You'll see the light in his window and probably he'll be out to meet you on the trail. I'm going to telephone him now. Tony has taken possession of Uncle Charley's old flivver and fixed it up. I will give you some money and tomorrow morning, after Tony has watched the Bogus trail and seen Chief Ranger Casey riding up, you will hop into the merry old flivver and start for San Quentin. By the way, did that nurse give you something to drink, Bob?"

"Yes, she gave me a jolt of Uncle Charley's moonshine."

"Did it taste queer?"

"Who can tell nowadays whether liquor tastes queer or otherwise? Besides, she made an egg-nog of this one."

"She put you to sleep, knowing I depended on you to remain awake while I was out of the cabin. Now we have to outsmart her. Leave Uncle Charley's flivver in the prison garage and as soon as I'm fired here I'll come down and drive it back. I always did long to travel."

He smiled at her pathetic little jest and proceeded to make ready for his departure. About eight o'clock the moon came up and Mason declared he would go outside and stretch his legs. Half an hour later Monica turned to the nurse.

"I have decided not to detain you longer against your will, Mrs. King," she informed her. "You have served your purpose and tomorrow I will have Ranger Garland come up and take you and your baggage down to the foot of the trail. An automobile will meet you there and take you out to the railroad. I will give you my check and when you get to Montague Sheriff Bentley will identify you and aid you in cashing it."

Mrs. King bent her head in acquiescence.

"As for your patient," Monica continued, "he begged me to present his apologies for his failure to thank you for that devotion in the exercise of your profession which always, in the case of persons as clever as yourself, transcends the mere monetary considerations involved. Mr. Mason also begged me to say good-by to

you. He has discharged himself as cured and fared forth into the night on his own lawful occasions." Monica smiled indulgently. "I thought he had better go before the chief ranger should arrive to arrest him."

"Indeed. When will the chief ranger arrive?"

"Right after breakfast, my dear. You ought to know. You telephoned him."

The nurse flushed but made no answer.

True to Monica's prediction, Chief Ranger Casey rode into the yard about nine o'clock next morning. Monica met him there.

"Too late, Chief," she greeted him cordially. "The bird flew last night. He has other plans and couldn't wait for you."

"Then it is true, Miss Dale, that for upward of a month you have been harboring a man you knew to be an escaped convict?"

"Certainly. You knew I'd harbor him if he came to me in distress. You told Sheriff Bentley not to telephone me to be on the lookout for him the day they trailed him through the San Dimas with bloodhounds."

"Well, I must confess my amazement, Miss Dale——"

"Nonsense, Chief! Don't be silly! I knew you'd be here this morning, so I put him on my horse and sent him away last night."

"Do you know where he is headed?"

"Yes—and I'll not tell."

"I shall have to report this defiance of law and order, Miss Dale. You have evidently forgotten that you are a member of the United States Forest Service."

"Not at all, Chief. I'd rather be disgraced in the service and be dismissed than be guilty of the greater disgrace of failing a good and faithful friend in time of his greatest need. I think enough of Bob Mason to sacrifice for him. Now go home and tell that to Mrs. Casey, and when the order for my dismissal reaches headquarters, telephone it to me."

"But you are guilty of a misdemeanor, at least, in aiding and abetting an escaped convict."

"Well, before you pronounce judgment, Chief, suppose you take that question up with Sheriff Bentley. Wouldn't it amaze you to discover that Bob Mason has been Sheriff Bentley's prisoner all this time and that the sheriff, knowing Bob couldn't escape, left him in my charge?"

"But he has escaped," Casey protested.

"Who told you that?"

"Well, of course, I thought——"

"Ditch that train of thought and light for an hour or two. What's the gossip down below?"

The chief ranger stared at her heavily for several seconds, then his face lighted with a broad smile. The joke was on him and he realized it; like a good sport he had to acknowledge it. He dismounted, dropped his reins and sat down on the bench under the sugar-pine.

"The least said about this whole affair the better for all concerned," he admitted. "After all, I don't know whom I could secure to take over your job here."

"None so poor to do me reverence, Chief. Thanks. Just don't say anything to anybody—particularly to your wife, who doesn't like me. She's discussed me to my detriment already."

The chief ranger sighed. "Everything in this world would be pretty good if the confounded women would only mind their own business," he declared.

"Do you hear that, Mrs. King?" Monica called mischievously to the nurse, who had come out to join them.

"That's the thanks I get," Mrs. King declared with dignity.

"You should have remembered," Monica chided her, "that the first bearer of unwelcome news hath but a losing office." She excused herself, stepped inside to the telescope and searched the green expanse of Tantrum Meadows far below. Presently she made out Bob Mason scurrying down the Meadows in Uncle Charley's disreputable car and thrilled when she realized he knew she was probably watching him, for she saw him face toward Bogus and wave his hand in farewell.

The MOUTH *of* YOUTH



Smiling freely, sure that your teeth are attractive

Confident, gay, after using Pebeco, because you know your mouth is sweet and clean—can never offend other people. "Pebeco every day," says a golf enthusiast, "keeps one's mouth feeling fit. Its aftertaste is as tingling as a clean drive down the fairway."

Yours—so long as you keep the tiny mouth glands young

KEEP the six small mouth glands young and active—and your gums will always be firm, your strong, white teeth safe from decay.

It was especially to stimulate these mouth glands as well as to polish your teeth, that Pebeco was made from an important invigorating salt.

Brush your teeth with Pebeco. You can detect its pure crystals dissolving, leaving a pungent, slightly salty tang. This very taste and instant freshening tell you your mouth glands are getting the proper help.

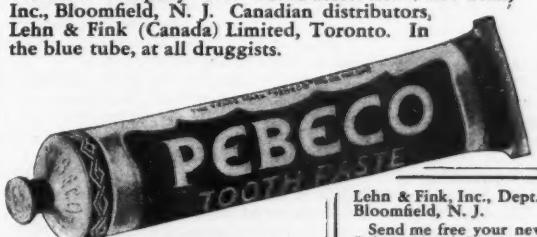
Pebeco keeps your entire mouth, clear back to the throat, pure and sweet—gloriously young and healthy!

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn and Fink Products Company. Sole distributors: Lehn and Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Canadian distributors, Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto. In the blue tube, at all druggists.



Why the important mouth glands slow up

The numbers above show where the three mouth glands are on each side. The easily swallowed, soft foods we eat cause them to slow up from lack of exercise, even when quite young. Then decay begins. Pebeco contains the important salt that keeps them active.



FREE OFFER

Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. N-2
Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

PEBECO *keeps the Mouth Glands young*

An hour later Anthony Garland rode up the trail leading one of Uncle Charley's little pack-mules with a stock-saddle on it.

"What are you doing here, Garland?" the chief ranger demanded.

"Oh, Tony's been committing a misdemeanor or two himself," Monica answered for him. "He brought the nurse up from below and now he's here to bring her back. He's such a nice, obliging neighbor, is Tony."

Tony bowed low in his saddle. "I have a hired flivver at the foot of the trail, Monica," he announced. "Produce the duty-bound lady and I'll be off."

When he rode away with the nurse Chief Ranger Casey rode with them and for the first time since the day before the fire Monica found herself alone on Bogus again. But the great loneliness was gone, never to return. The mournful sighing of the wind through the tops of the pines, the weird scream of a hungry she-panther in the dead of night, the silence, on still days, that is like the thunder of many guns—all these had lost their power to shrivel her soul. Her Prince Charming had found her, even on the crest of Bogus, and all was well with the world.

Having dispatched the much relieved Mrs. King to the outside world, Anthony Garland rode back to his new ranger station and found John Thurlow awaiting him.

Garland greeted his visitor with no outward evidence of surprise at finding him there. "How are things over at Dogwood Flats, Thurlow?" he queried.

"I don't know. I'm not at Dogwood any more, Garland. I've resigned my job with the Hercules people."

"The way some folks throw good jobs away beats my time," Garland replied humorously. "I suppose you've got a better one."

"No, I'm bone idle."

"Well, I dare say you have something better in view."

"I hope so. It'll have to be a pretty poor job or it will be better than the one I've had."

"But it's gossip hereabouts that you're a twelve-thousand-dollar-a-year man."

"No, twenty-five thousand. But that isn't enough money to pay me to sit in on a conspiracy to rob a lone woman—and an orphan girl at that. I'm not that hard up—so I quit. I told the chief he'd have you to deal with now and that when he was ready to close with you, representing the Canfield estate or Miss Dale, he would have to make a noise like a million dollars."

Tony Garland's inquisitive eyebrow went up. "And did the mighty Jethroe lend an attentive and sympathetic ear to that suggestion, Thurlow?"

"Oh, yes. Of course the new deal upsets all his cherished plans to buy the property from me, after I had bought it from Uncle Charley, and sell it to the Hercules company at a profit of half a million dollars. But when he discovers he cannot deal personally he will buy the property for the company. I tried to get him to agree to have the company enter into an agreement of purchase with the estate now, but he shied off. I thought he would. He wants to prowl around the proposition; if he can't go directly through it he'll try to find a way over it, under it or around it. Failing that, he'll run up the white flag."

"What leverage did you employ to plant the idea in his mind?"

"That will—and Miss Dale's ownership of Honey Valley."

"Man," Garland reminded Thurlow, "don't you know I dare not file that will for probate? It isn't a will, I tell you. Uncle Charley died before he could sign it."

"Well, I signed it for him, didn't I? Suppose he didn't sign it. The will was all written out ready to be signed and Uncle Charley had given it his approval, hadn't he? Won't you take a chance and file it? I'd do that much—for her," Thurlow added simply.

"I'd do it, too, if it was worth while. But it isn't. One of the witnesses is an escaped convict, Bob Mason, and I fear the judge would look upon him askance. The other witness is Sheriff Bentley, and Bentley has a certain reverence for his oath of office. My only hope is to prove Ashforth Dale owned the land at his death; that he bought it from Uncle Charley and paid for it, that Uncle Charley issued to Ashforth Dale a deed which has been lost and which has never been recorded. If I can find that deed everything will be lovely. If I cannot find it but can find evidence that such a deed was given, it will hold up the probate of Uncle Charley's estate until I have exhausted every hope of finding the lost deed. I'm a great hand for banking on my luck and the future, Thurlow."

"I think you're right, Garland."

"Why did you urge me to induce Miss Dale to file for record that deed to Mason's ranch?"

"It constitutes a trump. Uncle Charley's land is no good to the Hercules people unless the company also can secure Honey Valley in which to impound the débris. The cheaper the company gets Uncle Charley's land the greater price it should be forced to pay, proportionately, for Honey Valley."

"Well, that will be nice for Bob Mason, if he ever gets out of prison and if he should not, it will be nice for Bob's son. But Monica Dale does not share in that profit."

A look of childish helplessness overspread Thurlow's plain features. He was silent for several minutes. "I still think that if you file that alleged will you can get away with it," he persisted doggedly. "Now that Jethroe knows Miss Dale controls Honey Valley he will not be likely to antagonize her by opposing the will."

But Garland only shook his head. "It's a great temptation and we could get away with it if we didn't balk at perjury, but——"

"I wouldn't balk at Hell to help that girl," Thurlow declared. "I wish you'd trust me. I'll never betray you, Garland. I give you my word of honor I am no longer in the Hercules employ nor will I ever be again while Henry Jethroe is its controlling owner."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. It behooves me to seek another position quickly. It seems I cannot be of any help to you, so I think I'll be off in the morning. I'll write you my permanent address later, and in the event that Miss Dale should succeed in establishing her right to that land, I wish you'd communicate with me before accepting any proposition from Jethroe or his company. I may be able to do much better for Miss Dale. I want to, very much, if possible." He gazed out across Tantrum Meadows, his big, useful hands clasping and unclasping. "I want to make a call on Miss Dale," he announced presently. "Would you mind lending me your horse for a couple of hours?"

"Certainly you may have my horse, Thurlow," Garland answered heartily, and went to catch the horse and saddle him.

"Now, I wonder what that strange chap is up to," he soliloquized as John Thurlow mounted and struck out across the Meadows toward the Bogus trail. "Well, I suppose I may as well unmask the enemy's batteries. I'm going to file Uncle Charley's will and see what develops in the Jethroe camp."

Two hours later Monica Dale, hearing the sound of hoofs in her front yard, came to her cabin door and looked out. From the back of Tony Garland's horse a stranger lifted his hat to her with great respect.

"Perhaps you do not readily recall me, Miss Dale," he said. "I'm John Thurlow, until recently the superintendent of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company at Dogwood Flats."

Monica smiled a welcome. "Oh, yes, I remember you now. Tony Garland was telling me about you recently. Have you called to see me with reference to that mining land? Because if you have, Mr. Thurlow," she added, "I'll have to refer you to Mr. Garland."

"Mine is not a business call," he replied, and dismounting, walked up to the door. "My peace of mind has been more or less disturbed since I first saw you, Miss Dale. Dan Cupid shot a keyhole in my heart that day. Of course this is not news of any particular interest to you, but my peace of mind is of considerable interest to me. I want to ask you a question on a subject which is none of my business and my only excuse for asking it is because I'll feel better when it's answered, no matter how you answer it. May I ask the question? I do not mean to be impertinent."

"I am certain of that, Mr. Thurlow. Ask your question."

"Are you in love with Ranger Anthony Garland?"

Monica flushed. "Yes, I am, Mr. Thurlow."

He grinned—a twisted grin. "Well, that lets me out. May I not congratulate you on your tact in placing your affections in such a responsible, reliable, decent, manly quarter? I wish you all the happiness in the world that robs none other, Miss Dale. Thank you."

He lifted his hat, climbed on Garland's horse and without further ado, rode away. He had reached the little gate before the girl could recover her wits. Then she called to him and he looked back. "Thank you, Mr. Thurlow," she said. "I think you're mighty nice. If anything should ever happen to Tony, won't you come back?" And she threw him a kiss.

"God bless you and keep you," he called, and threw the kiss back to her.

Monica sighed. "Men are such strange creatures," she decided.

As for John Thurlow, hesitation and doubt were no longer his portion. He had come straight to headquarters for certain information necessary to his peace of mind and he had received the information. Even as he disappeared around the shoulder of Bogus he knew that he would leave Siskiyou in the morning. He was not crushed. He had, merely, dreamed a little, wistful day-dream, and he had not awakened still in the thrall of it. Merely a little heavy-hearted, shot with the poignant ache of disappointment, that was all. He was not a man given to feeling sorry for himself.

As John Thurlow had surmised, his erstwhile chief, Jethroe, had decided, in view of the altered status of his plans, to eliminate the former as his go-between. The Hercules company had about a year's work on auriferous lands in the Dogwood Flats district and while this ground was being hydraulicked, a well-organized and briskly conducted campaign might save his company considerable money, not to mention the diversion to his personal account of a few hundred thousand dollars which otherwise would have gone to John Thurlow. He could afford to lose any number of John Thurlows, but decidedly, he could not afford to lose that auriferous land. He had the equipment on the ground and hence could afford to make better terms than any competitor; indeed, he occupied a strategic position which might well influence a possible competitor against developing an interest in the property should Garland strive to stimulate competition.

His first move was characteristic of his code of business procedure. Strangely enough, it did not occur to him to scrutinize a copy of Uncle Charley's will. He took it for granted that the will was quite in order and immediately began an inquisition into Uncle Charley's antecedents.

This latter task he turned over to an efficient detective agency, with instructions to find a relative or an unsatisfied judgment against Uncle Charley. Surely (he reasoned) no man could have spent a lifetime in mining without having become involved in some sort of litigation, and out of a vast personal experience he knew one does not always win his lawsuits.

Great was his relief when the detective agency finally rendered its report. It had spent a few thousand dollars of Jethroe's money investigating Uncle Charley's life from the cradle to the grave, and in the records of the Superior Court of Shasta County it had unearthed the record of a suit for divorce against one Minnie Temple Canfield. From this record it appeared that an interlocutory decree of

You Live Every Day—Meet Every Day —Unhandicapped

In this NEW way which solves women's oldest hygienic problem so amazingly by banishing the insecurity of old ways, and adding the convenience of disposability.



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse



Easy Disposal
and 2 other important factors

(1) No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



(2) Utter protection — Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



(3) Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

OTHER women have told you about Kotex; about the great difference it is making in their lives.

Now from the standpoint, both of practicing nurse in charge of more than 500 women and girls . . . and as a woman myself . . . I urge you to try it.

It converts most trying situations of yesterday into the mere incidents of today. You can wear your most exquisite things, your sheerest frocks and gowns without a second's thought. Once you try it, you will never again use a makeshift sanitary pad.

Eight in every ten of the representative women of America have adopted it. Highest hygienic authorities advise it. *Virtually every great hospital in America employs it.*

These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Kotex also deodorizes by a new secret disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—*and in your health.* 60% of many ills, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by
West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue



Wavy—Curly Glossy Hair

By Edna Wallace Hopper

The thousands who see me daily on the stage know how my hair waves and glows. It seems doubly abundant because of the curl. Nearly every girl and woman who sees it would like to have hair like mine.

But I never go to a hair dresser. I have never had a Marcel wave. I simply apply a hair dress which experts made for me. Neither you nor I will probably ever see anything else to compare. It makes the hair curly, keeps it in place and gives it a lovely sheen.

This hair dress is now known as Edna Wallace Hopper's Wave and Sheen. All toilet counters supply it at 75c per bottle. It will bring you added loveliness more quickly than anything else I know. Send the coupon for a trial bottle. My Beauty Book will come with it.

For Trial Bottle A-2C

of Wave and Sheen, mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Name.....

Address.....

Earn $100 a Week Profits in Advance



Sell Gibson extra fine men's made-to-order all-wool suits at $31.50 direct to wearer. Regular $55 values. **Biggest commissions paid in advance,** and liberal extra bonus to active salesmen. We deliver and collect. 6x9 cloth samples (over 100 styles—all one price) and complete outfit in handsome carrying case, furnished to ambitious men who want to earn $100 weekly. Write today

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc., 161 W. Harrison St., Dept. V-632, Chicago

Sell Us Your Spare Time

Hundreds of men and women are earning substantial sums every month by merely taking care of new and renewal subscriptions to Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazar and our other immensely popular publications. You, also, can easily earn

$1.00 an hour—or more

with our pleasant money-making plan during your spare time. No experience is necessary. Full particulars and all supplies sent you absolutely free.

-----Mail This Coupon Today-----

Dept. 826, Cosmopolitan,
119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without obligation, full particulars of your easy money-making plan.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....**State**.....

divorce, on the grounds of desertion, had been granted the late Canfield on August 16th, 1898, but a further search of the records to date had failed to develop the fact that Canfield had ever applied for and received final decree of divorce.

Jethroe was exultant. In the eyes of the law Minnie Temple Canfield had been Uncle Charley's wife—if she was still living—to the moment of his death! If still living, she was his legal widow!

Within ten days he had found her, a gray-haired woman of sixty or thereabouts employed as cashier in a Sacramento restaurant. To interview her, acquaint her with the legal issues involved and incite her to action in the hope of a monetary reward which, to her, represented a small fortune, was a trifling task for Jethroe's astute representatives. Within three days after she had been found she had resigned her position, under a promise of adequate financing, and entered a suit in the Superior Court of Siskiyou County contesting the validity of Uncle Charley's will and claiming the entire estate as the sole legal heir of the deceased.

The suit of Uncle Charley's relict alleged undue influence on the part of Monica Dale and Anthony Garland and mental incompetency on the part of the testator. She had engaged as her counsel one of the best-known lawyers in the state.

A process server came out to the San Dimas and served a copy of the complaint and a summons in action against Anthony Garland, as executor, and then rode on up the trail to Bogus to serve a similar complaint and summons on Monica Dale. Long before he had reached the lookout station, however, Garland had telephoned the news to Monica.

The girl accepted the situation with her characteristic stoicism. "Just some more of the Dale luck, Tony," was her sole comment. "Do you think you can oppose the suit successfully?"

"No, I cannot," he told her frankly. "The opposition counsel will be certain to question us all very minutely concerning the circumstances of Uncle Charley's death and they will make a strong point of the fact that he was actually dying when he made his will. They will hint to the judge that a conspiracy was an easy matter in view of the circumstances. They will claim that since Uncle Charley had never bothered to obtain a final decree of divorce, that argued his hope for a reconciliation and that wife of his will probably swear that from time to time he made overtures for such reconciliation. And, of course, if she is still his legal wife, she occupies a strong legal position."

"I'm sorry you filed the will for probate, Tony. Since I have to lose I'd rather not have been in the fight."

"My darling old sport, I didn't file it for probate. I filed it merely to uncover Jethroe's plan of campaign."

"But what good will that knowledge do us, Tony?"

"None, that I know of. Still, information isn't a heavy thing to carry about with one. I like to discover things on the off chance that the information may prove useful some day."

"By the way, Jim Kerby, the district attorney, was up to see me yesterday," Monica said irrelevantly. "He called to thank me for the care given his baby."

"What else did he have to say, Monica?"

"Not very much. He's still very despondent over his wife's death. He spoke rather feelingly of his great debt to Bob Mason. I was going to tell him how he could pay it, but decided to leave that to my lawyer."

"I'm glad you did, Monica."

"Have you commenced your efforts to secure Bob a new trial?"

"No. A new trial is impossible. Bob was regularly convicted. His attorney appealed from the decision of the Superior Court but the decision was confirmed by the Appellate Court, sentence was then duly pronounced and so much time has now passed that there is no legal method of reopening the case. The only thing Bob can hope for is a full pardon from the governor of the state; consequently, my job is to adduce so much evidence tending to prove that Bob *was* unjustly convicted and that he did kill in self-defense, that the trial judge and the district attorney will become reasonably convinced that there has been, after all, a miscarriage of justice. If possible I will try to convince the jury that convicted him. My next move will be to induce judge, jury and district attorney to present a memorial to the governor, together with proper sworn affidavits touching on the newly adduced evidence, and under those circumstances it seems reasonable to presume that the governor will do the humane thing."

"Oh, Tony, if you only could!"

He laughed softly. "Well, to start, we have the district attorney in a reasonable frame of mind. He will not require an undue amount of convincing, and the trial judge is interested solely in seeing that justice is done.

"If necessary to do so I will, personally or in company with Sheriff Bentley, canvass the county and secure the signatures of every man and woman in it for Bob's pardon, and restoration to his citizenship rights. I'll try to get the county press interested and perhaps the county officials may consent to write strong letters to the governor. My real ace in the hole, however, is Bentley. He constitutes the Republican Party in Siskiyou, he knows his power and he isn't bashful about using it—in behalf of a friend. Poor old sheriff! He never will get over the fact that he chased Bob Mason with dogs."

"Oh, Tony, you're such a comfort to me!"

"I want comforting you to be my lifetime job, sweetheart. Until I met you I was in a way of being contented with the small things of life. A long spell of illness such as I experienced is apt to destroy one's lust for competitive effort. And I had no one to consider except myself, my needs were few and simple and I loved my job. But now—well, I've got to go down to the immense and contemptuous world again and start my battle with men."

"And must I remain here?" she pleaded.

"Until I can return for you, dear. And yet," he added exultingly, "I'm almost selfish enough to be glad Jethroe will succeed in defeating you. I've been worried. I'm so poor and it seemed you were going to be so rich——"

"Hush, Tony darling. Don't be silly. If the money meant that I should be condemned to solitude and heart-break and loneliness—if it meant that I should lose you, I would gladly give it away. You told me you loved me, Tony, didn't you?"

"Yes. And I do."

"And I replied that I loved you too, didn't I?"

"I'd have perished if you had not."

"Well, that ends the argument. I can live in a tent with you, if need be, and be happy."

"Hurrah for our side! Well, we'll make a good fight together, honey, even if we should get whipped. By the way, I've just had an inspiration. I've thought up a good use to which to put the information I uncovered by filing Uncle Charley's alleged will. Have you ever played dominoes, Monica?"

"Yes, of course. I've played them with my father and Uncle Charley till the sight of a domino set irritates me even now."

"Well, you recall how an adroit player who starts the game with a good hand can block his opponent by playing his hand well—cutting him off at the corners by playing a series of one number, well knowing his opponent has no such corresponding number in his hand to offset the play. In that case, the opponent must draw from the bone-yard for the corresponding number and if he does not get it the good player wins the game and counts a number of points on his opponent's dead hand. Well, I'm going to send Henry Jethroe and the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company to the boneyard. With Honey Valley in my control I have him pinched off on one corner—and if I get control of that alleged widow of Uncle Charley's I'll pinch him off at the other corner."

"But how will you be able to control that terrible woman? She's a mercenary, heartless

person. Uncle Charley often told me about her."

"More cheers! That information makes the pinching off process much easier. I'll get that decent man, John Thurlow, to see her immediately, find out what Jethroe has offered her for her land in the event she secures title to it from the Canfield estate—and then offer her more. I'll play Thurlow and Jethroe to the point where one or the other will have to retire—and if Jethroe finds himself in the position of having to pay a huge price for the hill section and Bob Mason declines to sell Honey Valley—why, Jethroe will be the first to surrender."

"But that will not help us to get rich, Tony."

"No, but it will be a heap of satisfaction to our side. Once Jethroe is out of the running Thurlow will retire too, and leave the designing woman to twiddle her thumbs and curse the day she ever mixed up in high finance. The situation—the real situation—will then be explained to her; she will be thoroughly disgusted, probably financially embarrassed—and in the long run she will sell for whatever she can get out of it. Then you, Mason, Thurlow and I will form a mining corporation, Thurlow will finance it—and we'll gamble with that property ourselves. Thurlow will play the game with us because he will know we are on his side and that we control Honey Valley. I tell you, Monica, without Honey Valley in which to impound the débris, that land isn't worth five dollars an acre!"

"Oh, Tony, you're so wonderful!" Monica assured him.

"I'm not so wonderful that I count my chickens before they are hatched," he warned the girl. "All we can do is fight with all the weapons at our command and take the blows standing."

"I think you love a fight, Tony."

"I love a fight for you," he reminded her. "*Adios, mi vida, mi corazon.* Tomorrow is always another day. Don't worry. Let Jethroe do that."

Monica and Tony reach the end of the Rain bow (or is it only the beginning?) in the dramatic conclusion of Peter B. Kyne's *novel of the Great Forests*—Next Month

Seven Bad Men

(*Continued from page 109*)

present for her to gaze upon whenever she looked down at him. He was wearing his first breeches that day, made after the fashion of this raw country where there were plenty of men's clothes to refashion and no dry-goods stores. He was standing beside her in front of the drug store, with his feet wide apart and his cheeks agleam like two newly polished apples. His eyes were big with wonderment and eagerness; they were fixed on the red wagon in the window.

Then, as she watched him, there came the sudden realization that he had slipped from babyhood to boyhood knowing nothing of those festivals which loom so large in children's lives. So she smiled down at him and told him how, once a year, there comes to every little boy his birthday and, when she had explained the meaning of the anniversary and its custom of present-giving:

"Yours will be here in just a little while," she said, "and if you are a good boy, why, when you wake up that morning, maybe you will find this red wagon beside your bed."

It was in her mind to tell Big Bob about it before the afternoon was over, so that he could make the purchase and smuggle it into the buckboard; but that was the day Hank Graham and two of his crowd killed Jack Flagg from ambush and she did not see her husband until long after dark. On their way homeward while her small son was sleeping on her lap she had her first chance to bring up the subject of



Society never winks at this *weakness*

WHAT qualities must a woman have to be a social success—beauty, grace, culture, wit? Society appreciates these but it has never yet closed its doors to the woman who lacks them.

The seeker after social popularity may be utterly without distinction in a dozen ways—in features, family, personality; she may even lack discretion. Yet social success may be hers!

But there is one thing that puts her under a tremendous social handicap—

One thing without which no woman can live up to a man's ideal of her—perfect personal cleanliness!

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that perspiration odor and moisture have kept more women from a coveted social position than any other one thing. Yet how many women fail to see when they fall short!

If girls and women—yes, and men, too—could only understand that soap and water cannot counteract this disagreeable thing! Special measures are necessary to keep the underarms always dry and odorless.

The one perfect precaution now regularly used by millions is the underarm toilette—Odorono!

Odorono, you know, is a corrective of *both* perspiration odor and moisture. It was formulated by a physician and has been used for years in hospitals by physicians and nurses who know its antiseptic qualities and understand its scientific action.

A clear, clean liquid, Odorono is as delightful to use as the daintiest toilet water. You need apply it only twice a week to enjoy absolute assurance of perfect underarm cleanliness. Never a trace of odor or moisture; never a stained garment!

Such a little thing and yet it means so much! Adopt the underarm toilette *now;* have for yourself the ease and comfort of mind its regular use means. Get a bottle of Odorono at any toilet counter; 35c, 50c and $1 or sent by mail postpaid.



THE ODORONO COMPANY
388 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Canadian Address, 468 King St., West, Toronto, Canada

RUTH MILLER
388 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, O.
Please send me sample of Odorono and booklet for which I enclose 5c.
Name.....
Address.....

NOTE: *If you would also like to try Creme Odorono, a delightful new creme which corrects odor only, send 5c additional.*



Careful Womanhood's Beauty Secret

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing **LAXATIVE**
Chew It Like Gum

A dainty, modern way of insuring regularity that appeals to every sense of refinement.

Feen-a-mint succeeds harsher and less efficient laxatives wherever its merits become known.

Fine for children. No taste but delicious mint.

At All Druggists
25c and $1.00
(*Somewhat higher in Canada*)
Samples on request
Health Products Corporation
113 No. 13th St., Newark, N. J.



WHY BE DEAF?
Stop Head Noises—Ringing Ears
I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years with my Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you how I became deaf and how I can make you hear. Send name to



Geo. P. Way, ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY, Inc.
40 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CHAFING and RASHES
promptly relieved and healed by a few applications of
Resinol

the approaching birthday. "He's set his heart on that red wagon," she wound up.

"Well, then, he's going to have it. The first time I go to town I'll fetch it home," Big Bob promised her.

Every night thereafter when she tucked her little boy into bed, he asked the same question:

"Will tomorrow be my birthday, mama?"

To which she replied, "Not tomorrow, but pretty soon, dear."

"And then I will wake up and see my red wagon." He always said it with the same serenity of faith.

Sometimes Big Bob stood by and heard this dialog. More often he was not there to hear. For a man's business is apt to be very urgent in a country where the members of contending factions are searching the hills for one another with rifles across their saddle-bows. Twice he was about to carry out his intention of riding into town, but each time something turned up to send him elsewhere.

So the days went by and every evening, when his mother tucked him into his crib, Small Bob made his assertion that he was going to find the wagon by his bedside on his birthday morning. Every evening she listened to him and the lines deepened about her lip ends as she realized that perhaps she had but given him the first of that multitude of hopes whose breaking rubs the bloom from life.

The days had gone by. And on the morrow the fulfilment of his faith was due. This afternoon at last her husband had saddled up to ride into Lame Deer. On departing, he had promised her that he would bring the wagon home with him.

"First thing when I get to town, I'll have Tuttle wrap it up for me," he told her.

She knew he would—if nothing happened to put the promise out of his thoughts. That was the trouble in this country—a man's affairs were so large and the affairs of home were but an afterthought. She had learned it by many a hard lesson. So she went into the cabin after he had left her, realizing that, if he did return, it was quite possible that his mind would be occupied with grimmer matters than red wagons.

Evening came. She undressed her little son and tucked him into his crib. And when she had kissed him good night: "Tomorrow will be your birthday, dear," she said.

"And I will have my red wagon," he told her.

"Perhaps," she answered, but there was no perhaps in his mind. She watched him go to sleep with the smile of anticipation on his lips.

And then she went to her sewing.

The hours went by. Her needle flew. The rumpled cloth upon her lap took form. Red scraps and white; the fragments of worn-out clothing; some cotton batting which she had taken from an old quilt; a bit of colored yarn. Now they had become a doll.

Small Bob was all boy through and through; he had never liked dolls. But, when she had finished her work and patted it into shape, she held it up to look it over, satisfied that here was one which he could not resist—a cowboy doll, with a sombrero on its head and in its hands a looped riata made of yarn. That must appeal to him.

She went over to the other end of the room where his clothes were lying in a little heap beside his crib, and she stood there with the doll in her hand looking down on him. All of the baby that was left in him showed now. The droop of the long lashes over his closed eyes, the soft curve of the nape of his plump neck, the trick which he still had of holding his thumb in his mouth; these things brought it out.

She stood there looking upon him; and into her face, bent downward to gaze at him, there came that wonderful expression by the faint hint of which Raphael glorified some of his canvases and made his immortality secure. So for some moments she remained. Then her lips went tight again and she hurried to the row of shelves beside the stove. When she returned to the table she had a cake which she had baked this afternoon—a little cake—and four brief ends of tallow candle. She placed the bits of taper on the sticky frosting; and then she laid the cake and doll beside his bed. At any rate he was to have a present and, later in the day, a birthday party with her as his guest. It was the best that she could do.

So she sat down to wait. The night was getting late when she heard the tramp of hoofs upon the snow. She remained by the table without moving until her husband's footfall sounded on the threshold and the door swung open. Then she looked up.

Her eyes searched his person—his empty hands, the pockets of his dogskin overcoat. The shadow of dull disappointment was creeping over her features when he came to where she was sitting and bent down to kiss her.

His young face was grave with the importance of the news which he was bringing her. He knew that she would welcome these tidings which meant surcease from the long months of fighting. So he told her quietly.

"We put the Graham gang out of business for keeps tonight."

"I'm glad of that." Her voice was flat.

He saw how she was looking at his pockets, as if in search of something, and still he did not remember, for his mind was full of the work which he had helped to do.

"Hank Graham's dead and so is Big-Nosed George."

She nodded mutely and turned her face away as if to hide her pain. And then something reminded him. He started for the door.

"I plumb forgot," he called over his shoulder.

The door slammed after him. She did not move until he burst into the room once more.

"Here yo' be, honey! I left it tied to the cantle strings when I put my saddle up."

The light returned to her eyes and her hands were shaking a little as she took the package which he held out to her. Her lips were trembling so that she could only say his name.

"Oh, Bob!"

But he was serene in that he had remembered his errand, and he did not notice these things. His mind was back upon the man's work which had been done in Lame Deer's street that evening. And it was merely as an afterthought that he made his confession.

"I come mighty nigh to ridin' home without it, sis. 'Twas ol' Two Ga Tee Nell put me in mind of it. I dunno how come she knew, but she sung out from the sidewalk after me, just as I was leavin' town, and asked me if there wasn't something I'd forgot When I looked back, I saw her standing in front of Tuttle's pointing to the red wagon in the window."

He reached for a piece of oiled rag and he did not see how the words had brought the shadow back into her face. Nor did he see how she was sitting there with head bowed and lips compressed. A moment passed before she let her eyes go to him, and she remembered what he had to occupy his mind that evening. Then she was thankful to the messenger who had reminded him.

Some time later he heard her call his name softly. She was standing by the little crib and the proud and patient radiance of motherhood was in her eyes as she beckoned to him. He came on tiptoe, cautioned by her gesture.

Then he saw the cowboy doll of colored flannel and the cake on the chair by the crib. He stroked her hair gently.

"Well, that is pretty neat," he whispered.

She pointed to the little red wagon standing beside them. His arm went around her.

So they stood for some time looking down upon the small head on the pillow.

Outside the stars burned bright. The snow was dazzling white beneath them. And all the land was silent.

The little town of Lame Deer lay enwrapped in the universal stillness. Only one figure moved among the buildings. Old Two Ga Tee Nell had come forth from her cabin to get a stick of wood. She stood there in the snow looking up at the stars. Her face had softened; perhaps it was the half-light that caused this. Perhaps she was allowing herself to think, for just a moment, upon the thing which she had done this evening.

The House of His Heart

(*Continued from page 81*)

place for that little holiday of ours—I hate the word honeymoon—and that's your little old castle on the top of a rock. What's the good of having it if you don't live in it sometimes?"

"There are no bathrooms," said Pietro.

"There's a wooden tub over which your old nurse makes the sign of the cross," said Barbara. "That's good enough for me. Besides, you say your mother is living there. I want to know your mother."

"She's one of God's saints," said Peter with great reverence, "and she 's longing to see you and love you. But she will join us in Paris."

Barbara thought that absurd. She had made up her mind to stay in the Castello del Drago.

"I shan't leave my bed-sitting-room in the Brompton Road," she said, "unless I go to the house of your heart. That's the place for me. What's the good of marrying an Italian Count, however small, unless he takes me to his castle, however old?"

Beads of perspiration stood on his brow. He seemed very much perturbed. He made strange and silly excuses, as though for some reason he disliked the idea, as though it frightened him a little.

"It's so far off. A terrible journey!"

"Only three hours from Genoa," replied Barbara calmly.

"It's quite insanitary. You might get typhoid or something."

"I'll risk it," she asserted.

"It's so isolated," he explained. "Not a town for miles. You would get very tired of it, *bellissima*."

"I thought you loved me!" she said, with a challenge in her voice.

He kissed her hands. He knelt down as though he wanted to kiss her feet—it was in Kensington Gardens under the trees by the Round Pond—but she rumpled his hair and pulled him up, and begged him to behave like a little Englishman, a very little Englishman

Several times he tried to shirk that question of the old castle. When she returned to the subject some days later, he became quite pale and had a look of tragedy in his eyes. Then one day he yielded suddenly and told her that he had taken their tickets to Genoa, and had arranged for a motor-car to meet them there for the long drive into the mountains. His mother was hardly ab e to contain herself for joy. His old nurse Lucia was already praying God for a good journey.

"You see," said Barbara. "Now everybody's pleased!"

"Six weeks of paradise!" he said, as though all the time he had longed for this honeymoon in his old house, though he had conjured up a hundred reasons against it.

So there she was at last in the *wagon-lit* from Paris to Genoa, with six hand-bags and an Italian husband, and a sense of the incredible having happened.

Peter, this husband of hers, was rather funny sometimes when he didn't mean to be. He fell abruptly from heights of joy and extravagant hilarity to depths of moodiness and silence, which he tried to hide. Several times she was conscious of those little strange silences when he sat holding her hand and thinking very deeply of something which he kept concealed.

"Anything worrying you, manikin?" she asked.

"How can anything worry me when I have the most beautiful wife in the world?"

It was an untruthful answer, for she wasn't the most beautiful wife in the world—she was always aware of a rather uncertain nose—and certainly when he sat quiet like that for odd quarters of an hour there was some ridiculous worry nagging at his mind. It didn't last longer than that as a rule. After a quick sigh,



"I am pleased to state that ever since 'Boncilla' was introduced in Denmark, I have used these specialties in my various departments to the satisfaction of my customers and to the advantage of my firm."

A new experience, a new satisfaction, a new beauty awaits you in this new and better method used by this famous beauty specialist.

HANS Jorgensen's is one of the most elaborate Beauty Salons to be found in all the gay capitals of Europe.

It comes as a pleasant surprise to most women to learn that they can use at home the same wonderful, efficient, new beautifying method used by Jorgensen and many other famous beauty specialists of Europe and America.

This "method" eliminates all guess work and uncertainty because it produces definite, pleasing results that you *see* and *feel* and *know* IMMEDIATELY, and *that* is why it is endorsed and used by so many pre-eminent beauty specialists in every land.

You will see definite improvement the first time you use this method. Use it often for it cannot injure the most delicate skin and every time you use it, its benefits are multiplied.

It rids the complexion of blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores and lines about the eyes, corrects coarse, oily or dry skin, conditions and firms the facial muscles and tissues.

It cleanses the skin IMMACULATELY, invigorates, nourishes and protects it, refines the skin texture, making it clear, colorful, soft and smooth.

All that you require to accomplish these many definite benefits is Boncilla clasmic Beautifier, Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Creams and Boncilla Face Powder. There is nothing else like it—nothing else *equals* this "method" to beautify the complexion.

You can *prove* this easily. Get Boncilla's "Little Beauty Shop" at your Beauty Shop or Dealer's or we will mail it post paid for $1.00.



"The Little Beauty Shop" contains a Dollar Tube Boncilla clasmic Beautifier—with liberal trial sizes of Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Creams and Boncilla Face Powder and 48-page Beauty Book.

Special Test Packet-10c

BONCILLA LABORATORIES, Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Enclosed is 10 cents. Send me Test Packet, containing liberal tubes of Boncilla clasmic Beautifier, Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Creams, and a trial box of Boncilla Face Powder.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Cos 820

If you live in Canada, send coupon to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 590 King St., W., Toronto (2), Canada



"Mum" is the word!

"Mum" *is essential to feminine charm*

That fresh, crisp cleanliness that the morning bath imparts can be preserved for *all day and evening*. "Mum" is the snow-white deodorant cream that *neutralizes* completely the unpleasant odor of perspiration, without stopping perspiration itself.

"Mum" is so safe that it is used regularly with the sanitary napkin. Be sure to read the pamphlet packed with every jar of "Mum". It is of real interest to every woman.

"Mum" is 25c and 50c at stores. Or sent postpaid. Or you may send 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing a generous Trial Size.

MUM MFG. CO., 1109 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

FINEST QUALITY GENUINE
DIAMONDS
CASH OR CREDIT
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Our values are unexcelled—prove it for yourself by investigation and comparison. Blue-white Diamonds of dazzling brilliance and colorful fire, in latest style ring mountings. Priced especially low for quick selling—order now!

Every ring sent in handsome gift box

No. 841 14K $3.25 per wk.
No. 27 $97.50 $2.50 per week
No. 831 $97.50 $2.50 per wk.
No. 28 $37.50 $1.00 per week
No. 12 $48.75 $1.25 per week

Send for Free Catalog

Write now for our big Diamond Book—absolutely free! Fully illustrates Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Toilet Sets, Gift Novelties.

All goods delivered on payment of one-tenth purchase price. Balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly as convenient.

18K

WEDDING RINGS

No. 824—The "Elite" 18-K white gold, $7.50. Set with 8 Diamonds, $22.50; 6 Diamonds, $32.50; 7 Diamonds, $42.50; 9 Diamonds, $52.50; 12 Diamonds, $67.50. All Platinum, $25 up. With 3 Diamonds, $80; 5 Diamonds, $70; 7 Diamonds, $80; 9 Diamonds, $100; surrounded by Diamonds, $200.

WRIST WATCH No. 839—14-K white gold hand engraved case. Fancy wing ends. Silver dial. High grade 15-Jewel movement, $25. $2.50 down and $1.00 a wk.

Railroad Watches—Guaranteed to Pass Inspection

HAMILTON No. 992. 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 Positions. Gold filled 25-Year Case - $55
ELGIN'S LATEST RAYMOND. 21 Jewels, 8 Adjustments. Runs 40 hours one winding. Gold filled 20-Year Case - $55
ILLINOIS "BUNN SPECIAL." 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 6 Positions. Gold filled 25-Yr. Case - $50
HOWARD RAILROAD WATCH. 21 Jewels. 8 Adjustments, 25-Year Gold filled Case - $80

Railroad Watches sold on our regular credit terms.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Est'd 1858
THE NATIONAL JEWELERS
DEPT. C-892
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

17-Jewel ELGIN No. 15
Green gold, Elgin Watch; 25-year quality case; 12 size; gilt dial; $30. $5 down
$1 a week

he would laugh and start singing again, and try to put his arms about her, utterly careless of the *wagon-lit* attendant, or of decent English spinsters on their way to the Riviera.

When the train approached the Italian frontier, Barbara noticed that Peter became restless. He seemed anxious about the customs examination, although there was nothing contraband in the baggage, and asked the attendant more than once whether the passport examination took a long time.

"A mere formality," said the attendant, shrugging his shoulders. "On a tourist train like this they don't trouble much."

But for some reason there was a little trouble about Peter's passport at the frontier. He was called into the corridor by an Italian officer of the Carabinieri, who questioned him suspiciously and kept looking at his passport photograph and then at Peter, who shrugged his shoulders and gesticulated and laughed nervously and argued in rapid Italian.

"What's the matter?" asked Barbara, coming out into the corridor.

"*Niente, niente!*" he said impatiently.

The Italian officer stared at her curiously and asked another question of Peter. He was obviously surprised that Peter possessed an English wife. Perhaps he didn't believe it, which Barbara thought very insolent of him.

Then, at last, after all this whirlwind of words, the incident closed. The officer handed back the passport and departed, rather sulkily, and Peter, who was very pale, came back into his *wagon-lit* and laughed.

"These people talk too much!" he grumbled. "And Italy under Mussolini is suspicious of its own countrymen. Give me England for liberty!"

"All that conversation has rumpled your hair," said Barbara. "It would be nice of you if you went and brushed it."

He obeyed her command meekly, and forgot the passport which lay carelessly on the seat. She picked it up to put in her hand-bag, and then remembered that he had never shown her his passport photograph. That was curious, because they had laughed so much at hers, which made her most unbeautiful.

But this photograph of his was not at all like him. In fact, it was the photograph of some young man who was certainly not Peter. And the name was different. It was not made out to Count Pietro Caffarelli but to Count Antonio Albani. No wonder the Italian officer had become rather suspicious. Peter, with his usual artistic temperament, had come away with a friend's passport.

She jeered at him when he came back with neatly brushed hair.

"Well, you're a first-class traveler! What do you mean by having somebody else's passport?"

He seemed startled by her question, and much embarrassed. His face flushed deeply, and he looked at her with anxious eyes in which there was something not quite frank.

"It was a stupid accident!" he explained. "At the last moment I picked up Albani's passport. Extraordinarily stupid of me. It might have held us up altogether. Fortunately young Albani is not unlike me."

"The officer seemed to see the little difference!" said Barbara. "It would have been very awkward for us if he had turned us out."

Peter laughed and said, "These people are all very stupid. I took the risk."

Barbara was silent for a moment. "Then you knew beforehand?"

It was just a second before he answered. "Yes. I noticed it when I handed my passport to the attendant. It gave me rather a shock."

"You might have told me!" said Barbara, reproachfully. "I thought we were properly married—I mean, no secrets between us—from now onwards."

"I didn't want to worry you, *carissima*," he pleaded. "The first day of our honeymoon! Let's forget all the worries of life. Look at the sky of Italy—at last!—without a cloud in it. Our happiness must be like that—cloudless, without a shadow."

She was not quite satisfied. It was the lack of frankness in his eyes which made her uneasy. She must teach him to be utterly truthful with her. Otherwise . . .

He put his arms about her and stood looking out of the window at the passing landscape with snow-capped mountains far away, like white clouds in that blue sky.

"Italy again!" he cried. "Oh, my little English wife! How I have suffered sometimes in that English exile! Your gray skies, your dreadful fogs, your months without sun! Already I feel a boy again. I want to sing and laugh and shout."

At Genoa—a big bustling city with wide streets and rather splendid buildings beyond the busy port—a motor-car was waiting for them outside the station yard, in charge of a young chauffeur wonderfully good-looking, thought Barbara, who saw everything through a mirage of happiness. Peter recognized the car and the man and hurried to them, followed by the porters and the bags. He spoke in Italian to the young man, who pulled off his cap and then kissed Peter's hand with a look of adoration

Peter seemed nervous, shy of this public demonstration. Perhaps his exile in England, or Barbara's company, had made him shirk Italian effusiveness. He looked round nervously, but the crowd surging out of the railway station paid no heed to them A few Carabinieri lounged in the station yard, smoking cigarets, and at some distance from them two young men in black tasseled caps, with black shirts under their tunics, scrutinized the passing crowd of travelers.

"Look!" said Barbara. "Fascisti, aren't they, Peter? Mussolini's Black Shirts."

He glanced over his shoulder at them and nodded. Then he introduced her to the chauffeur, as though to a friend or brother.

"This is Giuseppe, *carissima*. We were brought up as boys together. I believe he would die for me, if need be."

"Well, I hope he won't have to!" said Barbara lightly, amused by the Italian exaggeration, and she gave her hand to the good-looking boy, who said something very humbly in his own tongue.

"For the time being, anyhow," said Peter, "our lives are in his keeping. It needs much nerve to drive a car up our mountain roads."

Barbara thought it needed a lot of nerve to be driven up those mountain roads. Several times she had to close her eyes when that boy driver swung round hair-pin turns which led up and up in spiral curves until the sea was far below them and the rocks dropped away precipitously into deep gorges, three inches away from their left side wheels. Once she clung to Peter's hand believing that her last minute had come, but he only laughed and said:

"Do not be frightened. Giuseppe is almost as good a driver as myself!"

"I *am* frightened," said Barbara. "I was never so scared in my life—but all the same it's wonderful, and I'm rather glad I married you. What are those trees down there, so dark and green, and why have they built little terraces up the mountainsides, and how long will it be before we get the first glimpse of your fairy-tale castle?"

The trees down there, so dark and green, were olives, and they had built little terraces up the mountainsides, banked up with stones, with infinite labor, through many centuries, to get some patches of flat earth in which the peasants could grow their vines and their vegetables, and make grass-plots to feed their sheep and goats. And they would not get their first glimpse of the old *castello* for another hour at least.

"Good heavens!" cried Barbara. "Do you live in heaven? It must be as high as that if we go on climbing all the time."

It wasn't quite as high as heaven. Those spiral curves winding round the gorges wasted a lot of time.

Now and then they passed groups of peasants, trudging up behind pack-mules, and Barbara gazed at their brown faces and dark

eyes, and liked the look of her husband's folk. The countryside belonged to them. They were part of its beauty, baked by its sun, covered with its white dust, primitive as these old rocks far above the roar and squalor of modern civilization.

Suddenly Peter grabbed her arm and called out, "*Ecco! Il piccolo castello!*"

There, away on the top of a sharp ridge, perched like an eagle's nest, stood Peter's little old castle, as she had seen it in his photographs, with its battlements sharply edged against the blue sky—now, in the evening of this day, touched by the tips of a great crimson feather rising from a pool of gold in the west—and two little towers on either side.

"It's ridiculous!" said Barbara, with a catch in her throat. "I don't believe it! It's too good to be true!"

Certainly it was better than a bed-sitting-room off the Brompton Road, though not much of a castle when one saw it close, as once I saw it after Barbara's honeymoon. A part of it had fallen into ruin. One of the small towers was badly cracked as it had been left after a siege, centuries before, when the Genoese or someone had fired guns at it—their old-fashioned artillery—at close range. Still, it was habitable and inhabited, and there was even a flower garden on the southern side within the walls, and other flowers grew in its crannies and up the sharp-edged rocks which formed its base.

There was an old archway on the side of approach, closed by a great wooden door clamped with iron bars and studded with heavy nails. The young chauffeur who had driven with such skill and nerve up the mountain roads sprang down from the car and tugged at a rope which set a bell clanging and a dog barking.

"Hop-o'-my-Thumb," said Barbara, holding Peter's hand again, "it's just like a fairy-tale. But I hope there's no giant inside, or hungry witch, or any evil spell."

He raised her hand to his lips. "There's only love inside. We'll keep the door shut against the wickedness of the outer world."

The door swung open, revealing a paved courtyard, and a group of men and women. They were Peter's servants, or rather his mother's servants, not much different from the peasants they had seen trudging up the mule tracks. They came crowding up, kissing Peter's hands, laughing and curtsying to Barbara as though she were a princess. One old woman flung her arms round Peter's neck, kissing him on both cheeks, sobbing and laughing at the same time. It was old Lucia, who had been his nurse.

And Peter was delighted to see them all, it seemed. Tears streamed from his eyes. He kissed them all, young and old, embraced one or two of the old men and patted their backs with great emotion, laughed, shouted, laughed again, and was, thought Barbara, more Italian than she had ever seen him. He forgot all his English, even when he turned and put his arms about her and drew her forward, as though presenting her to all these rustics.

They raised a cheer, shrill from the women, hoarse and deep-throated from the men, and Barbara felt like a princess coming home with her lord and master.

With a touch of dignity, as though conscious for the first time of his position as Count of this little old *castello*, he took her hand and led her into the house through a low doorway and said, "My mother is waiting for us."

She waited for them in a low-ceilinged room at one end of which was a monstrous fireplace carved with the arms of Peter's family. The floor was very old and polished. The walls were hung with threadbare tapestries and portraits of Peter's ancestors in frames which had lost their ancient gilt. Candles were burning from iron brackets, and in this dim, soft light, with one hand clasping a tall, carved chair, stood a little old lady with gray hair, dressed in black, very delicate looking, with dark eyes in a white, transparent face.

As Peter came in, hand-in-hand with Barbara, she gave a cry in which Barbara thought

Most Astounding Beauty Miracle of the Century!

"Marvelous!" "I cannot believe my eyes!" "It's the most astounding thing I've ever seen!" "How in the world is it possible!"

These are some of the exclamations of onlookers who witnessed a demonstration of the new discovery hailed as the most amazing beauty miracle of the century.

Think of it! A new complexion while you wait! Your skin made young in fifteen minutes! Blackheads and enlarged pores eliminated! Flabby, sagging muscles toned and restored! Wrinkles combated!

And what magical compound brings these incredible results? MILK! Yes, the secret of a lovely skin has been discovered in the natural, beautifying properties of milk, extracted and put into concentrated form, combined with other ingredients.



The MAGIC MILK MASK

(Trade-Mark Applied For)

Milk has always been known as a complexion beautifier. The famous actress, Lillian Russell, noted for her exquisite, youthful complexion, and other renowned beauties used the milk bath treatment.

But never has it been possible to use the beautifying properties of milk in such marvelously effective form as in the Magic Milk Mask.

Lovely Beyond Your Dreams in Fifteen Minutes!

How can words describe the wonder working powers of the Magic Milk Mask! A single application absolutely transforms the skin! You simply cover your face with this delightful, pure-white, creamy compound. Then relax while it dries. You can actually feel it at work as it gently draws blackheads, dirt and waste matter from the pores. It lifts off and absorbs the dry, withered skin scales. It closes and tightens the pores, firms the tissues, whitens and purifies the complexion and brings a rosy bloom to the cheeks.

In just a few minutes wash off your beauty mask and look in the mirror. You won't believe that the radiantly, lovely complexion you see is actually your own! And you will feel so refreshed and invigorated. Even women of advanced years look *young* after a single application of the Magic Milk Mask. They have the complexions of school girls. Their skin is as smooth as satin, exquisitely fine in texture, and so beautifully, creamy white!

Read This Sensational GUARANTEE

The Magic Milk Mask is absolutely guaranteed to help

1—to give a lovely, milk-white skin in 15 minutes.
2—to make your skin look at least 10 years younger.
3—to lift out blackheads, all waste matter and impurities.
4—to close enlarged pores and refine the skin texture.
5—to absorb the outer, dry, withered dermis and reveal the beautiful, young skin beneath.
6—to combat wrinkles, sagging muscles and firm the tissues.
7—to stimulate the capillary action and impart a radiant, rose-pink bloom to the cheeks.
8—to leave the skin velvety smooth, fresh and beautiful.

Too Wonderful for Belief

So See for Yourself—Not a Penny to Lose

You are invited to try this startling new discovery, entirely without risk. A limited number of introductory packages of the Magic Milk Mask are to be practically given away. The regular price will be $5.00 (enough for twenty treatments, which would cost $30.00 to 40.00 in a beauty parlor). But you are asked to deposit with the postman, when he delivers your package, only the small sum of $1.95 to help defray the expense. Then try the Magic Milk Mask. If you are not amazed and delighted, your money will be returned at once.

Send No Money

No, not a penny in advance. Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail at once.

But you must act quickly. Only a limited number of packages are to be sent out under this amazing offer. Don't delay a minute. Rush the coupon.

MAISON MADELEINE, Dept. C-158, Ninth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Penn.

INTRODUCTORY COUPON—SAVE $3.05

Maison Madeleine, Dept. C-158 Ninth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Yes, send me a large $5.00 package of the Magic Milk Mask. I will deposit only $1.95 plus the few cents postage with the postman. My money back if I am not delighted.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you prefer, send $2.00 with this coupon and we will pay postage.



Mello-glo
The new wonderful
FACE POWDER
that will not enlarge the pores

Do not let your pores get large

KEEP them small and active with Mello-glo. Clogged pores make the skin age, all kinds of complexion troubles develop. Keep your skin young with Mello-glo. You'll rave over this marvelous, different face powder made by a new French process. Keeps shine away; not affected by perspiration; stays on a long time. So pure and fine. Start today to preserve your beauty with Mello-glo. Sold by high class stores everywhere, or use the coupon below

COUPON

MELLO-GLO CO., 201-A Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

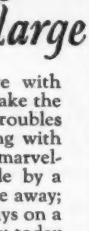
I enclose 10 cents for sample of Mello-glo powder, with booklet on the New French Beauty Treatment.

I enclose $1.00 for a large box of Mello-glo Facial-tone Powder, including beauty instruction book.

Name.....

Address.....

Reduce and Shape Your Limbs with Dr. Walter's Medicated Rubber Stockings and Anklets



Light or dark rubber. For over 20 years they have relieved swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism promptly. Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat, stimulate the circulation and give a neat and trim appearance. They give wonderful support and are a protection against cold and dampness. **Anklets** $7, extra high $9, **Stockings** $12. Send check or money order—no cash. Write for Booklet.

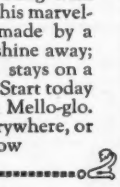
Dr. Jeanne C. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

CALLOUSES

Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.

At drug and shoe stores everywhere

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads



Put one on—the pain is gone

For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

she heard the very spirit of motherhood. "*Pietro! Figlio mio!*"

Peter released Barbara's hand and flung his arms round his mother's neck, and then went down on both knees with his head against her waist, and spoke to her with a kind of passion of love, in that soft, quick Italian which Barbara could not understand. For another moment she was distressed at all this emotionalism, so un-English, so exaggerated, in a way, so ridiculous. That scene in the courtyard! This greeting with his mother! These tears and speeches! It was almost as though Peter had never expected to see any of them again, or as though they had never expected to see him again, like a man come from the dead.

And, in a way, it was rather extraordinary that Peter, who loved all these people so much, should have left them to live in a poor way in England as an unsuccessful artist. Stranger still that he should have suggested Paris for his honeymoon, inventing a dozen different reasons for not coming to this house on the top of the world. Peter was certainly a most extraordinary boy. She would have to find out more about him when he was able to talk of other things than love. Love was very nice, but it was rather a good thing for a wife to know something about her husband's private life—the inner life of his mind. How little he had told her, after all!

Peter's mother took her hands and drew her close and in very broken English expressed her joy in meeting Peter's wife.

"It is lonely here," she said. "This castle is not like one of your English homes." (I do not attempt to give her accent and broken English.) "But Pietro will make you happy. He is a very good boy."

During those weeks of their honeymoon Peter did his best to make her happy, and she was happy—with just that undercurrent of doubt which rather worried her, though she tried to put it out of her mind. But she was happy because Peter loved her with a passion which had no touch of insincerity, with a humility and devotion which did not change, with a worshipful reverence which was chivalrous and clean.

She was happy in this hilltop nest, looking down upon a world of beauty. It was a beauty of atmosphere, color, light. Every morning she went to the casement window with a sense of ecstasy because of another day more beautiful almost than the one before, with the white rocks below glistening in the sunlight, and distant peaks, higher than their own and snow-capped, marvelously clear and shining under the pale blue sky, and below, far away, the Mediterranean, unbelievably blue.

Lizards with jeweled eyes played on the walls below her window. Flowers grew in the chinks of the walls and scented the morning air. It was a singing world, and life was musical about her. It was different in the Brompton Road, with the motor-busses passing!

Barbara laughed aloud sometimes at the thought of this difference, and Peter liked to hear her laugh.

"You are happy here?" he asked, again and again.

"Wonderfully amused!" she said. "Italy is good."

She was keen to learn Italian, and for hours she sat with Peter on a stone seat below the battlements where they could look through a gap in the wall at the world below, while, very patiently and with sudden bursts of laughter at idiotic sentences in an Italian conversation book, he taught her his mother tongue.

"Have you seen the boots of my uncle's wife?"
'No, but I have seen the shirt of my sister's husband."

At such phrases they laughed until the tears came into their eyes, and yet, in spite of laughter, Barbara made such rapid progress that she could even follow some of Peter's conversation with his mother or with old Lucia, his former nurse, or with Giuseppe, the chauffeur who was also the gardener and the handy man, and waited at table and bullied the other servants, and then in his spare time played the guitar and sang little songs as all these people sang because, Barbara supposed, they couldn't help it.

Every morning Giuseppe came to her, shyly, with a bunch of wild flowers which he had gathered from the rocks, and often came again with a basket full of the tiny oranges—*mandarini*, he called them—which grew on the trees on the southern slope of the castle garden . . . It was a good life for Barbara from the Brompton Road!

And yet there seemed a shadow somewhere, in that blue sky. She was aware of it, faintly and uncertainly, after the first few days, and then—quite surely. For some reason or other Pietro and his mother were anxious about something—even afraid. Often she saw the old Contessa look at her son with some fear in her eyes. Sometimes she came upon them talking, talking in low voices. Peter was trying to reassure his mother about something, and yet was not quite reassured himself. Always when she came upon them talking like that, they broke off in a guilty way, as though afraid she might understand.

Other things, most trivial in themselves, began to worry her. Why was the great gate always closed so carefully? It was never open for more than a minute or two, to let in some peasants climbing up the hill with meat or milk or vegetables. Directly they had gone, Giuseppe shut the gate and fastened the long iron bar across it.

Barbara spoke to Peter about it. "Why is that gate always shut? You're not expecting a siege or anything like that, I suppose?"

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "It's the custom, *carissima*."

One night, when they were at dinner in the long room hung with tapestries, there was the clang of the big bell in the courtyard. Peter was in the middle of some story about his life in London, and telling it humorously, to make his mother laugh. But at that sound of the bell he stopped abruptly and sat there listening intently. His mother cried out "Who's that?" in Italian, and rose from her chair, and then sank back again, clasping its carved arms so tightly that the veins of her delicate hands seemed tied in knots.

Giuseppe was waiting at the table. He was handing some potatoes to Barbara. But he too, at the sound of that bell, stood listening with a strange intensity . . .

After all, it was nothing. A letter for Barbara from one of her girl friends in London, brought up from the village by the postmistress, who wanted two *lire* for extra postage.

Peter laughed. His mother unclasped her hands from the carved chair. Giuseppe passed the potatoes. But why had they looked so alarmed because the bell rang?

Barbara asked Peter this question, and he denied his alarm.

"We were only wondering who it could be at this time of night. Up here one doesn't expect uninvited guests or stray visitors . . . Where was I in that story of mine?"

But Barbara was certain that there was fear in this house. Fear of what?

Peter was not quite frank with her. Not quite truthful. She noticed that he never went outside the castle walls, not even when she told him that he would get fat if he did not take some walking exercise, and tempted him to climb the rocks with her or explore the villages in the valleys below.

"I hate to leave my mother," he said. "She hasn't seen me for such a long time that she can't bear me out of sight."

Barbara understood this perfectly, but in that case, why didn't Peter come for motor drives with them? He always had some excuse for staying at home—a sketch to finish, a book to read, a busy hour with his mother's accounts.

One night the dog barked. It was old Carlo, with whom she had made great friends—a most jovial dog who understood her Italian perfectly. She was asleep when it began barking

and growling in the courtyard, and for a few moments she was only dimly aware that Peter was standing by the casement window in his pajamas. She saw him move away quickly to an old bureau in a corner of the room. When he came back to the window through which the moonlight was streaming, she saw the gleam of something in his hand.

She raised herself in the bed.

"Peter!" she called. "What's the matter? Why are you playing about with that revolver?"

He turned quickly, and she could hear the sharp indrawing of his breath.

"It's nothing," he said quietly. "Old Carlo was barking. I thought someone might be trying to get in. Some drunken peasant."

She laughed at him for these fantastic fears.

"You'll catch your death of cold!"

"One moment, *carissima*," he said.

He went to the door of the bedroom and opened it, and went out into the corridor, where a lantern burned dimly. He was away such a long time that she became anxious and, slipping out of bed, put on her dressing-gown. She went to the door and listened.

At the end of the corridor Peter was talking to someone in a low voice. It was Giuseppe, the young chauffeur and handy man. She could see his face by the light in the iron bracket. He was fully dressed, and some metal thing gleamed in his right hand.

"*È niente, signor*," said Giuseppe. "It is nothing," he said, but his voice trembled.

Carlo had ceased barking.

Peter came back along the passage, and Barbara waited for him just inside the bedroom door. He seemed startled to see her standing there, and reproved her for risking a bad cold in a drafty old house. She was silent while, in a furtive way, he put his revolver into the bureau again.

"Peter!" she said sharply.

"What, *carissima?*"

She spoke with an emotion which surprised herself. "Peter, tell me why are you afraid?"

"Afraid?" he asked. "Afraid of what?" He laughed nervously, and tried to be humorous. "Do I look like a coward? I'm not very big, but I'm wonderfully brave!"

"What is all this fear in this house?" asked Barbara. "I feel it all the time. It is in your mother's eyes. It lies like a shadow over all this life here. Even the servants are afraid. Why do you never come out of this place? Why does Giuseppe stay awake at night with his clothes on and a pistol in his hand, outside our door? Peter, I want to know. You've got to tell me. I'm your wife."

He laughed loudly, but his laughter did not ring true. "It's nothing. You imagine all that. Of course we have to be a little careful in this isolated place. My mother is getting old and rather nervous."

"It is more than that," said Barbara. "Answer my questions, Peter."

He answered her questions. "I don't go out because I'm lazy. Giuseppe stays outside our door at night because it's an old custom of the house—a body-guard for the lord and master. In olden times I dare say it was necessary."

He was lying to her. She knew that he was lying.

For the first time since their marriage she was very angry, because he was deceiving her.

Barbara has told me all that. And she has told me of what happened at midday a week later. She was sitting with Peter on a stone seat on the grass-grown walk below the battlements, from which she could see over the shining countryside below, with the white winding road leading up to the castle. Peter's mother, the old Contessa, was reclining in a deck chair with her hands folded and her eyes fixed on her son's face. Peter was reading some Italian poetry and translating it sentence by sentence. Barbara was not listening very intently though she liked to hear his voice. She was watching how some bird was hovering in the warm air above one of the terraced plots of earth. It was a hawk, she supposed, waiting to "stoop" to some field-mouse. Poor little beast. And she was watching how the blue sky was quivering in the heat of the midday sun, and how puffs of white dust rose from the mule tracks where peasants were trudging up or down with their burdens of country produce. The spirit of peace dwelt in those valleys and on this hill-top.

She saw a motor-car driving up the spiral road. The sun glinted on its polished metal. Presently, as it swung round a hairpin bend to a higher level, she knew that it was Peter's car, driven by Giuseppe, who had gone down to Genoa early in the morning to fetch a parcel which had been held up by the customs—some summer frocks she had ordered from London.

"There's Giuseppe back again!" she cried. "Driving furiously. The poor boy wants his luncheon."

Peter dropped his book and glanced over the battlements of his funny little castle.

"He's driving like a lunatic," he said in an anxious voice.

He rose from his chair and leaned over the wall staring at his car, which was lurching from side to side of the narrow road, with a deep gorge on one side dropping sheer to the valley. There was a cloud of white dust behind the car, and presently a second cloud of dust appeared round the hairpin bend, behind another car—a kind of open lorry crowded with little black figures who were men.

"Oh, Peter!" cried Barbara. "What is happening? Look!"

Something very queer was happening along that winding road where peace had dwelt.

There was a sudden flash from the open lorry racing behind Giuseppe's car, followed instantly by a sharp report which seemed to shatter against the rocks and scared the pigeons from the castle walls. It was followed by another flash and another report, and something happened to Giuseppe's car, and to Giuseppe. He seemed to crumple up over his wheel, to lose control. The car lurched, slithered to the edge of the gorge, and then toppled over sideways and disappeared.

Barbara gave a little scream and shut her eyes. "Oh, Peter! Oh, Peter!"

When she opened her eyes again Peter's face was as white as death. His mother was struggling out of her chair, with a look of terror. She cried out to her son and said something which sounded like "*Madre di Cristo!*"

Peter turned to Barbara with a curious smile in which were poignant tenderness and infinite regret.

"My dearest wife," he said, in a broken voice, "I'm afraid this is the end of our honeymoon. It has been very joyous, marvelously good, and worth the risk."

Barbara stared at him. That shadow which she had always felt faintly was over her now, and very cold under the blue sky above her.

"What risk?" she asked "Peter! What does it mean? Why have they killed Giuseppe? That poor boy!"

He turned for a moment to look over the wall again. The open lorry was on the higher bend of the road now, not half a mile away from the closed gate which led into his courtyard. The men inside were plainly visible. They wore black caps with swinging tassels.

"Those men," said Peter, in a strangely quiet voice, "have come to fetch me. They are Fascisti from Genoa. They have killed Giuseppe because he wanted to warn me."

"Warn you of what?" asked Barbara. "Why have they come to fetch you?"

She faltered towards him and put her arms about him. Peter—her little Hop-o'-my-Thumb—her baby Mussolini!

"I ought to have told you," he said. "I didn't want to worry you and spoil our honeymoon. I ought not to have brought you here, but my heart ached to show you this old place—and you wanted to come!"

Barbara spoke almost fiercely to him. "For God's sake, tell me now!"

He spoke with a kind of tragic irony.

"It's very simple," he said. "These things happen in Italy where free speech is dangerous.



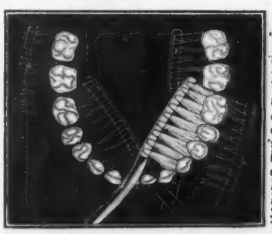
A *Reminder* SERVICE

to Tooth Brush Users

How many times have you resolved, at brushing time, to "buy a new tooth brush today"?—And then found that even in spite of your good intentions you had forgotten!

Tooth brushes *are* hard to remember to buy. They don't "use up" like dentifrices do. Yet putting off buying a new one too long not only robs you of full benefits from your daily brushings, but may cause actual harm.

To help you remember this bit of shopping vital to your health, we have devised the attractive Reminder-Cabinet shown above. When you see it displayed on a retailer's counter, you have him to thank for a double service: *First*, he is reminding you to buy the tooth brush you've been forgetting, and, *Second*, he is advising a Dr. West's — the brush that fits the mouth and cleans teeth *clean*—INSIDE, OUTSIDE and BETWEEN. (See Diagram.)



IT FITS!

Built to the pattern of the human mouth. Dr. West's Tooth Brush contacts every curve and angle and crevice. While almost any tooth brush will clean outside surfaces, Dr. West's cleans INSIDE, OUTSIDE AND BETWEEN.

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH WECO Product

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage, 75c. At all good dealers.

—ugly hair
gone for good
Hundreds of thousands of women pay $5.00 a package for ZIP because:
It cannot burn or smart the skin. It is fragrant. It is cheapest in the end. Easily applied. Recommended for the face as well as the body, limbs and underarms. Gets at the roots and gently lifts them out thus destroying the growth. It is totally different from electric ray treatments or depilatories which merely remove the surface hair.
Try it once on my Moneyback Guarantee
SOLD EVERYWHERE
"Beauty's Greatest Secret" free on request
Very Special—Enclose 4 cents in stamps for samples of my other preparations
Treatment or FREE Demonstration at my Salon
Madame Berthé
Specialist
Dept. 782, 562 Fifth Ave. (Ent. 46 St.) New York

Destroy Your Superfluous Hair & ROOTS with
ZIP
IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Avoid Imitations
ASK for Horlick's The ORIGINAL Malted Milk
Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair
THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?
I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.
You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Kobi Co., 614 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.
Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

It's not like England! You know how fond I am of talking, *carissima?* One night three years ago I talked too much, in a restaurant down there in Genoa. I was very young and foolish! Far too talkative in times of passion and idiotic politics. There was a young man there with some of his companions. He didn't like the things I said, about liberty and free speech and the dangers of dictatorship. He happened to be the leader of the local Fascisti, and my friends and I were liberals, rather hostile at that time to Mussolini and his crowd. That restaurant became a wreck before the fight was over.

"In the struggle I had the bad luck to kill one of those who disagreed with me. He fired at me three times before I hit him over the head with a marble figure which I seized for self-defense. It was a figure of Cupid, the little god of love! That was why I went to England—in a hurry—to earn my living as an artist. You see, *carissima*, that young man I killed—in self-defense—was rather important in a political way. He was one of Mussolini's favorite lieutenants, and his funeral was three miles long through Genoa. I watched it from a baker's shop, disguised as a Franciscan friar, and I knew that my funeral would follow it, not so grandly, unless I could escape. I escaped for a time. Now they have caught me."

Peter told this story with a smile about his lips, but it was the smile of a man who speaks from the scaffold before the rope is round his neck. His voice broke when he spoke again.

"If they take me now, *carissima*, I shall never see you again. Not in this pleasant and lovely world men spoil by their foolishness."

He turned, and the smile left his lips and he gave a cry of anguish before leaning against the wall with one hand over his face to hide its agony.

Peter's mother was clasping her son's arm, beseeching him in a torrent of words which Barbara could not understand, though their meaning was easy to guess. She was imploring him to escape while there was yet time.

There was not much time. Up from the courtyard came a sudden clamor of excited servants. Some of the women were wailing, and there was a noise of crashing blows against the wooden door in the great archway. An old woman—it was Lucia, who had been Peter's nurse—came running up the stone steps to the castle wall. Almost breathless, she screamed out one word, twice:

"Fascisti! Fascisti!"

She fell on her knees on the flagged path and clasped Peter round the knees and wept in a kind of frenzy.

He pushed her off roughly and walked away a few paces with his head bent, as though thinking desperately.

Then he turned and came back to where Barbara stood, stunned by this thunderbolt from the blue sky, terror-stricken and perplexed.

Surely it was all unreal. This fear was all imaginary. Why should the Fascisti take her Peter away? She had been enthusiastic about Mussolini, and these Fascisti. They had saved Italy from anarchy. They had restored law and order. They had given a new soul to the nation. She had argued with Peter about it many times, surprised at his lack of enthusiasm, his dislike of dictatorship, his belief in the English system of liberty and free speech. They would not be cruel to him.

Peter spoke to her. "I had better give myself up. I haven't a dog's chance of escape. In the old days I might have made a fight for it. My ancestors——"

He glanced over the castle walls for a moment, with a fleeting smile, as though thinking of old fights and sieges around this stronghold.

Some of the outdoor servants stood below him on the stone steps and one of them, an elderly peasant, asked a question which he answered by a phrase in Italian which Barbara understood.

"Open the gate!"

The man looked sullen, and the others burst out into a torrent of words as though persuading their master that they would defend him to the death.

Peter repeated his command. "Open the gate!"

There was the sound of heavy crashes and splintering wood on that old doorway down there.

And then, three minutes later, or perhaps longer, or less—Barbara could never tell—there was a rush of men in black shirts and black caps up the stone steps where Peter stood with his arms about his wife.

They tore him from her, and there was blood on his face, though he made no struggle, when a young man, who seemed to be their officer, threatened his men with a revolver and bade them handle him without brutality. It was this young man who spoke to Barbara, quite politely, in Italian. She caught the meaning of his question, the word "Contessa."

She answered in English, "I am Peter's wife," and for the first time wept.

The trial of Count Pietro Caffarelli took place in Rome. I was there with Barbara when he was sentenced to death, and down in the cells when he was allowed to embrace her for the last time . . .

Perhaps not for the last time. Barbara has had an interview with Mussolini, who, I think, was touched with her simplicity, her passionate plea for mercy, her English beauty, her courage. Peter has been reprieved. There is hope of a pardon when public passion has died down. But it was a pitiful end to a honeymoon in Italy, a tragic home-coming to the bed-sitting-room off the Brompton Road, where I last saw her typing, typing until Peter may come back again to a land of liberty where free speech is not so dangerous.

Too Much Money (*Continued from page 37*)

what she had seen and comprehended in his work was just what he had felt and tried to interpret.

"I'm glad."

She looked at him from under those fine long eyelids.

"When I caught sight of them first," she said in her childish voice, "they made my heart beat faster." She raised her left hand to her heart in the oddest cool miniature of theatrical gesture.

He didn't know exactly what to say, since the effect of her extreme youth and extreme sophistication and her surprising comprehension or sympathy—or whatever it was that had flashed between them—was to prompt him to say "You darling!"—and then wonder to himself how she would take it if anyone should ever dare so to address her. Her subsequent remark saved him an answer.

"I am very much interested in art. I particularly want it to play an important part in my education."

"I think you're right," he soberly assented and asked her where she was at school.

"I go to classes here in New York," she replied, and continued with an air of reflection and responsibility, "I only arrange to go to certain classes at a very good school near here, and then I have special instruction by myself in French and Italian and music—and drawing. I find I profit more from getting the very best masters to myself."

"D'you enjoy your work?"

"Why, yes, I think so," she said, as though the notion of enjoyment were somewhat irrelevant. "I travel to Europe every summer too—I think that broadens one's mind a great deal."

"You and Miss Shelley?"

She nodded. "Miss Shelley is a very dear friend and companion to me, almost a relation by now. My parents died—they were both

killed in a railway accident in San Francisco when I was only six years old, and Miss Shelley was my governess then, and has been with me ever since. She is teaching me also to manage all my affairs, gradually, you know, so that I shall be able to take over my responsibilities when I am eighteen."

She spoke almost with the uplifted simplicity of one aware of a mission to fulfil. It was apparent that she had very strongly, either from Miss Shelley or from her own instincts or imagination, a feeling of "heiress *oblige*," of the duties and significance attached to being whatever she was, by virtue of her exceptional wealth and isolation, conscious of being. Greville deduced that the notion "Princess," with something of a fairy-tale glamour, wasn't too obscurely lodged in her imagination, strengthening and coloring the fabric of this precocious yet very real and unassuming dignity.

He was discovering her as so curious and absorbing, so blended of absurdity and a kind of magnificent, pathetic restraint, so queerly consisting, in appearance, of puritanism and piquancy, of beauty and oddness, that his remarks were thrown out casually, as it were to keep her opposite him, to secure her for his inspection in her high-backed chair.

"You must have a very busy life."

"Yes, I do. There is a great deal I must learn."

In an English child—in any other child, in fact—he would have condemned such a remark as "smug." But he realized that what prompted such a sentiment in her was no small self-satisfaction but a high and almost impersonal sense of her peculiar position. If she hadn't, he conjectured, been so almost mystical, with all these hints of kindred qualities of asceticism and remoteness, she might have flaunted her situation by all kinds of vulgarities and self-indulgence and arrogance. Possibly her imagination, even if it were only the romantic imagination of adolescence, had saved her.

The butler announced that luncheon was served and Greville followed his hostess into the dining-room. Miss Shelley joined them.

"I've fixed up your box at the opera for Wednesday afternoons, Irene."

The latter motioned to Greville to be seated on her right and then turned to Miss Shelley.

"Thank you, dear." Then she turned afresh to Greville. "It's rather hard," she said with measured regret, "that I can only go to the matinées. I *adore* to hear opera and I miss so much this way."

"But can't you——"

"I can't, of course, go in the evening, especially during the season, to anything."

"Besides," Miss Shelley clearly broke in, "it would be far too late for her to be up."

Greville wondered whether Irene were ever, had ever been naughty. The word, the condition of naughtiness couldn't, he decided, have any relation to her. He glanced at her and found her looking at him with a half fascinated expression—as if she were involuntarily surprised and interested.

The conversation wove itself in a pleasing pattern among the delicious succession of courses. Greville noticed that Miss Neilson wasn't given such adult delights as *foie-gras*.

Both Miss Shelley and her charge questioned him about his studies and his career, the former with somewhat unheeding enthusiasm, asking him one question after another with as little pause as his attempts at answering would permit, and with frequent ejaculations as to the nature and "message" of art; the latter with spasmodic, acute little questions relating mostly to the places he had worked in.

He raked up, in the course of so much revelation, all kinds of absurd, irrelevant anecdotes, ludicrous happenings and queer *contretemps* which it was his especial destiny to come upon, with what he considered adorable frequency. When he laughed the room seemed to quiver, half in response, half in disapproval; and once or twice, in the middle of an absurd tale, he became aware of a change and glow in his hostess's strange small face, as though a new

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns..





GENE SARAZEN'S *Golfing Feet*

"Thirty-six holes of golf a day certainly doesn't drive corns away," writes Gene Sarazen.

"But Blue-jay does. A sensitive toe gets a lot of friction in a day's going on the links. But when a corn appears, I put on a Blue-jay."

In every walk of life, where feet are essential to fame and fortune, Blue-jay is the preferred method for vanquishing corns. A cool and velvety pad fits over the corn and relieves the pressure and pain at once. Then the corn goes—unless unusually stubborn. But even the most obstinate corn seldom needs more than a second plaster . . . . . At all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© 1926



DRAWING IS A WAY TO FORTUNE

Ali Hafed, a Persian farmer, sold his acres to go out and seek his fortune. He who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. Ali Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far afield in search of wealth—which illustrates a great truth.

EARN $200 TO $500 A MONTH

If you like to draw, develop your talent. Your fortune lies in your hand. Present opportunities for both men and women to illustrate magazines, newspapers, etc., have never been excelled. Publishers are buying millions of dollars' worth of illustrations each year. The Federal Home Study Course has been prepared by such famous artists as Neysa McMein, Norman Bockwell, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs, Sidney Smith, Fountaine Fox and fifty others. Each student gets individual personal attention. No previous training is necessary. Every step is clear and simple.

FREE, illustrated catalog on request. Complete outline of course with all the details. Just write your name and address in the margin and send it to us.

Federal School of Illustrating

8036 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

BOOKKEEPERS ACCOUNTANTS (MEN AND WOMEN) WANTED IN HOTELS



$175 to $450 a month—How to get in touch with high-salaried positions.

NATION-WIDE demand for bookkeepers, auditors, cashiers, accountants, paymasters, to specialize in hotel accounting. Splendid opportunities for rapid advancement to managerial positions. The hotel industry is the field of big opportunity today. It is America's 4th Largest Industry, with annual payrolls of nearly $400,000,000. Each year over 70,000 high class positions paying up to $10,000 a year are open.

No Previous Experience Necessary

You can have one of these high class big pay positions with living expenses usually paid, quick advancement, and all the fascinating features of the hotel business. Through the Lewis Simplified Home-Study Plan, we train you and put you in touch with positions. Age is no obstacle—young and old alike have equal chance for success. Clifford Lewis personally directs you. He has been U. S. Government Hotel and Restaurant Expert. He is today Managing Consultant for over 225 hotels of 50 to more than 600 rooms each, throughout the United States, totaling over 26,000 rooms. And remember—the complete Lewis Course is taught under our absolute guarantee of "satisfaction or your money back."

Details Free—No Obligations

Send today for FREE BOOK **"Your Big Opportunity"** showing how you can specialize in hotel accounting in 20 weeks or less, and get a big pay position.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Suite E-204 Washington, D. C.



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES WHITENS THE SKIN

The Stillman Co. 14 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

SLENDER ANKLES CAN BE YOURS $3.75

People Admire Dainty Ankles
Thick or swollen ankles can quickly be reduced to dainty slender shape by new discovery of special processed rubber.

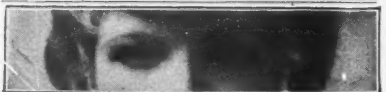
Lenor Ankle Reducers
Ankles Actually Look Thin While Getting Thin

Different in reducing action from all other reducers. Slip on when you go to bed and note amazing results next morning. Reduces and shapes ankle and lower calf. Slips on like a glove. No strips of rubber to bind and cause discomfort. Nothing to rub in or massage. Enables you to wear low shoes becomingly. Worn under stockings without detection. Used by prominent actresses. **Send $3.75** and we will send you Lenor Ankle Reducers in plain package subject to your inspection. Give size of ankle and widest part of calf.



THICK ANKLES SPOIL YOUR APPEARANCE

LENOR MFG. CO. Suite C.8.
503 Fifth Avenue, New York



Before *After*

Delica-Brow
The *ORIGINAL* Liquid Dressing

Your eyes will seem much larger, brighter and your lashes twice as long, dark and heavy after your very first application of *Delica-Brow*, the original waterproof Liquid Dressing for the lashes and brows. You will never know what beautiful eyes you really have until you use *Delica-Brow*. Send for a free trial bottle today. Kindly enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. C-7
3012 Clybourne Ave. Chicago, Ill.

warmth had got into her blood and were mounting to her cheeks. Several times he was conscious of her looking at him with the astonished lovely look of a child awakened from sleep, and was aware of an odd responsiveness to his mood—and a remote impish glimmer in the depths of her dark eyes. Miss Shelley's laugh was regular and punctilious.

It was only after luncheon when Miss Shelley had retired that the child referred again to his pictures.

"I was very much delighted with the one of that house half hidden among all those wintry trees. Where was that painted?"

"That's in England—in the west of England. It's the house I was brought up in—until I was fifteen, when we lost all our money during the war."

"Oh dear!" Money and war were very remote and incomprehensible to her.

"I minded leaving the house, of course. But in a way I was glad, because I'd always wanted to be free to paint and knock about"—he smiled—"rather like a tramp." She smiled politely and he continued: "And in the ordinary course of things I was destined by my people for the family business, but as that smashed I was allowed to take my own line."

"You have a very interesting life." She flushed. "I should like that, I think, to be quite free like you were."

"I wonder if you would." He glanced round the room.

"You mean the hardships?" she said.

"Yes—the earthiness of earth altogether—I don't expect you ever touch it!"

Her dusky lashes flickered. She was puzzled. "What exactly do you mean, Mr. Fane?"

He hesitated for a minute, admiring her stillness and the poise of her head.

"Explain to me," she urged imperiously.

"Well, I mean—that you, you don't live the life even of ordinary people, to say nothing of an absurd hand-to-mouth existence like mine. You aren't growing up to a normal life. Yours is all so special, hardly real, you know. You live in a kind of golden tower, shut away like a princess in a fairy story from all reality!"

"Oh," she breathed quickly, regarding him with a dark, tense look, her blunt mouth a little open, "oh—how queer! How queerly you say it! A golden tower! No one's ever talked to me this way before."

"Do you like the idea?"

"I—I'm not sure I do."

Miss Shelley returned.

"Irene, dear—I hate to have you hurried, Mr. Fane, but Irene has a violin lesson at three o'clock and she has to take a walk before that. Have you settled about the pictures?"

Irene got up, grave and apologetic. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Fane. Miss Shelley will settle the business part with you, as I have to go now." She took his hand. "I'm twice as happy to have the pictures, now we've met each other." She added, inconsequently yet with a deep seriousness: "I'm glad they're quite different—one sad—that one of the house—and the happy one—that lovely garden in Italy. I'm going to have them hung in my bedroom, so I can wake up and look at them."

"Thank you," he said, and the cool small hand was withdrawn, and she went out.

On a July afternoon five years later Greville was lounging on what was in the daytime a divan and at night a bed, in his studio on Campden Hill.

Although he hadn't yet achieved what he deemed "comfort"—for though circumstances and some of his inclinations made him a vagabond, his standards confounded comfort with luxury—he had, by selling a few pictures and doing some regular magazine illustrating, achieved the kind of financial stability which makes reliance on food and shelter monotonously facile.

Greville, in his shirt-sleeves, was smoking a cigaret and gazing through the skylight at a square of brilliant blue sky. He had spent the day concocting the illustrations for a sentimental magazine story—a story about a girl, and a ranch, and a young man who, having loved her for years, finally won her by saving her from an elderly blackmailer who knew some sinister secret about her mother. Greville had made the girl very beautiful, according to recipe, and the young man remarkably virile.

Of course they were rather absurd, those stories, Greville thought—not in the least like life, which, though vivid and queer and amusing, wasn't even surprisingly romantic!

He sat up suddenly, to listen. He thought he had heard a step on the wooden staircase outside. Yes—there it was . . . Bother! Someone, perhaps one of his aunts who'd taken it into her head to visit him, on a hot afternoon like this—and would find him lounging in his shirt-sleeves.

A light knock on the door. He sprang up.

"Yes—come in."

The door was opened . . . A girl—a slim, tall girl in a white dress and a big, drooping green hat. And then suddenly he recognized her. "Miss Neilson!"

She held out a gloved hand. "Mr. Fane!"

The same grave tone, the same look from under long eyelids. Her self-possession was more than ever perfect.

"Why—this is—is amazing! How wonderful of you to come, and to find me! Do please sit down."

He indicated the "divan." She sat down, cool and gracious—and now that he observed her more intimately, she seemed to him to have grown oddly beautiful. Not beauty of feature—her nose was too short, her face too square, her mouth still a little wide and blunt, but with a delicacy and sweetness of expression; her beauty, or charm, or whatever this kind of pale peculiar loveliness was, seemed to emanate rather from the shape of her eyes and forehead, the texture of her skin, the sheeny waves of her dark hair under the shadow of the green hat, and her fragility and grace.

"How on earth did you—find out my address?"

She looked fully at him. "I just happened to meet one of your aunts at a dinner last week, and she was speaking about pictures, and she said she had a nephew who had a lot of talent—and then she mentioned your name, and I said I had a couple of your pictures."

"How astonishing!"

"Yes. Wasn't it strange?"

"Have you been over here long?"

"I'm staying with some friends over here for the season. I've been here since May."

"Is Miss Shelley with you?"

"Oh yes, she's down below in the car now. She was quite distressed at my coming up here alone"—Irene smiled faintly—"but I have to train her to be a little more modern. I feel I don't need to have a chaperon."

She spoke so obviously without any intention of coquetry, merely laying down a by-law for the conduct of her own life. He was trying to make out in what way she'd changed; her manner hadn't altered at all, and she was still the strange mixture of elegance and puritanism—and, oddly, of childishness and extreme maturity. But she *was* perhaps a little—softer—a little more spontaneous.

"Are you working hard?"

"I work—fairly regularly. One has to do a certain amount of pot-boiling, of course."

"For—for money, you mean?"

"Yes."

She gave him a queer look, awakened by some train of thought. "Do you remember—what you told me about myself?"

"No."

"Don't you? Just before you went. I often thought about it."

"I don't remember a bit, I'm afraid."

"You said—you said I didn't know anything about reality—that I lived in a golden tower"—and she went on, with a sudden intimacy and eagerness, and a note of bewilderment in her voice which was somehow, in contrast to her usual high, fine manner, rather pitiful: "I think I've come to understand what you meant—about my life being so, so *different!* I see it over here, you know, in England, very much

COLLINS, star salesman, says *"it's as important as the morning shave"*



he means

GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

GLO-COING the hair keeps it in place all day and gives that look of good grooming associated with men of success.

Nothing artificial in the finished effect either. Glo-Co Hair Dressing isn't sticky or greasy. It's a tonic dressing that makes the hair soft and lustrous. Great for the scalp too. It is what your doctor would recommend. It stimulates new growth and helps keep dandruff away.

If you're especially troubled with dandruff—*beware!* It's a sign of coming baldness. Use the Glo-Co treatment once each week. Apply Glo-Co Hair Dressing liberally to the scalp to soften the dandruff, then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather of this shampoo frees the scalp from dandruff and bacteria, and makes your hair like silk.

After the shampoo, comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing to keep it in place.

Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. If your dealer cannot supply Glo-Co Hair Dressing and Shampoo, a full-sized bottle of either will be sent for 50 cents. Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.



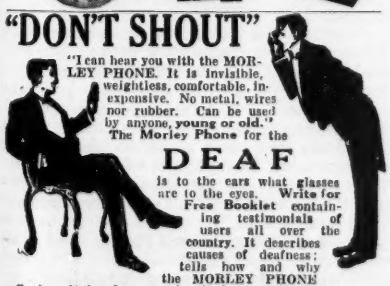
Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN, *75c at your dealer's or* direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



"DON'T SHOUT"



"I can hear you with the MORLEY PHONE. It is invisible, weightless, comfortable, inexpensive. No metal, wires nor rubber. Can be used by anyone, young or old." The Morley Phone for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write for Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It describes causes of deafness; tells how and why the MORLEY PHONE affords relief. Over one hundred thousand sold.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 755, 10 S. 18th St., Phila.

more. At home there are more people with a lot of wealth, like I've always had, leading what you call a 'special' kind of life . . . I feel it over here so much!"

He was surprised at this sudden confidence, at the change and glow of her expression as she spoke; at the way she looked at him, confidingly, as though she felt that she'd known him for years. And then she drew herself up, with a swift resumption of her usual manner.

"I don't know why I should—tell you all this"—she politely smiled; "perhaps because we met first on the other side, and one gets so many new impressions over here." What she didn't say was that he had been the only person in her life who'd made her feel that there *was*—what they'd vaguely called "reality"; the one absurd, irresponsible person who'd ever been permitted to enter her childhood; the one person who'd ever touched her imagination—and, above all, laughed and talked—what Miss Shelley called "nonsense."

She rose. "I mustn't stay any longer."

"Oh, please—don't go—please!"

She shook her head. "I don't like to keep Miss Shelley waiting any longer. Perhaps you'll come to see me sometime."

"I'd love to." He was finding her enchantingly interesting, though still with the detached interest she'd awakened in him at their first meeting.

She wrote down her address.

"I'd offer to come down—but I'm hardly dressed to face Miss Shelley."

This time she laughed—"You'd better not"—and vanished.

He stood in the middle of his studio, amazed and still astonished. "Too odd, her suddenly wandering in like that!" He wanted to see her again; he liked her—as far as one could "like" someone so abstruse and, in a way, inexplicable. He liked her looks and her elegance and her fine, grave manner. But she still just didn't seem to him "real."

He saw her, for the remainder of her visit to London, with increasing frequency. He knew she liked seeing him—there was a kind of pride in her which prevented her hiding how much she cared for his company. She was above any pretenses; she had never had to pretend.

He found her, with increasing knowledge, swift in perceptions, eager, almost pathetically earnest in her eagerness, to learn and understand about everything and anything. She had a spontaneous feeling for beauty, which was the ground on which they met with the most spontaneous intimacy; but in intellectual matters she was, it seemed to Greville, morbidly earnest about the amount she felt she had still to learn. He viewed her, her odd beauty and her queer, dignified charm and her childlike purposefulness, with an absorbed detachment. Sometimes he wondered what prevented his being in love with her.

They dined together the night before she was to sail for New York. They danced at the Ambassadors, which was the only club in London that Irene thought suitable for herself—and where her friends told her she could be seen and still considered *"bien élevé."*

At one o'clock she said she would go home. "I have to be up early," she added.

He thought she was tired, for she had been abstracted and strange throughout the evening. He drove her back to her hostess's house in Grosvenor Square. On the door-step she turned to say good-by to him.

"But—I shall come to the boat to see you off."

"No," she said quietly, "I don't want you to."

"But please, Irene, I'd like to."

She shook her head, and against his own instinct of caution he persisted.

"But why not? How absurd of you! I so much want to."

She stood with her back to the door; her eyes were almost on a level with his.

"Since you will have it, Greville—I don't want you because I—I mind too much." She stifled his protest, repelled his step forward with a gesture. "Don't say anything untrue,

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.
America's Leading Diamond Importers

For over 50 years the house of **Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston,** has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike all over the world at savings of from 20 to 40%. **Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should interest every present or prospective diamond purchaser.



1 carat. $145.00

This full cut **one carat diamond** is of fine brilliancy. Mounted in latest style Ladies' 14K solid gold ring. If this Diamond Ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than $200.00 **send it back** and your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you **$145.00**



Ladies' Diamond Ring $95.00

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of rare brilliancy set in 18-K Solid White Gold ring beautifully carved and pierced **$95.00**



Ladies' Platinum Diamond Ring $235.00

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy securely set in solid platinum ring, which is richly carved and exquisitely pierced in a lacework effect . . **$235.00**

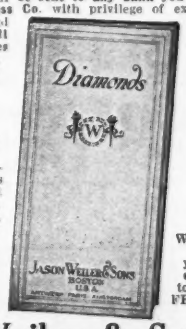
A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

¼ carat	$31.00	1 carat	$145.00
⅜ carat	50.00	2 carats	290.00
½ carat	73.00	3 carats	435.00

If desired, rings will be sent to any **bank** you may name or any **Express Co.** with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS FREE CATALOG *"HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"*

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities, $20.00 to $20,000.00, is considered an authority.



Write for your copy today FREE

Jason Weiler & Sons
369 Washington St., Boston, Mass
Corner of Washington and Franklin Streets
Diamond Importers since 1876
Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris



CLIP THIS NOW! It's your own fault if you go without a typewriter now. There is a bargain price on this Underwood! Totally rebuilt; new type; new platen; new finish; and a *five-year guarantee.* Easiest terms ever—$3 and it's yours.

FREE BOOK! Typist Manual and complete catalog explains whole plan. To first fifty who answer, instructions free in touch typewriting. Mail now to the Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co., C207 Shipman Bldg., CHICAGO.

Name _____

Address _____



Corns Disappear

Pain Ends in 3 Seconds

This new way acts like an anaesthetic

A SCIENTIFIC formula has been evolved that acts like a local anaesthetic on corns and calluses, quickly stopping all pain. Within a few hours after its use the corn disappears and seldom returns.

This discovery has brought astounding results. Now it is to be distributed in a form that can be used safely and quickly by everyone—right in their own home.

You simply apply two or three drops. Pain stops instantly. Soon you peel the corn off like dead skin. Dangerous cutting is unnecessary. Shoes no longer hurt.

The whole treatment takes only 3 seconds to apply. Get it today under the name of "Gets-It." If not delighted and amazed, the test costs you nothing.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

Toothache!
DENT'S
TOOTHACHE GUM
WILL STOP IT
All Druggists





SHORT-STORY WRITING
Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dr. Esenwein Dept. 45 Springfield, Mass.



SHEER stockings have made De Miracle more than ever essential to the complete toilette. For 20 years well-groomed women have valued this *liquid* that quickly and gently removes hair at the roots.

60c, $1, $2—Everywhere or direct from
De Miracle, 138 West 14th Street, New York

De Miracle

Greville, just because I've spoken the truth. I—I hate to go away—but that isn't here nor there; people have to do a lot of things they hate to do; I only don't want you to make things more difficult for me. I know I'm not real to you—you told me once—and it's the same now. You were quite right; it's my kind of life that shuts me in." And she added in a half bitter, half wistful tone, "It isn't any fun, Greville—being a princess shut away in a gold tower."

And then she turned away—and went in—and the big door banged after her.

Fame and money came to Greville in the next two years with a surprising capricious swiftness. Their achievement, as with all achievement of the essentially inessential, seemed to him at first incredible, then absurd and pleasant, and finally uninteresting.

He was to have a show of his work in October and was strolling on a late September afternoon down the Haymarket towards the gallery where the exhibition was to be held. Passing the office of the American Express Company, his train of thought led him to wonder, with a kind of inexplicable nostalgia which he wouldn't admit to himself, what Irene Neilson was doing. Where she was. Whether she was married yet. He had heard nothing of her since that strange farewell on a door-step in Grosvenor Square. He had written to her once, and had had no reply.

The owner of the galleries met him at the door. "Morning, Mr. Fane. Glad you've come. Wanted to ask your advice."

"What about?"

The man, sandy-haired and small-eyed, rubbed his chin. "Well, you know, we've already hung all your pictures and spread them all out properly—and I've just had a lady in about half an hour ago who wants to try to sell two (certainly very good) early works of yours, through us, and wants 'em hung at this exhibition."

Greville demanded swiftly, "What are they like?"

"Well, here they are." The man led him into the main room, where two pictures were leaned up against the table in the center. "Those are the ones."

Greville's heart beat unevenly. Those were the ones, of course—the wintry landscape and his early home showing among the trees—and the garden in Italy, the cypresses and the flowers drowsing in the sunshine.

"What kind of lady?"

"Quite a young lady."

"Er—pretty?"

The man glanced oddly at Greville. "Well, not exactly. Remarkable face—poorly dressed, though—seemed anxious to sell these."

"Did she give her address?"

The man looked more shrewd than ever. "Yes, Mr. Fane, here it is."

He handed Greville a slip of paper. An address in Bloomsbury—in a familiar handwriting.

"Thank you." Greville put the paper in his pocket. "Of course, hang these two—and take down number nineteen over there, and number twenty-three."

"Very well, Mr. Fane."

The man watched Greville hurry out into Pall Mall and hail a taxi with frenzied insistence.

Greville's taxi rattled its way into the drab purlieus of Bloomsbury. It drew up according to his hectic directions in front of one of the many dispirited-looking houses with the cardboard sign "Apartments to Let" stuck in the window in front of Nottingham lace curtains and an aspidistra plant.

A smudgy maid answered his ring.

"Is—is Miss Neilson in?"

"Yes, sir—she's ub-stairs—tob floor"—this through the small, smudgy nose. "Will you come ub?"

"Yes, please."

He followed the girl up four grimy flights of stairs; there was a smell of cabbage and bacon fat, and farther up, of old drying flannel.

The girl knocked with a red fist on a door on the topmost landing. There was an indistinct "Yes" from inside.

"Gintleman to see you, Miss Neilson."

A pause and then a faint, surprised, "I'm just coming."

At the sound of footsteps approaching from inside the room, the maid jerked her head, indicating that the lady would deal with Greville, and clumped hastily down-stairs.

Irene stood in the doorway.

"Greville!" She looked frightened.

"Irene—I——" He was realizing her, as finely poised as ever, but thinner and paler—with marks under her eyes as though she had been crying. "Irene—I found out through those two pictures. Irene, what's happened?"

Now she smiled, and there was a casualness in her tone he'd never heard before.

"It's almost comic," she said. "I—well, I guess my trustees were fairly dishonest. Anyway, they lost nearly all my money for me about a year ago. And then I thought I'd—I'd gamble a bit with what was left, the Stock Exchange always sounds such a safe way of making a fortune, you know—and I lost pretty well every cent of that—for myself."

"Was that in New York?"

"Yes."

"But then—why did you come over here?"

A funny look that was almost gaiety flickered in her eyes.

"Just because I couldn't afford to live in New York. I couldn't live the kind of life of all the people I knew before, and I thought over here I needn't see anyone I'd known—and I might make something—giving lessons—in music and languages."

"You, Irene—*you?*"

"Why not?"

He stood on the dingy landing, gazing at her. "It's—it's monstrous! Incredible! My dear, how *could* you?"

"I can, since I *have* to!"

"And you've had to sell everything! Even my absurd pictures?"

She flinched as though he'd hurt her.

"Yes."

"And to think you were the first person who ever wanted to buy one! You saw anything worth while that there was in them long before the public began, for no particular reason, to bleat in a chorus that I knew how to paint!"

"It is—strange," she said.

"Irene—it's terrible—awful for you!" He took her hand—but she stepped back.

"I haven't the least need of your pity."

"Irene, it isn't—it *isn't* pity."

"Of course it is." She spoke resentfully.

"No, my dear."

He knew now, with a swift, glowing conviction, watching her pale, resentful face, that it wasn't, that he was telling her the truth when he went on: "Irene—it's something much more——"

But she cut him short. "You seem to think that—that simply because I've lived in—in that golden tower for twenty years, I can't walk like other people."

"Irene, darling!"

"You ought to be pleased that now I'm so—so real and ordinary."

"You wouldn't ever be ordinary."

There was pride, and behind that a glimmer of laughter in her look. "Or real, I suppose?"

"You are terribly real now."

"How real?" she mocked between tears and laughter.

"Darling!" He took her by the shoulders and looked into her strange dark eyes. "So real that I believe you can be ordinary enough to—to marry me!"

"I wonder . . ." she murmured, and began to cry on his shoulder.

"I could build you a new tower, darling."

She was half laughing now. "I should hate that—unless——" She broke off inconsequently and sniffed. "Isn't there a book called 'Two on a Tower'?"

"Darling idiot, of course—Hardy. And you so beautifully well-read!"

"Well—in that case," she said, half laughing—and kissed him.

I Could Make America Dry (*Continued from page 43*)

law he should pay the penalty, not as a matter of vengeance, not as a matter of punishment even, but as a necessity for the protection of the social structure.

The maudlin, feeble-minded sentiment that turns loose, by pardon or parole, tens of thousands of criminals every year to continue their depredations is as silly as it is ineffective. One need go no further in his studies of "crime waves" to find the cause of these so-called "crime waves."

Once assured that men breaking the Volstead Act and the supporting state laws would be fully punished when caught, I would then go about the business of catching them. I would get federal enforcement officers who were loyal and efficient and were *not afraid to shoot*. I'd match their brains and their wits against the brains and wits of the smugglers, the bootleggers and the law-breakers.

If I didn't have enough men, I would get enough. President Coolidge's executive order of May 8, permitting the "federalizing" of state, county and municipal officers, was a distinct aid in solving this problem and offers an almost bottomless reservoir of men. When chief officer of the United States Indian Service, I actually did this hundreds of times and without any "Executive order." I employed such local officials as federal "deputies," when needed, on a fee or *per diem* basis and with striking success. I'd stop booze smuggling just as the government has stopped diamond smuggling.

Would I use the army and navy? You bet your life I would. What are the army and navy for except to defend the institutions of this country?

The first "rebellion" in this country was the "Whisky Rebellion" of more than a century ago. In March, 1791, Congress passed an excise law on domestic spirits. Many small stills existed in Western Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina. The Pennsylvanians refused to pay the excise and attacked federal revenue officers. In September, 1794, President Washington, using the new powers bestowed by Congress in May, 1792, dispatched a large force of militia against the rebellious Pennsylvanians. The leaders of the "rebellion" fled and the revolt evaporated. But it had done one thing—*it had clearly set a precedent for the employment of force by the federal Executive to enforce federal laws within the states.*

This right and this duty of the federal government to enforce its laws is fundamental.

The government has always been ready to use its army for any federal emergency. In 1894 in the Pullman strike in Chicago, Grover Cleveland ordered out the federal troops in behalf of the United States mails. If we can use troops against strikers, we can use them against criminals.

If it was my job to dry up America, I would try my best to have troops planted on every foot of the Mexican and Canadian borders if necessary. We had more than 100,000 soldiers on the Mexican border in 1916—and the imaginary invasion of Mexican troops was far less of a menace than the actual invasion of booze from below the Rio Grande.

I would do the same thing with the United States Navy. We have three or four hundred fast destroyers in the navy. I would use them to patrol every square foot of sea that washes our Atlantic and Pacific shores. I wouldn't let a drop of foreign-made booze leak into our country—any more than we let a single German leak into our country during the war.

And at the same time I'd dry up the leaks of native manufactured hooch. I'd first get right after regulating the output of denatured alcohol for industrial and scientific purposes. There are some 200 legitimate uses to which alcohol can be put. In 1905, I had charge of the publicity campaign of a committee of manufacturers which resulted in the removal of the tax on alcohol, when properly denatured, for legitimate purposes.

This legitimate use of alcohol for industrial purposes can be safeguarded and the scandals eliminated by administrative means. It has been done and it can be done again.

When District Attorney Buckner testifies that last year 63,000,000 gallons of denatured alcohol were diverted into bootleg channels and when the Revenue Department officials declare that there was not more than 13,000,000 gallons so diverted and when the records show that only 85,000,000 gallons were produced, there is need of cleaning out some of these loud speakers.

Then I'd get right after the abuses of the privileges of sacramental wine that exists simply because of weak, inefficient or crooked administration. The Lutheran, Catholic, Episcopalian and Jewish churches alone require fermented wine in their sacraments. Very few complaints are made about the great body of these churches. But the exceptions are glaring and inexcusable.

On a recent trip to Colorado, I found that no complaints had been lodged against any Lutherans or Episcopalians and only two complaints had been made against Catholic priests. One of these priests is now active in the campaign in that state seeking to repeal the dry prohibition clause in their constitution. The principal Jewish rabbis in Colorado use grape-juice instead of wine in their sacramental rituals. But my attention was called to the records showing that one Russian Jewish rabbi last year brought into the state three thousand gallons of whisky for "sacramental purposes." Such an outrageous thing could not have been accomplished without the cooperation of some crooked officials in the enforcement unit and it need not be a difficult matter to locate the offender. I'd certainly put a stop to that sort of business.

Would I use "double jeopardy?" Why not? We have a score of acts that are offences under both federal and state law. In many cases there are three jurisdictions—federal, state and municipal. Suppose a man commits an assault in a post-office. The city police can prosecute him in the municipal courts, the state authorities can prosecute him, and then the federal courts also can do the same thing. Nobody ever kicks against this except bootleggers and their friends. Why should we take advice from these anti-social elements?

On one occasion, a couple of bootleggers in Texas made a murderous assault on me and then hotfooted it to a friendly municipal court, pleaded guilty and paid five-dollar fines. But a county grand jury indicted them for "felonious assault" and they were convicted and sentenced to jail for sixty days. And I could have thrown this case also into the federal courts if it had been necessary.

Who is there to say that a criminal can commit a serious offense and rush out to a friendly court and pay a small fine, thereby seeking to escape proper punishment for his act? Bootleggers and their friends roll their eyes to heaven protesting against this "double jeopardy" which they never thought of until attempts were made to enforce the dry laws.

Many cheap tears, too, are spilled over the matter of "states rights," mostly by people who never had the slightest interest in "states rights" until prohibition came along. The states that first exercised their "states rights" by ratifying the Eighteenth Amendment were the Southern states. All of the states except Connecticut and Rhode Island exercised their "states rights" by ratifying the amendment, and these two states had enough patriotism to enact enforcement laws in harmony with the federal constitution.

New York and Maryland ratified the Eighteenth Amendment and then crawled under the bed, refusing to make good by supporting what they had ratified. These two states, refusing to function, refusing to exercise the right of their states by aiding in the protection of their own people, decided to stew in

Irresistible is the charm of a smooth clear skin

NO other element of beauty has the alluring appeal of a fresh, velvety skin, glowing with health and color. Every man admires it and nature intended every woman to possess it.

But no skin, however lovely, will retain its beauty unaided and thousands of women have found the solution of their problem in the daily use of Resinol Soap. There are three excellent reasons why this soap appeals so strongly to the woman who wishes to preserve or restore the fresh, youthful charm of her complexion.

First, it is a decidedly pleasing toilet soap giving a quantity of creamy, pore-searching lather that invigorates while it cleanses.

Then its ingredients are absolutely pure and wholesome. There is no trace of free alkali—that harsh, drying chemical which makes so many ordinary soaps injurious to the skin and hair.

But best of all it contains the soothing Resinol properties which give it that distinctive, refreshing fragrance and rich color, and cause it to keep the skin clear and velvety.

RESINOL OINTMENT is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.

Write for free sample of Resinol Soap and Ointment. Dept. E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



Resinol Soap



LEARN TO
CREATE BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES
This Fascinating "Moody Nu Way"



Women's Ideal Way to Save or
MAKE MONEY
Make $20 to $45 a week AT HOME—and save money besides. Have newest, prettier styles for yourself and your family—at one-third what store clothes cost. Start a money-making business—in spare time.



Earn in Your Home
Big opportunity for any woman to earn extra money right at home—in any time she can spare from home duties. She can save real dollars on family clothes bills. Or make money making clothes and hats for her friends—customers! Have an income of $25 to $45 a week—EASILY.

Be an Expert Home or Shop
MODISTE-MILLINER
—not just a dressmaker. Nu-Way develops your cleverness; gives you expert knowledge of clothes creation.

Expert Modiste-Milliners in Demand
Hundreds of women, everywhere, glad to pay you big money to create better and more stylish clothes and hats than they get in stores. This simple, EASY, "Nu-Way" trains you QUICKLY to become expert.

Open a Shop—No Capital to Start
This way it is easy to start a paying business at home. Earnings soon help you open a shop downtown without other capital.

2 Courses, 3 Outfits—All for One Price
You get complete Dressmaking Course, Sewing Basket and Outfit, Dress Form, Dressmaking Charts; Dress Design; Pattern Drafting and Millinery Course with outfit. Also Monthly Fashion Bulletins—free of extra cost.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK
CLIP COUPON!
VEVA GIFFIN MOODY, Director of Instruction,
THE FASHION INSTITUTE,
Dept. C-26 1926 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago.
Send me your Free Book, "Fashion Secrets" and full particulars of "Nu-Way" Training.

NAME
Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss
ADDRESS

FLEUR D'OR Perfume FREE!
A Million Women will know the CHARM of this endearing fragrance.
Fleur D'OR is a new triumph in perfumery. Just a drop on your gown and it adds a caressing breath of a lovely garden.



ACTUAL SIZE
Only ONE to each PERSON
Mail us your name and address with 25 cents in silver or stamps to cover packing, postage, etc. A full sized bottle of Fleur D'Or priced $1.00 will be sent to you prepaid. (Outside U. S. A. 10 cents extra.)
Don't Delay—
This is a special introductory offer to create a world wide demand for FLEUR D'OR perfume in the beautiful vial.
This $1.00 SIZE FREE!
MAISON D'OR
147 Fourth Ave., D-56
New York City

200 Sheets $1.00 POST PAID
100 Envelopes



High grade, clear white bond paper—unusually smooth writing surface. Size 6 x 7 inches with envelopes to match. Has that crisp, crackly "feel" that identifies it to everyone as superior quality stationery.
Name and Address Printed Free
on every sheet and envelope in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste.
Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift with your friend's name. Attractive 3 letter monogram if preferred.
Just send $1.00 (west of Denver and outside U.S., $1.10) and this generous supply of stationery will come by return mail, postage prepaid. Securely packed in a sturdy blue box. Please write or print clearly. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
National Stationery Co., C120 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois

their own juice, at the same time crying from the housetops that the dry law could not be enforced and doing all in their power as states to discourage the enforcement of the law.

As Baltimore mobbed the federal troops at the start of the Civil War, just so now the same sort of people mob federal officers who go there to enforce the Volstead Act. In New York there were disloyal riots, "draft riots," during the Civil War. Now agents of the enforcement unit who go there to protect the people against criminals are treated as public enemies, lambasted by the press and hooted at by the populace.

When the state refuses to function in protecting its citizens, the federal power is automatically compelled to act, even to the extent of performing duties that naturally belong to the state. Any state that refuses to exercise the states rights that it has can have no claim for additional "rights" of which it is not worthy.

The remedy is to exercise the federal power in these states to the hilt until the disloyal minority became a loyal majority, just as the disloyal people of the South eventually became the most loyal people in America.

To reiterate, in a nutshell: What I would do would be to arrest the men who break the law—all of them I could and by any means that I could—and then I would see that they were sent to jail and served out their full sentences.

I'd compel the courts to do their full duty; I'd use every man and gun and ship in the United States Army and Navy if I had to in order to stop smuggling and illegal transportation of liquor; I'd have only loyal and efficient enforcement officers; and I would compel the state and municipal authorities to recognize the Constitution and the laws of the United States Government over any laws, sentiments or so-called local "rights" of their own.

Twenty years ago when I was chief officer enforcing liquor laws in Indian territories, I was called to Washington on routine matters. I was carrying a black eye and a broken fist when I dropped in to pay my respects to James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior.

"Any instructions, Mr. Secretary?" I asked.

"Yes," he snapped at me. "Go back to Indian Territory—put as many of those bootleggers in jail as you can and keep them there as long as you can—and when they get out—put them back in again."

If the President of the United States were to say that today to any man of ability and determination, he could make America bone-dry.

Here's Howe (*Continued from page 93*)

answered with enthusiasm. Jack glared at us all impartially and with a disgusted snort strode out of the room.

Thus endeth the first lesson!

A few days later, Helene closed a contract with a plastic surgeon who took over a store adjoining her beauty parlor and transformed it into an operating-room, with the up-stairs floor for convalescents. The doctor specialized in face-liftings, the ear, the nose, and in particular, the removal of scars. Le Moyne was one of the first to congratulate Helene on her enterprise and promised to send her patients from among his professional acquaintances.

In this, Le Moyne proved as good as his word, for within a week a gentleman called at the Mayfair Beauty Shoppe, mentioned Le Moyne and arranged for the removal of an oddly-shaped, disfiguring scar on his cheek. The prospective patient gave his name as Fisher and was a heavy-set, rather loudly dressed and gruff individual, who appeared distinctly ill at ease amid the silken hangings, soft lights feminine patrons and heavily perfumed atmosphere of Helene's beauty parlor. Mr. Fisher was extraordinarily interested in Helene's assertion that there would not be the faintest trace of the scar when the plastic surgeon finished with him and that some minor operations upon his large ears and bulbous nose would make him look like another person.

Upon that, he gave Helene an inscrutable smile and rubbing his hands together said that he might go the whole hog. Before leaving, his roving glance happened upon Helene's rather ornate safe and he regarded it with lips pursed contemptuously, advising her that she should get a bigger and better one immediately or "Some wise guy'll crack it!"

Helene thought Mr. Fisher quite amusing.

That same day she received what was evidently a circular letter instructing her to raise her prices for hair-dressings, scalp treatments, manicuring, et cetera, to conform to a uniform scale just adopted by other beauty parlors of greater New York. Helene was quite upset and indignant at this brusk mandate. Deciding that the proposed rates were exorbitant and would cost her most of her customers, Helene flatly refused to revise her price-list.

Then the fun began!

Within a few days gangmen began to picket the Mayfair Beauty Shoppe, and a woman, obviously in the employ of its competitors, startled Helene's patrons by screaming from a booth that an incompetent manicurist had cut her finger. Other abortive attempts were made daily to embarrass Helene and compel her to obey the command of her rivals, and then one morning a brick shattered the huge plate-glass window of the shop.

It so happened that Jack and I were present on this occasion and while Helene was phoning the police and the nervous operators were trying to calm their hysterical patrons, we rushed to the street and gave battle to the thugs. We were greatly outnumbered, but rendered such a good account of ourselves that when the *gendarmes* arrived on the run, four of the gangsters were stretched on the pavement.

The tall, broad-shouldered Jack was one of the most efficient and devastating rough-and-tumble fighters I have ever seen. He was a merciless killer when aroused, absorbing punishment like a sponge and dealing it out with grim ferocity.

Our casualties were represented by Jack's skinned knuckles and bleeding nose, while I had a rapidly swelling "mouse" under one eye and a badly bruised right hand. After our names and our explanation of the affair had been obtained by the skeptical police, we pushed through the crowd and the admiring Helene led us to the rear of the shop, where she assisted us to make emergency repairs.

"Cheese!" exclaimed Jack, surveying himself in the mirror. "I wish them coppers hadn't showed up—we was just gettin' untracked, hey, Art?"

"I'm afraid I wasn't of much help," I said. "I was knocked down twice and——"

"But you got up!" interrupted Jack, patting my shoulder. "That's the important part—*you got up!* You're a sweet puncher, kid. I seen you smack that big Swede and I'm satisfied you drove his smeller clean through his pan!"

Helene was busily dabbing my eye with a pad of cotton soaked in hot water. "Oh, Arthur, I'm so sorry you were hurt on my account!" she murmured.

"Don't be sill!" laughed Jack. "After he win that clout in the eye he was fightin' on his own account—and how! Well, I'm certainly glad you picked a he-man for yourself, Helene, instead of them milk-fed garter-snakes you used to kid with. You're gettin' smart. This lad can step into our family any time he's got nothin' to do!"

"Jack!" cried Helene, crimsoning.

"Well, you don't think he's acin' around here just for the laughs, do you?" inquired her hard-boiled brother. "Does he look like a mug?"

A policeman, desiring to interview Helene,

just then furnished a welcome interruption.

At Helene's request, a couple of plain clothes men were assigned from headquarters to watch her beleaguered beauty parlor and thereafter the enemy withdrew, the organized beauty shops contenting themselves with the sending of threatening letters. At length even these trailed off.

One evening I phoned father from my modest quarters adjoining his luxurious suite at the Fitz-Charlton, and receiving no answer I decided to drop in and await his return. I let myself in with the key he had previously given me—and got the thrill of my life!

The hallway leading to the rooms was in utter darkness and as I groped for the light-switch I stumbled over the prostrate body of father's valet. Miami was bound and gagged but apparently uninjured, his eyes rolling frantically towards the inner chambers. I followed his glance and drew in my breath sharply, for with the aid of a pocket flash-light a man was manipulating the dial of the wall safe wherein reposed father's precious rubies.

The burglar's back was toward me and I was therefore unable to form any impression of his features. Twirling the dial with gloved hands, the man was engrossed in his work and quite unaware of my presence, for he was softly whistling a peculiarly weird arpeggio under his breath. The melody momentarily arrested me in my half-started plunge toward him—it was haunting, fascinating, blood-tingling. Recovering myself, I dashed into the room and made a lunge for him, but my eager hands closed on nothing as with an oath he snapped off his flash-light, overturned a chair in front of me and dissolved into the darkness of the room. By the time I had disengaged myself from the chair, he was gone through the still open door, leaving me nothing but the memory of that ghoulish refrain. Nor could the house detective and police from the precinct station-house find any trace of him.

Acting on Miami's information, I found father as usual at one of the smart night clubs in a gay party, with a famous Broadway chorister at his side. He appeared unperturbed at the news of the robbery.

"Sit down, my boy and be merry!" he invited me, with an expansive wave of his hand. Then he addressed himself to the curious eyes that were on us. "Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us this evening my only and—eh—somewhat decorous son, Arthur by name."

"I think he's awfully cute!" exclaimed his fair companion.

Good heavens—cute!

I regarded her frigidly and turned to the others. "I am very sorry to ask father to excuse himself for a while," I said. "But his rooms have been robbed and——"

"Oh, come on, sit down, Good-Looking!" father's *tête-à-tête* drawlingly interrupted. "Daddy ain't going to bust out crying over a little thing like that. As long as they don't shoplift Florida from him, he'll get past!"

This brought hilarious laughter from the rest of the party and I literally dragged my reluctant parent away.

At the hotel we found, as I feared, that the rubies had vanished from the safe, which the whistling cracksman had taken the trouble to relock. Miami's description of the man was exceedingly vague and after the last policeman had left I faced father angrily.

"Father, this is all your own fault!" I exclaimed. "You are criminally careless! Fancy exhibiting those rubies to every casual caller—to that Le Moyne chap, for instance."

I stopped, instinctively thinking Le Moyne the burglar, but instantly recalled that the man I surprised at the safe was much shorter and stockier than the moving-picture director. No, it wasn't Le Moyne. My puzzled reflections, interlaced with strains of that infernal melody whistled by the thief, were halted by father, who still seemed singularly undismayed.

"Miami, take that pall-bearer's look off your face and bring me a highball—alley up!" he commanded. "Arthur, sit down and don't glare at me like that! Your father is not a fool,

LONG HOURS, late hours; much on the mind, much on the menu! No wonder the system sometimes goes on strike. The dash of ENO'S Effervescent Salt sparkling in a half glass of water in the morning helps to relieve the inner organs. It gives them a fresh start every day. When they're just working up a strike ENO steps in and removes the grievance. It is a wise and conciliatory laxative. For more than fifty years people all over Europe have regarded ENO as a trusted friend.

From all druggists at $1.25 and 75c

Prepared only by
J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, England

Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
171 Madison Avenue, New York
Toronto *Sydney* *Wellington*

TRADE ENO MARK
THE WORLD-FAMED
EFFERVESCENT SALT



BATHASWEET

To keep you lovely
all day long

The girl who prides herself on her attractiveness calls Bathasweet her favorite luxury, not only because it entrances her senses, but because it adds so greatly to her loveliness thruout the day.

Just a sprinkle of it in her tub, and she bathes in water as fragrant as a flower garden, and so soft it cleanses the pores as no ordinary water can, leaving her skin delightfully comfortable, radiantly healthy and smooth as velvet to the touch. Then for the rest of the day an almost scentless perfume clings about her, keeping her always sweet and fresh and lovable. Yet Bathasweet is inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at drug and department stores.

FREE—*A can sent you free if you write us.*
C. S. Welch Co., Dept. CH, 1907 Park Ave., N.Y.



Their hair defies summer breezes—

DON'T expect so much of your hair! It takes more than mere brushing to keep it smooth in face of summer breezes.

To keep your hair in place, smooth, lustrous—all day—use Stacomb. Never leaves it matted or sticky. Counteracts dandruff, too. In jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores.

Stacomb

-----FREE OFFER-----

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. D-33, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.
Send free sample of Stacomb checked:—
Cream form ☐. Liquid form ☐.

Name.....

Address.....



You don't have to have **GRAY HAIR Why have it?**

WHY appear older than you are? Why be less popular than others of your age? Why limit your opportunities in the business and social world? Why have gray hair at all?—others of your age conceal it and place you at a disadvantage. Look about you; nearly all your friends have dark hair. You know some of them use dye; others you suspect; still others conceal the coloring so well that you do not even think of their "using something" on their hair. They are probably users of Q-ban.

DARKEN Your Gray Hair With Q-ban at Home! Q-ban Hair Color Restorer is totally unlike any other preparation you may have tried. It is a clear, colorless, daintily scented liquid made especially for use in the privacy of your own home. It darkens the hair *gradually*, very gradually; so gradual is the process that you yourself cannot name the day when the change takes place, except you will know that from week to week your hair is becoming darker and darker and not even your friends notice the change. Your hair will have the *natural appearance* you desire and will not have that metallic glint which marks the use of dyes.

Q-ban
Guaranteed at Druggists' 75c a Bottle

Free Offer! Miniature bottles Q-ban Tonic and Q-ban Liquid Green Soap Shampoo sent free together with our book on the care of the hair. We are hair specialists and study the subject constantly. Our book is valuable. It also tells about the *seven* different Q-ban Preparations for the hair.

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer works so gradually that a sample would prove nothing. Therefore we authorize all druggists to refund your money if you are not entirely pleased. You to be sole judge.

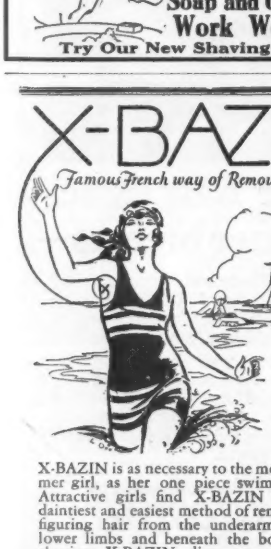
HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists Dept. D-4, Memphis, Tenn.

Q-ban
HAIR COLOR RESTORER
MAKES GRAY HAIR DARK



Have Good Hair And Clean Scalp
Cuticura
Soap and Ointment Work Wonders
Try Our New Shaving Stick

X-BAZIN
Famous French way of Removing Hair



50c.
At all Drug and Toilette Counters

X-BAZIN is as necessary to the modern Summer girl, as her one piece swimming suit. Attractive girls find X-BAZIN the safest, daintiest and easiest method of removing disfiguring hair from the underarm, forearm, lower limbs and beneath the bob. Unlike shaving, X-BAZIN discourages later hair growth.

X-BAZIN is made in both a powder and a convenient cream. In both forms it is delightfully perfumed. X-BAZIN is guaranteed by the manufacturers to remove hair in five minutes without irritating the skin.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc.
241-37th St. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Send 10c for sample

in spite of your obsession to the contrary. Those rubies were imitation—colored glass. The genuine stones are in a safe-deposit box."

"But——" I gasped, in surprised chagrin.

"Since you believe I'm the goat, I'll do the butting!" father cut me off. "As for our friend Le Moyne—well, I admit a suspicion of him. He posed as a connoisseur of precious stones, yet he failed to recognize that the rubies I allowed him to examine were spurious. Other things have caused me to view Le Moyne askance. He has evaded taking me on a tour of the movie studios as he promised, and I have been unable to find anyone who ever heard of the fellow as a director."

"I have always felt he was an impostor!" I declared. "And I can't help but think he had something to do with the theft of your synthetic gems. Why not inform the police of our suspicions?"

"Because if we are wrong, Le Moyne would have a very fine suit for damages against me," returned father. "No, Arthur, this situation calls for finesse. I shall tell Le Moyne of the robbery and observe his reaction. I intend to have him present on the Everglade tomorrow night for the purpose of studying him further. Off guard, he may step out of character."

The Everglade was father's $300,000 yacht, its name another genuflection to Florida, and the occasion he referred to was the celebration of his sixty-first birthday. Father had engaged a famous jazz band and a beauty chorus to allow the overworked tap-room stewards casual breathing spells. An elaborate banquet, well beyond the twelve-mile limit, was to begin the festivities and dancing was to follow indefinitely. As you may well imagine, invitations were at a premium.

Although some of the merrymakers proved poor sailors in a brief squall off Sandy Hook, the party as a whole was a huge success. A striking figure in evening clothes, the handsome Jack was in his element and lived up to his reputation as an assassin with the ladies. Father was here, there and everywhere, but always the center of attraction—particularly for the fair sex. I found Jack's cynical comments on the assembly amusing and trenchant.

"You take these girls, for instance—no foolin', they kill me!" he remarked to me once as we watched the dancing. "A few jolts and they start actin'. The good girls tries to act naughty and the broad-minded ones tries to act good. You'd think these chorines was inmates of a convent, and the society dames would get warned at a nickel dance-hall for the wiggles they're tearin' off here! Both kinds is fakin' it. If they'd all be themselves, a guy would know how to work—this way it's intricate, what I mean!"

As Helene suggested, Aubrey appeared disguised as a woman and surpassed himself. Really, his impersonation was inspired. He deceived everyone—and completely captivated Le Moyne, who unsuspectingly played gallant to Helene's personable "sister Alyce" until Jack was on the verge of hysterics. After an hour or so, Aubrey became fearful of Le Moyne's bibulous advances and suddenly removing his wig, confessed to the deception. Le Moyne, standing on a deck chair and about to propose a toast to "Alyce," fell off the chair and almost into the ocean. Gasping, bulging-eyed unbelief gave way to red-faced mortification and when he clenched his fists angrily, Aubrey stepped hastily behind the grinning Jack's broad back. But the presence of bewitching Helene and her apologetic explanation helped Le Moyne recover his poise. He bowed to her gracefully.

"You are as resourceful as you are beautiful, fair lady!" he said. "And your brother is an artist of most unusual gifts. However, it is possible that our host's excellent wassail may have—er—weakened my perceptive faculties. But I will give Aubrey a part in my next picture if he can successfully deceive a friend of mine. You recall the Mr. Fisher I sent to your beauty parlor, Miss Howe?"

"The man who wanted the scar removed—yes!" answered Helene.

"A great fellow!" smiled Le Moyne quizzically. "A man of remarkable talent at his own *forte*. Also, a confirmed practical joker. Now, if he takes your brother for a woman——"

"He has an appointment at my shop the day after tomorrow!" broke in Helene.

"Very good!" said Le Moyne. "I will enter your parlor with Aubrey at the time of Mr. Fisher's appointment. Aubrey will be attired in feminine garb. If my friend is duped, I shall give your brother a contract."

What momentous events turn on trivial incidents—or are they as trivial as they seem to us victims of playful gods?

Two days later Jack and myself were at the Mayfair Beauty Shoppe to witness Le Moyne's prescribed test of Aubrey's characterization. A plain clothes man was still on guard outside, watching for possible trouble-makers in the hire of the beauty parlor trust. Helene was quite nervous.

"Mr. Fisher is already in a booth back there!" she whispered. "Oh, by the way, any trace of your father's rubies yet?"

"Not the faintest!" I answered. "But do you know, that haunting melody whistled by the burglar has almost driven me crazy? It goes something like——"

I was interrupted by the plain clothes man, who stepped inside to ask Helene's permission to phone a routine report to headquarters. As he went into Helene's office in the rear of the shop, leaving the door open, Le Moyne entered with Aubrey, attired as a woman.

The burly Mr. Fisher, who appeared angry at Le Moyne for some reason, was entirely taken in by Aubrey's impersonation, to the huge delight of his friend. When Fisher clumsily attempted to make a dinner engagement with Helene's coy brother, Le Moyne snatched off Aubrey's wig and burst into resounding guffaws. Stricken with amazement, Fisher stood gaping and emitted a soft, peculiarly penetrating whistle.

The effect was electrical—*it was that same weird, fascinating arpeggio whistled by the burglar in father's rooms!*

Galvanized into action by the sound, I rushed to confront the man and at the same instant the plain clothes man dropped the telephone and seized him.

"Well, as I live!" grinned the detective. "Whistlin' Willie, hey? How tickled they'll be down-town to see you once again!"

Fisher wheeled on the ghastly Le Moyne with a vile oath. "You double-crossin' rat!" he snarled. "So you framed me, eh?"

His hand shot to his hip pocket, but the detective quickly disarmed him.

"That's the man who robbed my father!" I cried. "I'd know that whistle among a thousand!"

"You're all wet!" sneered Fisher and pointed a pudgy finger at the trembling Le Moyne. "There's the baby which glommed the rubies. He grabbed the real stones and left glass ones for me!"

"I told you I'd never trust a blond!" murmured Helene, squeezing my arm.

It then swiftly developed that Le Moyne and Fisher were notorious crooks, wanted by the police of many cities. Le Moyne had given a diagram of father's rooms to his confederate Fisher, who opened the safe and took the imitation rubies, substituted, as he now believed, by Le Moyne. Fisher was known as Whistling Willie through his habit of softly whistling.

As the detective started out with Le Moyne and Fisher, I implored the latter to tell me the name of that haunting melody.

"It's the 'Prisoner's Song'!" snarled Fisher with grim humor, jangling his handcuffs.

"This bein' your fourth conviction, it makes you a habitual criminal, Willie," grinned the detective. "So the judge will change that tune for you when he sentences you!"

"Change it to what?" growled Fisher.

"To this!" said the detective, not without humor himself. "The judge will sing, 'Willie, you're goin' to jail—not for just a hour, not for just a day, not for just a year, but—*always*!'"

Dark Dawn

(*Continued from page 69*)

to do about the house and with less to worry about outside it, she had more time to devote to ills, real or imaginary, that ordinarily would probably have escaped her attention altogether. There were the Blundell girls, for instance. They had driven out from Loyola three or four times during the summer and had just about lived on the Dorrit farm during the harvest. That was bad enough. But the harvest over, and the threshing done, it seemed impossible for Manlius and Arnold to let two nights in succession pass without a trip into town. How they spent their time Agatha Dorrit could only guess, but their going to town was to no good purpose, of that she was sure. The more she thought of it the more convinced she became that catastrophe impended—and disgrace, too, without a doubt. Her position was made no easier by the fact that she found it utterly impossible to speak to the boys about it. Had it been Luce, now, she would have had it out with him long ago.

What they whispered about in secret, those two, and what they chuckled about when they did not know that she was around, was a problem to Agatha. Someone had to bear the brunt of the poor woman's misery. And who was there to take it but Leona? Sturdy and cheerful as Leona was, however, there were days when she felt she must run away to get out of hearing of her mother's complaining voice. It availed nothing that she did all the heavy work about the house, or that she explained to her mother that the boys were only growing up and must have their secrets. It was of no use to remind her that they were working like young Trojans and that the farm was being made to yield as it had never done before. Agatha's complaints were not to be silenced by any mere protests from Leona. Besides, Leona was getting a little out of hand, too. She had become so headstrong and unreasonable that one never knew what she was going to say or do next.

There was her attitude to Luce's wife, for instance. Leona had never gone to see Hattie since the day of the wedding. There was a time when Leona and Lucian had been inseparable. They were still great friends whenever Lucian came down for a visit of an evening or a Sunday afternoon. But Leona had avoided Hattie as if she had been a stranger. Worse, in fact. One would think that Hattie had done Leona a wrong that could never be forgiven. She had gone about in a fit of tantrums for a week after the birth of Hattie's baby.

But she had never been so downright unreasonable as she had been a few nights before Thanksgiving Day when Agatha had sent Arnold to the Murker place with an invitation for Luce and Hattie to come down and have Thanksgiving dinner with them. There had been a regular scene, of Leona's making, and Agatha had been served with a generous helping of the gossip that had been going the rounds of the young people. She learned, for one thing, that Leona had quarreled with one of the girls who had declared that the whole town knew that Hattie Murker had bought herself a husband when she had taken Luce Dorrit. And that wasn't the worst, by any means. Mons Torson's name had been mentioned in a way that—well, there are people everywhere who just seem to be waiting for a chance to see what they can say.

At any rate, Leona declared she would tell Hattie Murker—she never called her anything else—the whole thing at the dinner-table if she was forced to stay and share the Thanksgiving turkey with her. Though she wept for an hour on Wednesday morning, Agatha was secretly relieved when Leona went off to Lost River to spend the holiday with her Aunt Ella.

Early Thursday afternoon, Lucian drove Hattie's black mare up the short lane that led from the road to the Dorrits' house. Hattie was beside him, looking her best in a new suit of blue serge which she had bought just after the baby had been born. Bert was in the seat behind them, swelling with a sense of his own importance as he held the baby on his knees. Enough snow had fallen during the past week to give the country a "white Thanksgiving," but Hattie had ordered Luce to hitch the mare to the new buggy she had picked from a mail-order catalog and had sent for before she had got from childbed.

Agatha Dorrit herself came down to the gate to meet them. "Well, well," she greeted them in her homely fashion, "and you *did* get down at last." One would think their coming had been a complete surprise. "Come on in. Let me take the little one, Bert. And how are you all feeling, anyway?"

There followed a deal of bustling about as the visitors got down from their places. Manlius and Arnold hurried up from the barns to take the mare from Luce, who was already busy with the traces. They jostled their elder brother good-naturedly and sent him into the house with the women. Luce hurried away and overtook his mother before she reached the door. He relieved her of her burden. Moved by an impulse of tenderness, he threw one arm about her with something of the old inward shrinking of fear and walked beside her to the door.

Hattie followed Agatha into the house, removed her hat and the light shawl that she wore, and stroked her hair back from her ears as she seated herself in a chair beside the kitchen table. Agatha took the baby once more and sat down to remove his outer wraps.

It was Lucian who first remarked upon the absence of Leona. "Where's Leone, mother?" he asked abruptly.

Agatha had been commenting upon the baby's weight, its temper, its resemblance to this one and that of the Dorrit family in infancy. She paused stiffly before she replied to Luce's question. She was a woman who never corrupted the truth with diplomacy. And yet the occasion demanded something more—or less, perhaps—than the unadorned truth.

"Oh—that one!" she remarked lightly.

"What's up now?" Luce persisted.

"She took it into her head all at once yesterday to go up to Lost River and spend the day with her Aunt Ella," his mother told him. "I declare it's gettin' that I don't know what to do with her sometimes. She gets that stubborn there's no managin' her."

Hattie's eyes went to Luce interrogatingly, with little hard points of light in them. Leona's dislike of her had never been a close secret. Her comment was good-natured enough, however, whatever she may have thought of Leona's absence.

"Leona will probably grow out of her ways," she said. "Girls of that age are often thoughtless."

"Haven't I said that very thing a hundred times!" Agatha declared. "Just look at the girls that go to the Endeavor meetin's in town, there. You haven't been down to any of the meetin's yet, Hattie?"

"I've been wanting to go," Hattie said, "but Luce thinks it's a little soon for me to go out much yet, with the weather so unsettled."

Agatha's underlip flattened with a disapproval that she could not conceal. "Times is changin', I guess," she observed. "When I had my young ones it was thought downright lazy for a woman to stay round the house more'n a week after. But then—we had work to do in them days."

For a moment it seemed to Luce that the air fairly bristled between his mother and his wife. He was glad that the boys came in just then and gave a fresh turn to the conversation.

"There's someone coming across the south field along the creek," Arnold announced.

"Looks like Andy Anderson, that," Bert announced.

A moment later there was a knock at the door and Manlius opened it upon a red-cheeked, tow-headed boy, very thin and ungainly, with

Sterno's Contribution To a Perfect Vacation



A Double Service COOK-STOVE *for* 50c

Double burners! Double use! No waiting for one thing to cook before you put on the other. Cook meals, heat curling irons, flat irons, water for washing, shaving, warming Baby's milk—in an instant on this new double-burner, double-strength, heavy-gauge steel Sterno Cook-Stove. Folds flat as a pancake—a featherweight package you can slip into the side pocket or tool-box of your car. And the price is only 50c!

You know the fuel—the handy, compact Sterno Canned Heat that's been used for years and is sold everywhere. Use either large or small size.

STERNO CANNED HEAT

There are a hundred-and-one home uses for this wonderful stove—for cooking, for light ironing, soldering your radio, etc. On trains and shipboard, in office, shop or store, it is invaluable.

Ask your dealer to show it to you. If he hasn't it, send us your name and address, with a dollar bill, and we will send prepaid, one Sterno Double-Burner Cook-Stove (price 50 cents), five 10-cent cans of Sterno Canned Heat, and an improved Sterno Extinguisher and Can Opener. (West of the Rockies, $1.15; in Canada, $1.50). Take advantage of this limited opportunity to get a real cook-stove for 50 cents! (The 50 cent price includes stove and extinguisher only.)

East of the Rocky Mountains—Double-Burner Cook-Stove, 50c; Canned Heat, small size, 10c; large size, 25c.

In the Far West—Double-Burner Cook-Stove, 50c; Canned Heat, small size, 2 for 25c; large size 30c.

In Canada—Double-Burner Cook-Stove, 75c; Canned Heat, small size, 15c; large size, 35c.



STERNO CORPORATION
9 East 37th Street
Dept. 506
New York City

Sterno is manufactured under U. S. Govt. Permit for use only as a fuel.



10c Tube FREE
DEL-A-TONE
Removes Hair



Nothing Like It!

You'll simply marvel at the new Del-a-tone Cream for removing unsightly hair.

It's just an old tried and true friend in a new, convenient form ready for immediate use. Millions have used Del-a-tone in powder form and the circle of new users is constantly growing.

"If other women knew what I know about depilatories," said one delighted user, "they would use only Del-a-tone."

Such enthusiasm must be deserved. We want you to see for yourself how delightful Del-a-tone Cream is. It is the only snow-white fragant cream for removing superfluous hair in 3 minutes. Think of it — no unpleasant odor; just pure-white, and as convenient and easy to use as your favorite cold cream.

3 Minutes and Hair Is Gone!

Del-a-tone is safe and sure. Just apply to face, neck, arms or limbs. In 3 minutes, rinse off and behold, a lovely, dainty skin free from all unsightly hair. Keeps bobbed hair neat and trim.

Del-a-tone and Del-a-tone Cream are sold by Drug and Department Stores or we will send large size container of either product prepaid in plain wrapper anywhere in U. S. for $1.00. State whether you wish Del-a-tone Cream or Del-a-tone (powder). Fill out and return this coupon.

The Delatone Co.
Dept. 58, 721 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

FREE TRIAL

Please send me FREE, prepaid in plain wrapper, 10c tube of Del-a-tone Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



How to Obtain
A Perfect Looking Nose

My latest improved Model 25 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Trilety, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist. Dept. 2690, Binghamton, N.Y.



WORK FOR "UNCLE SAM"

$158-$225 MONTH. Common education sufficient. Travel—See your country. Boys—Women, 17 up, should write IMMEDIATELY for free list of U.S. Government Positions now obtainable. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. T-219 Rochester, N. Y.

NON-POISONOUS ANTISEPTIC
Moon-Tabs
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Positively, the most effective antiseptic ever created for Feminine Hygiene. Women who try it will use no other—they recommend it to their friends. Immaculate cleanliness insured with this odorless, soothing antiseptic. Will not burn or injure delicate membranes. Destroys all offensive odors and relieves irritation. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. $1.00 per package. If your druggist cannot supply you, send direct to MOON LABORATORIES, 621 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. *Write for fascinating FREE Booklet, "Peace of Mind."*

FOR **Feminine Hygiene**

poor clothes that had long since ceased to fit him.

"Hello, Andy!" Manlius greeted him.

Andy Anderson was the eldest son in a large Swedish family who lived just east of Loyola, near the railroad. They had had a small farm there on which nothing, apparently, could be made to grow and the father of the family had at last given up farming altogether and had taken work with the section gang at Loyola.

Andy carried a small parcel in his hands which he held out at once as he rushed into speech as though he wished to have the painful task over.

"Ma wanted you should have this for Thanksgiving," he announced to no one in particular. "It's blueberries we got on our own land and ma thought you'd like the jell. She—she said to tell you it makes real good jelly roll and it's good for pancakes, too."

Andy had probably committed that speech to memory on his way along the creek from Loyola. When he had finished speaking, he thrust the parcel into Manlius's hands.

"That was real nice of your mother, Andy," Agatha said as she came to the door and took the parcel from Manlius. "But sure you're not goin' back without a bite to eat."

"I had my dinner before I left home," Andy explained. "I've got to get back along the creek and look at my snares. Mebbe there'll be a rabbit in one of them. I got to go now."

He was gone before Agatha could urge him further to stay.

"Poor things!" she said sympathetically as she closed the door and turned back to Hattie. "I wonder sometimes how people live at all. That boy'll be famished with the cold before he gets back home."

"Well, you asked him in, didn't you?" Manlius protested.

Of course, of course! But that Anderson family was queer that way. It must be their Swedish blood. Hattie had always thought them "a little uppish" or she would go down there with some old dresses of her own and some old coats and trousers that were about the house. Like as not, Mrs. Anderson wouldn't thank you for it if you did. Agatha opened the jar of jelly and sampled it before she set it on the table. That was delicious, anyhow.

The dinner was good. Agatha had seen to that. Hattie, moreover, had never seemed so pleased with everything. The boys made a great fuss over the baby and twitted their mother ruthlessly about getting herself another husband so that they might have a baby of their own in the house. But beneath it all Luce felt an undertone of unpleasantness that he could not define clearly to himself. It may have been Leona's absence that weighed upon him. He had not been deceived on that point and he knew that Hattie was only waiting to get home before she would speak her mind concerning Leona. He felt his mother's querulous mood as keenly as in the old days when he had sat for hours without speaking lest he should say something that would be sure to precipitate a storm. And then there was the slothful Bert, hideously out of place at the Dorrit table.

Nor did Manlius help matters much when, half-way through the meal, he announced that he had seen Mons Torson earlier in the week.

"He's goin' up into the woods right away," Manlius said. "Mert Naley is goin' to look after his place again, all winter. And if you ask me, that Mons is goin' nutty. I told him Luce and Hattie had a fine kid and you should 'a' heard what he said! Whew! Only a half-dozen words, but—he said enough! You'd think he was in love with Hattie himself, or something!"

"He's a big——" Bert Murker snarled, but Hattie put a hand firmly on his arm.

"That'll do, Bert."

Her voice was exceedingly patient, but Luce had become very familiar with the deadly patience of that voice. She could speak like that, outwardly unruffled, and underneath be fairly seething. And then Hattie turned the conversation abruptly to the plans she had been making for the new stone house.

It was with a sense of relief that Luce came finally to the end of the dinner and got up from the table to go out to the barns with Manlius and Arnold where they could smoke their pipes and talk for an hour or so as they pleased. They had not been alone together for half an hour, however, before Bert came down from the house and led the black mare out of the stable without a word to Lucian.

"Where are you going, Bert?" Manlius called as he saw Bert leading the mare to the buggy.

Bert didn't as much as turn his head as he replied, "We're goin' home."

"What the devil now!" Luce broke out.

"I'll bet that's ma!" Manlius exploded.

"We might 'a' known better than to leave the two o' them together alone," Arnold observed.

Luce said nothing. There was nothing to be gained by talking, not even a momentary relief from the pettiness that was smothering him. With a sick feeling he helped Bert hitch the mare to the buggy, then walked to the house with his brothers, leaving Bert to drive up behind them.

In the house he found Hattie with her hat on and dressed for the road. The baby was bundled in its robes. His mother, sitting tearfully apart, said nothing as he came in. Luce looked from one to the other, started to speak, realized the utter futility of it, then lifted the baby in his arms and went out, followed by Hattie. When they were ready to go, Luce slipped back to the door and thrust his head in. His mother was still sitting where he had left her.

"So long, ma!" he said softly. "I'll run down again tomorrow or next day."

When she did not reply, he turned away and got into the seat beside Hattie. He called good-by to the boys and lifted the reins. From the kitchen came the sound of his mother, crying. A futile violence possessed him.

"*Damn* it!" he muttered.

Beside him, Hattie seemed totally unconscious of his violent mood. She did not speak until they had reached the road.

"After this, Luce," she said quietly, "you will remember that I did not marry your family when I married you. I can get along without them."

Lucian did not reply. He was thinking just then of a story Manlius had told him about Nan Miracle.

When Luce Dorrit's son was a year and a half old, he was permitted, on fine spring days, to sit on a buffalo-robe which Luce spread on the ground for him and watch his father at work on the stone wall he was building on three sides of the site of the new house. Luce worked on the wall only in his spare time. It would take him more than a year to complete it, even with the niggardly assistance he got occasionally from Bert. It was Hattie's hope that the wall should be a fitting complement to the great stone house, the material for which was already being blasted out of the quarry.

It was on a day in that spring, when the fields seemed to be crackling under the noisy April wind and the swamps were whipped into a shining blue that ran like rivers, and the racy smell of the soil stung in the nostrils, that Andy Anderson came up the slope from the road. Luce was at work on the wall, and the baby, in his red coat, sat on the buffalo-robe near-by.

The boy approached with a sensitive diffidence in his manner.

"Hello, Andy!" Luce greeted him cheerfully. "What has started you wandering about the country?"

Andy smiled and flushed a little. "I came out to see if I could get work in the quarry," he explained in that direct, boyish manner of his. "Is Mrs. Dorrit home?"

He glanced toward the baby as he asked the question. The child rewarded him with an arch smile and proceeded to get down on all fours, a preliminary to rising.

Luce shook his finger at him. "No, no, son! Stay there!" He stooped and set him back in his place on the rug. "He likes your looks, Andy. That ought to be a recommendation.

Hattie has gone over to see the Strands."

"Carrie had pneumonia," Andy said seriously. "Is she all right again?"

"Just about, I guess. She's been sitting up for the past couple of days." Luce looked Andy over, a little doubtfully. "Work in the quarry is pretty hard for a boy, Andy."

The lad colored. He did not seem particularly rugged, even for a growing boy of sixteen. "I guess it's hard, all right," he said. "But they need money at home and besides—I thought I might save a little."

"Going to have a bank-account of your own, eh?"

"I wasn't thinkin' of that, much," Andy replied. "I was thinkin' I'd mebbe take one of these correspondence school courses."

Luce bit his lip suddenly. It was apparent that Andy had never confessed his ambition to anyone before. A correspondence school course! How often had Luce himself, when he had been sixteen, read the advertisements of such courses as they appeared in farm journals! How often had his ambition flamed up only to subside miserably at the realization that there was no money in the Dorrit family for the like of that! He could have smiled now at the pathos and the humor of it all.

"What kind of a course, Andy?" he asked sympathetically. "I was going to take one myself once, but I never got the chance."

The boy seemed suddenly to yield to Lucian's evident understanding. His confusion dropped away from him.

"In electrical engineering," he replied. "They say there's a wide field for that."

Lucian could hardly resist smiling. The familiar phrase took him back over the years. A wide field. It was thus the advertisements had read, even then.

"I see. And I suppose you want to get away from Loyola just as soon as you can, eh?" Luce suggested.

Andy frowned a little. "There ain't anything for me to do here, except farm," he said. "I figger if I take that course I can make more money away from home to send 'em than if I stayed on here. That's my idea."

How he strove to put his case as a man might put it! What a priceless thing was a boy's ambition! Luce felt his heart suddenly warm to Andy Anderson.

"Go to it, Andy!" he said. "It's a great plan. I think, maybe, if you went on up to the quarry and spoke to the foreman up there, he might be able to do something for you. I heard Hattie telling him this morning that he would have to get some more men. Go right up and talk to him. I'll be wishing you luck every minute."

Andy struck off in the direction of the quarry and Lucian resumed his work. The boy's brief visit had recalled once more a strange mood that had possessed him from time to time ever since he had begun building that wall. He was literally building a wall about himself, about his life, shutting him out from the world of wide horizons in which he had once moved. What he could not quite understand was the complete calm that attended the act. Had he become reconciled at last? And had his surrender brought him happiness—or an unspeakable despair? Or was it that he had simply ceased to think of himself emotionally? There was no feeling left in him, it seemed, except the deep tenderness that had grown within him for the tiny creature who sprawled about there on the buffalo-robe and babbled to his toys. There were no dreams left in him, except the dreams he was already building for his son.

On the afternoon of the following day, Doctor Muller drove his melancholy team north from Loyola to the Strand farm. In one pocket he carried a small box of chocolate-covered cherries, in the other the first volume of poems by Walter de la Mare. Karen Strand was well enough now, after the long dragging weeks of pneumonia, to be indulged with a titbit or two.

Muller drove into the Strand yard and hitched his team to a fence on which a freshly washed woolen blanket, two sheets and a pillow-case had been hung to dry. A gentle look which people did not often see there appeared on the doctor's face as he stood for a moment and looked at the bedclothes. He knew that Peter Strand had washed them himself, his broad, knotted form bending over the wash-tub at night after he had come in from the fields. Muller sighed. There were times when his cynicism almost failed him before the pathos and romance of human life.

Peter Strand waved to the doctor from the field that bordered the farmyard, and securing his horses, came running to meet him.

"How's everybody today, Peter?" Muller greeted him as he came up.

Strand beamed, the bright sun picking out the reddish bristles on his jaw. The drawn lines that had come into his face during the past six weeks relaxed now into bashful, happy smiles. He was not the man to show great emotion, this Peter Strand.

"She iss getting muts stronger," he announced, leading the way up the steps to the doorway of the snug square house. "So strong I have to look out or she gets up and vill go *out*side." He laughed fondly.

They entered the kitchen and Strand motioned silently to the doctor to go into the other room. Muller, smiling his crooked smile, understood. Strand wanted him to steal in and surprise Karen, whom he had not seen now for three days. Cautiously he opened the door and saw that the tall back of Karen's chair was turned toward him. He stole across the carpet on tiptoe. The girl was apparently asleep. She didn't seem to have heard him come in, nor did she move when he stood immediately behind her chair.

Glancing down over her shoulder, however, he saw that she was engrossed in a drawing that lay on her knees. The doctor's quizzical eyebrow rose in amusement. It was a likeness of Hattie Dorrit, with a subtlety of expression that was quite remarkable.

He thrust his hat down suddenly before her eyes.

"Oh!" she burst out, clapping her hands. Swinging about, she laughed up at the doctor. "I thought it was Kjaere!"

"Ho-ho!" Muller exclaimed, his eyes on the drawing.

She turned it down quickly and put her two hands over it. "How long have you been standing there—spying?" she accused him.

For answer he drew the gifts from his pockets and placed them in her hands.

"Oh, how lovely, lovely!" she exclaimed. "Poems! And—oh! Can I eat them all—every one?"

"The poems—*no!*" said Muller, pulling up a chair. "Nor the candies, either. Just one a week until"—he drew out his watch—"until four o'clock today. After that—one every hour with a little water."

Peter Strand came in then, hesitatingly, his face breaking into a timid smile.

"She's getting the roses back again in her chin, eh, Doctor?" he observed delightedly.

Karen laughed gently. "Not *chin*, Kjaere—*cheek!* He always says chin when he means cheek," she told Muller, "because the Norwegian word for cheek sounds almost like *chin*." The big, awkward Peter smiled in confusion, but said nothing. "Kjaere is beginning to look better, too, don't you think?" Karen said. "I've been an awful worry to him." She smiled at her father and stretched the box of candy out to him. "Isn't Doctor Muller good to me? And this book, too!"

"He has done so muts I can't t'ank him enough," said Peter. "Some day—eef I get reets——"

"We'll talk about that when you do get rich, Peter," said Muller bruskly. "Where did you hide that picture I saw when I came in?" he asked, by way of changing the subject.

Karen blushed and pulled it out from beneath the blanket in which she was wrapped. "It's a—a study—of Hattie Dorrit," she said demurely. "She was over yesterday afternoon."



Every married woman should send for

this frankly written book

THE truth about the use of poisonous antiseptics is something every physician knows, and every trained nurse. They have seen the havoc wrought among innocent, well-meaning women who were ignorant of the risks they ran of mercurial poison.

Physicians and nurses know also of the hazards of carbolic acid and its various compounds sold under the deadly label of the skull-and-crossbones. Usually mixed with soapy ingredients, these carbolic acid preparations always contain the threat of injury to delicate membranes, finally resulting in hardened areas of scar-tissue.

Does away with women's risks

Startling as these scientific statements are there is another scientific fact which is a welcome reassurance. It is this: there *has* been discovered a powerful antiseptic which is *absolutely non-poisonous*. Its name is Zonite. It is over 40 times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. It is *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body; yet it is harmless to human tissues and even with little children in the home, there is no danger of accidental poisoning.

From woman to woman the knowledge of Zonite has quickly swept over the country. The complete surgical cleanliness it provides has brought a new feeling of satisfaction into the home life of millions. Already practically every drug store in America has it in stock. Send for special free booklet prepared by the Women's Division. It is frank and scientific. Read it; pass it on to others. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

Zonite

At your druggist's in bottles 25c, 50c and $1.00

Full directions with every package

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO., *Women's Division*
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked ☐ Feminine Hygiene ☐ Antiseptics in the Home

Please print name

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

G-16 (In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

"It's the Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"



"And I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on one! For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have style!"

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn at home to make stylish clothes and hats at great savings and earn money besides.

Write for Free Booklet

Mail the coupon today for a Free Booklet which describes the Courses of the Woman's Institute and tells how this great school has helped to solve the clothes problem for over 200,000 women and girls.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 51-H, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of one of your booklets, and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name .....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Law-trained men earn

$5,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept 855-L Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

$1800 for a Story!

RECENTLY an American writer was paid $1800 for a single short story. By learning to tell the stories of her dreams this woman has found her way to fame and fortune. You can learn to write, too. A new practical course of instruction will give you the training right in your own home during your spare time. Endorsed by eminent writers including the late *Jack London*.

Write Today for new booklet "The Art of Story Writing." No obligation—booklet is free. Special offer now being made. Write Today—Now!

HOOSIER INSTITUTE, Short Story Dept.
Dept. 1207 Ft. Wayne, Indiana



1,000 Hotel Positions Open!

HOTELS, restaurants, clubs, apartments, everywhere need trained men and women. Over 70,000 high-class positions paying up to $10,000 a year are open each year in the hotels of the United States. In 1926 the Hotel business is America's largest industry in new construction. Over a billion dollars' worth of NEW HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS being built this year will need over 200,000 trained men and women. Hotels start you at salaries up to $3500 a year, with living usually included. At any time you have your choice of over 1,000 hotel positions open.

You can have one of these high class, big pay positions, fascinating work, with luxurious apartment and meals, usually furnished FREE! No previous experience necessary. The Lewis Schools guarantee to give you the valuable knowledge that it has taken some of the most successful hotel men years to obtain—men who are now making $5,000 to $50,000 a year. Age is no obstacle—young and old alike have equal chance for success. Past experience absolutely unnecessary. A common school education is all that you need. And remember, the complete Lewis Course is taught under our absolute guarantee of "satisfaction or money back."

We train you by mail in your spare time at home with the Lewis Simplified Study Plan and put you in touch with big opportunities. All of your training under the personal direction of Clifford Lewis, former U. S. Government Hotel and Restaurant Expert, now Managing Consultant for over 225 Hotels of 50 to more than 500 rooms each, throughout the United States, totaling over 26,000 rooms. Our students employed, our methods endorsed by leading hotel men everywhere.

Send today for FREE BOOK, *"Your Big Opportunity,"* showing how we can train you for one of these splendid positions, and explaining our Money-back Guarantee.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Clifford Lewis, Pres.
Room E-276 Washington, D. C.

"Yes?" Muller observed, eying the drawing critically.

"Yes, and she brought some awfully good plum preserves, too. I started to make the drawing of her as soon as she left."

"So that's what you do to people who are nice to you," he said.

Karen colored faintly. "I can't help it if that's the way she looks to me," she observed. "And she was very nice, too. She took down the curtains and carried them home with her to wash. Kjaere didn't like it a bit, either, her taking them home with her."

She giggled and looked archly at her father. who started to remonstrate.

"Now, you know you didn't, Kjaere," she laughed. "You thought you had cleaned everything and she acted as if the curtains were only a little part of the dirt and that she'd have taken the whole house home with her if she could."

Muller chuckled drily as he regarded the drawing. There was more in it, probably, than even Karen would have admitted.

"What are you laughing at?" she demanded. "Is it so funny as all that?"

Muller laid the drawing aside. He glanced at the windows, denuded of their curtains.

"When are the curtains coming back?" he asked irrelevantly.

"She said she'd send Luce over with them today, but he hasn't come yet," Karen replied. She looked out of the window as she spoke, the window through which the road to Luce Dorrit's was in plain view. "I don't think he will come, either. I guess he doesn't think about me any more."

Muller suddenly found himself vaguely disturbed. He looked down at the shining, shapely head of the girl, and an idea, bewildering and stark, broke upon him.

"Confound me for a romancing old fool—after all these years!" he thought to himself.

He glanced from the window and saw, on the road below the Murker hill, the figure of a woman making her way toward the Strands'. Peter Strand had caught a glimpse of that figure, too. He got heavily to his feet and told the doctor that he must get back to his plowing.

"So long, Peter," Muller replied. "I'll stay only a minute or two."

Peter Strand went out and Muller became engrossed immediately in the purely professional duties attending his visit. In a very short time he put his hat on.

"I've got to get along, girlie," he told Karen. "The country is full of sick people and you're all well again. Don't forget to take that new medicine and have Peter bundle you up and set you outside for a while tomorrow if there's a sun and not too much wind."

He patted her hands where they lay idly folded in her lap and noticed as he did so how delicate and young they were. As he went out, he sighed, he scarcely knew why.

Before Hattie was within greeting distance, the doctor was out of the yard, driving at a speed that amazed his ancient nags, now that they had become confident that there could be no earthly reason for so much haste.

With the spring rains the view from Doctor Muller's single office window became increasingly dingy. Standing there, he could look out upon all the ingloriousness of Loyola: a pit with the blackened ruins of a stone foundation still standing about it and within it the charred débris of a building, tin cans, old wheels, broken glass, tangled wire and nameless rubbish. Beyond was Main Street, a slimy black welter now of mud and water. Still farther beyond was the prairie-grass and Nan Miracle's house, close beside the railroad track. It was a season of dissatisfaction, even for Doctor Muller, who had long since declared himself reconciled to life in its most sordid forms.

He escaped as often as he could out upon the country roads along which spring was tracing her green, delicate filigrees. Slowly and more slowly the reluctant grays were permitted to jog along. Muller, his eyes traveling from the Torson place on the west to Hattie's house on the hill, and eastward to Peter Strand's acres, was deep in thought.

In his hunting down of the prosaic bodily ills of the simple-hearted men and women who lived about Loyola, the doctor rarely missed an opportunity to indulge in the more fascinating and obscure pastime of delving into the ills of their souls. Not that he often meddled there. He was too wise, too selfish, perhaps, for that. Unless, of course, as sometimes happened, those problems of the inner life became explicit in some grievous outward form.

There was Mons Torson, he reflected, whose rare personality defied analysis. Muller had never known Torson well, but he had always granted him that admiration which is the just claim of physical prowess. He had not seen Mons for months. People said he was doing his trading now in Lost River and odd whispers were going the rounds in Loyola. Mons Torson wasn't himself, that was all there was to it! Some of the more speculative of the gossips harked back to the tragic death of his brother Ben and found in that an explanation of the surliness that seemed to be creeping over the smiling Mons. Others said that his solitariness was doing it—that he ought to get himself a partner, or, better, a wife.

Muller had heard that Mons had one night threatened Blundell with violence because he had made so bold as to suggest that he ought to be married. Some day, doubtless, Mons Torson's life would take a turn that would bring consternation to the hearts of those quiet people who had known him for years. Muller had long since learned how to pick out, here and there, the men and women in his district whom Fate had favored for some grim frolic of her own.

May swung her garlands into June, and again it was summer. Doctor Muller, moving at a snail's pace along the dusty road, could see Karen Strand on her father's farm, flitting about like a painted butterfly in her bright clothes. She had a love of color, that girl, the doctor thought to himself. It would not be long now before she was grown beyond Loyola—irretrievably beyond. A little farther along, and there in the Murker corn-field—that was prize corn that Hattie grew—a man moved about under a wide-brimmed straw hat. Muller squinted. The man was carrying something—lifting it up in his arms. It was Luce Dorrit, all right, carrying the baby with him among the tall stalks. The doctor pulled down his frowzy brows. The building of the great stone house had begun, too, he saw. Up the north road now, and his eyes turned to the Torson place. There was a man there, too—bent over as though he were digging at something in that slight hollow below the shack. Probably Mons had set out a garden there. And yet—it seemed too far away from the house for the location of last year's garden. Wasn't that where the stand of willows had been?

August of that year, an August of gray, withering heat, when clouds of rain hung maddeningly for days on end above the parched fields without yielding one refreshing drop. It was in that month that Luce Dorrit's son died, after an illness of only a few days.

Muller, alone in his office a week later, fingered the grimy cards that had become grimier with the oppressive heat and strove to forget the image of the stricken face of the child's father. It seemed as though he could not get away from the sound of Lucian's pleading voice. He had come out of the house and found Lucian on the kitchen door-step. Muller had told him that the boy could not live. Luce had lifted a perplexed face.

"But look here, Muller," he had protested vacantly, "he can't die—just like that! He just can't! Why, he—he's such a companionable little fellow. And he was beginning to take a real interest in things—everything. Why—he's a real little person, Muller. You have no idea!"

The doctor had lost count of the number of

Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS—Continued from page 22

ELECTRICITY as endorsed by UNCLE SAM!



We must have men! Great concerns are pleading.

At the request of U. S. Gov't., S. of E. students made the Acceptance test of this huge generating Unit for Panama Canal.

CLIP NOW! Only S. of E. men get the call for famous jobs like these. **$3200 AND UP**

Whatever your previous education or experience, S. of E. training will qualify you for success in electricity. You are a Graduated Electrician, Electro-technician or Commercial Elect. Engineer after a few months.

Our graduates go to Commonwealth-Edison, Allis-Chalmers, General-Electric, Fawling and Harnischfeger, etc. Some of their biggest men are S. of E. students and looking out to help you when you come in.

EARN YOUR WAY! Our employment dept. places you for part time work. Low tuition. Splendid room and board cheap. School orchestra. Fraternities. We help and advise you.

CLIP COUPON and mail for new book just out. Now Free. All about S. of E. training, tuition, jobs, famous graduates, etc. Mail today for action.

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING of MILWAUKEE Dept. I-C
415-17 Marshal St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Name.....

Address.....

Chicago TECH College

Engineering Architecture Electricity Drafting

Day and Evening Classes
Earn While Learning

Intensely practical training. 2 year Diploma; 3 year B.S. Degree. Special short 4 months' course in Drafting. Enter any time. Courses adapted to YOUR needs. No time wasted. Expert instructors. **Graduates are in constant demand. Opportunities for self-support while studying.** Athletics. Low tuition—easy terms. 23rd year. Write for copy of 72-page "Blue Book," mailed free.

Chicago Technical College
Dept. K-14, 118 East 26th St., Chicago

The New York Electrical School

(Techno-vocational)

Gives complete training by actual practice. You get the knack of "HOW" and the theory of "WHY" and the best business methods used in the World of Electrical Activity. This school is the pioneer of the "Learn by Doing" method. When you have completed this Course you will be fully qualified to handle ALL branches of Electrical Industry. Equipment unequalled and up-to-the-minute. No preparation needed. You can start to learn on any day of any week throughout the whole year. Send for catalogue.

35 W. 17th Street New York City
Open all Summer

BE AN EXPERT AUTO Mechanic

Learn the best of all trades. Earn $75 to $150 weekly repairing America's 20,000,000 autos and tractors. Learn with real tools on real equipment all you need. I pay your railroad fare myself. Save ONE-THIRD Now! Your money back if not satisfied. Write quick for Short Time Reduced Price Training Offer and big 64 page book.

8 WEEKS Training **FREE**

McSWEENY Auto, Tractor & Elec. Schools Dept. Cincinnati, O. H H 51 Chicago, Ill.

A BETTER JOB NOW!

Learn a good trade in a few weeks. 20 million autos, trucks and tractors need service. Repairmen needed. Write today for big catalog giving full particulars. Factory Indorsed school.

Michigan State Automobile School, 4008 Auto Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

NEW MEXICO SCHOOL OF MINES

Offers 4-year college courses in Mining, Metallurgical and Geological Engineering, and General Science. Strong faculty. Excellent equipment. Individual attention given. Required preparatory subjects offered. Near metal and coal mining districts. Field work throughout school year and no summer attendance required. Delightfully mild and healthful climate. Tuition, dormitory rates, and other expenses unusually low. Write for catalog. **Registrar, Box P-3, Socorro, New Mexico**

CHIROPODY

Men and women make $5,000 to $15,000 a year in this high grade dignified profession. More positions and locations open than people to fill them. Largest foot clinic in America. Finest laboratories and equipment. Day and evening classes. 13th successful year. Write for catalog, **Illinois College of Chiropody,** 1327-C. N. Clark St., Chicago.

EARN $10 to $20 per day

Learn Sign Painting, Interior Decorating, Paper Hanging, Auto Painting, Graining and Marbling. Practical training—No Mail Courses. Dept. 52 for free catalog.

CHICAGO PAINTING SCHOOL,
129 W. Austin Ave., Chicago.

Have You a Taste for Art, a Talent for Creative Work?

THERE is no greater satisfaction than cultivating a talent of some sort. It leads to new and vivid interests and an infinitely fuller life. Cosmopolitan Educational Department will be glad to furnish first-hand information about where to take the best courses in painting, dramatic art, music, dancing, costume and interior designing, etc.

If you are of a more practical turn of mind, let us advise you about courses in engineering, nursing, beauty culture, mechanical dentistry, photography, tea room management and other subjects. Taking one of these courses may be your most emphatic knock at the door of fortune.

COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
119 West 40th Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.



MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

The Field of Opportunity

Mechanical Dentistry consists of the making of gold and vulcanite plates, crowns, stationary and removable bridgework, gold and porcelain inlays, etc. It is a human necessity and therefore always in constant demand and always will be.

This Professional Trade offers rich rewards to those who select it as a vocation. Those engaged in it earn up to $125 a week. Steady work, no dull seasons. Still greater earnings should you desire to start a business of your own.

UNRIVALED TRAINING

Bodee training is recognized by Dentists everywhere as the best. Established 34 years. Complete day course in 12 weeks. Evening courses also. Easy payments. Earn while you learn if necessary—we have plenty of whole or part time jobs on file to help you pay expenses. **Free Partial Scholarships available now.**

Send AT ONCE for Bulletin 3 giving all details and interesting information

BODEE DENTAL INSTITUTE

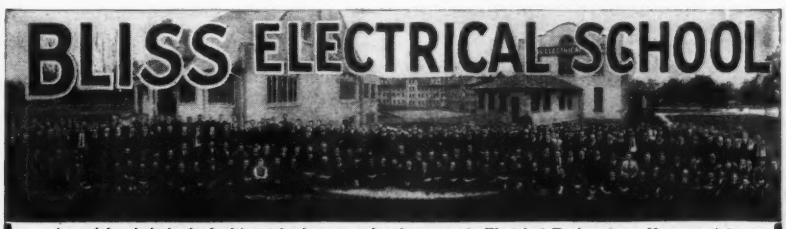
NEW YORK 1755 Broadway | PHILADELPHIA 1305 N. Broad St. | BUFFALO 501 Washington St. | BROOKLYN 85 Court St.



MOLER System of Colleges

Beauty culture is work women just naturally love to do, and it pays well. Home-like accommodations procured during a short practical MOLER course. Write nearest Branch for Booklet H

Chicago, Ill. Cincinnati, O.
St. Louis, Mo. Atlanta, Ga.
Omaha, Nebr. New Orleans, La.
Denver, Colo. Dallas, Tex.
Memphis, Tenn.



BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

A special technical school with concise but comprehensive course in Electrical Engineering. Non-essentials eliminated. Thorough knowledge of underlying principles emphasized. Theory and practice are closely interwoven in class-room and laboratory.

Electrical Engineering in One Year



The course is designed for earnest, ambitious young men of limited time and means. Curriculum includes mathematics, mechanical drawing and intensive shop work. Students construct motors, install wiring, test electrical machines. Graduates are qualified to enter the electrical field at once.

Bliss men hold responsible positions throughout the world. Thoroughly equipped fireproof dormitories, dining hall, laboratories and shops. **Prepare for your profession in the most interesting city in the world.** School established 1893. Send for catalog. Address

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 558 Takoma Avenue Washington, D. C.

Two Years' Engineering Course With Diploma and Degree

Civil Mechanical Electrical Chemical

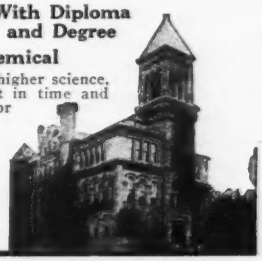
Compact courses of essentials. Rich in higher mathematics, higher science, mechanical drawing and field work. Planned for those short in time and money, but strong in purpose. Courses distinguished alike for what is embraced and what is omitted. Adapted to

Engineers with Practical Experience desiring a Degree

No Entrance Examination or High School Diploma Required

Indispensable preliminary work provided for students with only elementary school education. Modern laboratories. Students may begin a course in Sept., Jan., Mar., or June. Expenses low. For catalog address

TRI-STATE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING, Box C-86, Angola, Ind.





It's Time for YOUR VACATION

The Adirondacks Two weeks in the Adirondacks mean real rest and recreation. See Historic Fortress Ticonderoga, Fort William Henry, and Fort Frederic. Visit Saratoga Springs —famous health resort. Cruise Lake George, one of the most beautiful bodies of water on the American Continent, and Lake Champlain where you can sail ten thousand miles without passing out of inland waters. You will find every sport—fishing, boating, golf, tennis and bathing.

New England New England is charming. There are a hundred places ideal for your enjoyment. Towns galore steeped in history. The Berkshire Hills hold a thousand thrills. Cape Cod, Plymouth, Nantucket, Litchfield Hills, Martha's Vineyard—they call you to glorious scenery, seashore and mountain sports—wonderful drives on good roads. Maine and the White Mountains of New Hampshire offer rich vacation spots. Endless lakes stocked with trout and bass await you.

Camping and Canoeing in Canada If you long for the silent places where nature is undisturbed, where traffic is unknown and the beauty of peace reigns supreme—Camp in Canada. Complete rest and a new physique are yours. If you enjoy canoeing, Canada can supply suitable waters, picturesque scenery and an ideal summer climate.

Cosmopolitan Travel Service, for the mere asking, will give you complete information and literature concerning the above vacation suggestions.

Send for These Booklets

1. South America and Central America, 10c.
2. Southern Europe and the Mediterranean, 10c.
3. The Pacific Coast and the Great Southwest, 10c.
4. The Orient. 10c.
5. Florida, 10c.
6. That Trip to Europe, 10c.
7. The Canadian Rockies and Northwest National Parks, 10c.
8. National Parks of Colorado and California, 10c.
9. The Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence Valley, 10c.
10. New England and The Adirondacks, 10c.
11. New York and Surrounding Resorts, 10c.
12. Around the World Cruising, 10c. *By* D. E. Lorenz, Ph.D.
13. Mediterranean Cruising, 10c. *By* D. E. Lorenz, Ph.D.
14. Hawaii, 10c.
15. Norway, Sweden and Denmark, 10c.

Cosmopolitan Travel Service
119 West 40th Street, New York City

Enclosed find.....cents in stamps. Please send me booklets Nos.....

(If you care to give the following additional information it will help us to help you.)

I plan to travel in (Names of countries or localities).....

How many are going?.....

I will leave (Date).....

Name.....

Address.....

times he had mopped his dripping brow that evening; and he had kept picking at his fingernails, too, in a disheartening fashion. Then, when the tiny life had flickered out at last, Lucian was like a man who had been stunned by a blow. As for Hattie—there was a woman for you! She had wept, to be sure, and she had adopted a mourning that had been a sort of invalidism, but after the funeral of the child she had assumed a sphinx-like control the like of which Muller had never before seen in a woman. She had made the builders go on with their work as if nothing had happened. She had gone ahead with her plans as though that stone house were a living thing itself that had awakened within her an unholy passion. And she had said to Muller:

"We've got to go on. It was God's will that the baby should be taken from us. But there will be others. We must work and plan for them . . ."

The indomitable will of the woman!

For Lucian there seemed no solace in anything after the loss of his boy. The old feeling that he had known before the birth of the baby returned to him now, overwhelming him at times. The tender companionship he had shared during the past year with his growing son had passed, incredibly, and had left him utterly defenseless against the cruel feeling that something was drawing him in and under, like a strong, outgoing tide. Even during the heavy days of harvest and fall plowing, when a man must throw his whole strength into the race against an unfriendly season, the mood would come upon him like a black cloud.

With the closing in of colder weather, work was halted on the stone house and in the quarry. Then came the early darkness and the long evenings with Hattie in her low rocker with her hands full of sewing or seated beside the lamp at the table, poring over the mail-order catalog.

It was on one of those evenings, late in November, that Hattie spoke up suddenly, her hand flat upon the catalog which lay open before her. Lucian was scanning the pages of the Lost River Courier.

"I've made up my mind on one thing, Luce," she said. He looked over his paper at her. "I'm not going to waste time making clothes for our next baby," she said. "You can get them just as cheap and just as good in here."

Bert, sitting at the other end of the table from Hattie, giggled aloud to himself. He had been whittling all evening on a "figure-four" trap for rabbits.

"I think it's time for you to go to bed, Bert," Hattie ordered.

Luce, silent behind the meager defense of his newspaper, could not help marveling at the amazing confidence of his wife. He wondered, vaguely, whether he would ever have the courage to oppose that confidence with a will of his own. He had been thinking about that lately . . . His heart beat thickly.

It was only after a number of such evenings in which Hattie had sat making her plans that Lucian went at last in desperation to call on Muller. Where else could he have gone?

As he flung the door open and strode in, Muller had a moment of apprehensiveness. Luce Dorrit's brows were drawn down in a black scowl, his mouth was nervous, his whole face wretched. Muller motioned him to a chair and proceeded, with shrewd irrelevance, to tell him a dramatic and tragic story of the northern prairies. It was a way Muller had when he saw that a man was sorely beset with his own troubles.

Luce stared at the doctor for some time after he had finished his story.

"Hm! I know," he said at last. "You're telling me that life is hell!"

"Nothing of the kind, boy." Muller looked at Luce, his eyes narrowing. "Luce Dorrit," he said, "what's got hold of you?"

"I've just about come to the end of the rope," Lucian said dejectedly.

"Hold on, Luce, my boy. You're losing your sense of proportion. The fact is, Luce, I've seen this coming. When you came through

"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"



Fujiyama from Lake Shoji—Japan

$11.37 per day

Round the World

on palatial liners

YOU MAY circuit the globe for about what it costs you to live at home. Fares range from $1250 to $3500 per capita including meals, accommodations and transportation. Visit 22 ports in 14 countries. Commodious outside rooms on magnificent President Liners. A world-famous cuisine and luxurious appointments. A personal service.

A sailing every Saturday from San Francisco (every two weeks from Boston and New York).

Ask any ticket or tourist agent or write for complete details.

Dollar Steamship Line

604 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Robert Dollar Building, San Francisco

CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

JAN. 29 MEDITERRANEAN: JAN. 19 ROUND THE WORLD. FEB. 5 SOUTH AMERICA—MEDITERRANEAN; SPECIALLY CHARTERED STEAMERS. REASONABLE RATES INCLUDE HOTELS, GUIDES, DRIVES and FEES.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

Would Some Extra Money Help This Month?

HAVE you all the pretty frocks you need—something fresh and smart for every occasion? All the money you need for vacation time?

Or, perhaps you are working for a Club Fund, or to meet a College Pledge? Whatever the reason for which you need extra money, The Rainbow Club will start you on the road that leads to the Pot of Gold. Fill in and mail the coupon for details.

Helen Willard, Director,
Rainbow Club, Good Housekeeping,
119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me, without obligation to me, how to make some money in spare time.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

CRC-826

that door just now I knew it had come. The trouble with you just now is that you think there never was another situation like yours. Let me tell you something. I knew a man once —I knew him very well—who got himself married to a woman—a strong-minded woman. He couldn't stand it, so he ran away, finally. The trouble was, however, that he never could run far enough. If a man's an idealist, he can't run away—because he can't run away from himself. You came in here to talk to me about it. That's all I can say to you, Luce."

Luce frowned, fought down a surly impulse that rose suddenly within him.

"I'm not talking about running away," he said at last, and turned upon Muller with hard eyes. "I settled that with myself long ago. I'm going to stick. But I'm not going to go down. I've decided that just lately. What I came to tell you is that I'm not going to bring any more children into the world to——"

"Easy, boy, easy," Muller cautioned him.

"I mean it! I may as well admit it, Muller—I'm a coward, a miserable, spineless coward. I'm as afraid of Hattie as I ever was of my own mother. It's something I can't break in myself. I got it from my father. I'm not going to take any chances of handing it on to a son of mine."

Muller smiled. "I should say, Luce, you're speaking now like a brave man," he observed.

Lucian got to his feet and began walking up and down the little room, his heavy shoes creaking over the floor. He halted suddenly and looked at Muller. "Right now," he said, "I'm glad—glad that little Luce died. He was the one friend I had—and the best—but he's better where he is."

But Muller kept his silence. He had fixed his gaze, piercingly, upon the distant chimney of Nan Miracle's house.

That winter was like a gray elastic band stretched to the breaking point across Lucian's consciousness. The close, forced intimacy with Hattie, her serene, casual references to their future in the stone house, her unwavering confidence in all her plans for children yet unborn, filled him with anxious suspense. Some night, he knew, she would break that suspense and he would be forced to declare his resolve. Through those long winter months he waited for her to speak and under his silence Hattie knew that he was waiting. Her pride kept her silent. And so they waged their wordless struggle until spring came and Hattie threw herself desperately into the visible materialization of one part, at least, of her plan—the completion of the Stone House.

When the masons were at work again and the men were blasting once more in the quarry, Lucian was in the fields with the cool earth under foot and all about him the faint stirring of new life under the warming sun. Once more, it seemed, life was not utterly futile. As he rode up and down the long furrows behind the horses, or stood on the crown of Blacksnake Hill, above the snow-storm of flowering chokecherry trees and dead underbrush, he could almost capture again the spring moods of his boyhood. In this way was Lucian lured along by the chance, assuaging beauty of a season. Those imponderable days of April left their mark upon him made him older after they were gone, those days of low clouds scudding, dipping, raveling away. Rain hung in those clouds, a pleasant, warm promise. But in the fields below Blacksnake, for all their early green, there lingered still the dun brown of a withered year, like a memory of sadness.

There were moments of rare delight when Karen Strand would come over, in the soft twilights, to visit an hour with Hattie and watch Luce at work on the stone fence. She never failed to captivate them with her whimsical, friendly talk, her quaint bits of northern song which her mother had taught her, and above all her great faith in herself and her tremendous schemes for the future.

After one of those visits, Luce came in from his work on the wall and found Hattie standing at the stove preparing the porridge that

D&C LAKE LINES

Lake cruise between CHICAGO and DETROIT

Round Trip in either direction, including berth and meals

$62.00



Largest Fleet of Liners on the Great Lakes

A 4-day round trip cruise on the luxurious steamers *Eastern States* and *Western States*, the fastest ships out of Chicago. Music, deck games, dancing, with hostess in attendance, aboard. Equipped with wireless. Autos carried. Unlimited stop-over privileges at Mackinac Island and either Detroit or Chicago. Service three times weekly from Detroit, June 24th to September 4th; from Chicago, June 26th to September 6th. Tickets limited to sleeping accommodations.

[*Illustrated Booklet of D&C TOURS mailed upon receipt of 2 cent stamp. Address Dept. "C"*]

Overnight Service to

Mackinac Island

"The Summer Wonderland"

from Chicago or Detroit

Three times weekly June 24th to September 6th. Week end trips. Round trip including berth and meals $31.

Grand Cruise between

Buffalo and Chicago

Special round trip rate including berth and meals on all steamers in effect every Monday, June 24th to Sept. 6th. Eight-day limit. Stop-overs at Niagara Falls, Detroit, Mackinac Island, or Chicago. $80

Overnight Service between

Detroit and Cleveland

daily to Dec. 1st. Fare $3.60 one way; $6.50 round trip. Also daylight trips during July and August. Autos carried. Wireless aboard.

new

$7000000 'GREATER DETROIT' and 'GREATER BUFFALO'

—the largest steamers of their type in the world —550 feet long—with 650 first class staterooms and crew of 300 men.

Between Detroit and Buffalo and Niagara Falls

The *Greater Detroit*, "The Leviathan of the Great Lakes," and *Greater Buffalo*, "The Majestic of the Great Lakes," provide overnight service daily to November 1st, between Detroit and Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Fare $6.00 one way; $11.50 round trip.



FOR RESERVATIONS or further information address E. H. McCracken, Acting General Passenger Agent at Detroit, Mich.

A. A. Schantz
President

J. T. McMillan
Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.



"It's the Biggest Raise You Ever Had"

"Oh, Tom! You don't know how proud it makes me feel. I knew you could earn more money if you really tried.

"Now we can put a little money aside each week and buy some of the things we need so badly.

"And to think that only a few months ago you were worried for fear you would lose your position!

"Remember how you came home that night and said you were tired of being a failure? Remember how you determined to get out of the rut by taking up a course with the I. C. S.?

"I knew it would help you and the firm would soon notice the difference in your work. But I didn't think you would get such a big raise so soon! Oh, Tom! You seem like a new man since you started studying at home through the I. C. S."

Every day, in office, shop and factory, you will find men who are being given better positions and larger salaries because they are studying at home in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools.

An I. C. S. Course helped Jesse G. Vincent to rise from tool-maker to Vice-president of the Packard Motor Company. It helped George Grieble to rise from a stone-mason to the owner of a business paying $12,000 a year. It helped Bert S. Remaley to increase his salary **ten times!** And it will help you too, if you will only make the **start.**

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2576-B, Scranton, Penna.
Oldest and largest correspondence schools in the world

Without cost, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Advertising
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Better Letters
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Business Law	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Business English
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐ Civil Service
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Private Secretary	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Spanish ☐ French	☐ Illustrating

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Architect
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Architects' Blueprints
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Metallurgy ☐ Mining	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Steam Engineering ☐ Radio	☐ Mathematics

Name.....
Street Address.....
City.....State.....
Occupation.....
6-26-26

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian Limited, Montreal

Tea Room Managers in Big Demand



Hundreds of new Tea Rooms, Cafeterias, Motor Inns and Coffee Shops now opening are calling for trained managers. Shortage acute. We receive daily calls for Managers, Assistant Managers, etc. Big salaries paid to trained executives. Fortunes are being made in this big new industry, whether you open a tea room of your own, or manage one already going. We teach you entire business in a few weeks, at cost of but a few cents a day. Send for FREE BOOK. *"Pouring Tea for Profit."*
Lewis Tea Room Institute Dept. E-216, Washington, D.C.

Music Lessons At Home WITH ACCREDITED SCHOOL

Complete Conservatory Course by Mail

Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness. **Any Instrument** Write naming course you are interested in: Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo or Reed Organ —and we will send FREE CATALOG. **SEND for it NOW!**
University Extension Conservatory, 308 Siegel-Myers Bldg., Chicago

was always cooked at night for breakfast the next morning. Karen had gone home alone a full half hour before, without pausing a moment where Lucian had been at work. He had thought it strange at the time. Now, on entering the kitchen, he sensed something strained in Hattie's manner. The explanation was not long in coming.

"I don't like that Strand girl being around here so much," Hattie remarked with a faint tightening of the lips. "A girl of seventeen is old enough to know things."

Lucian paused abruptly on his way to the dining-room. "Why, Hattie! What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

Hattie sniffed. "Hm! You know well enough what I mean. A girl of seventeen is old enough——"

"For what, for heaven's sake?"

"For mischief, Luce Dorrit! I declare, are you plain stupid, or are you just pretending to be?"

"Good Lord, Hattie! Do you mean to say *I'm* not safe with her? Why, Karen is a child to me, always will be. I've known her since she was learning to walk!" Lucian could not help laughing.

Hattie, infuriated, drew back her head, her throat stiff. "Well, if it ain't you it might be the hired man, or Bert, if I've got to say it," she burst out. "If you heard half the things I do about girls around Loyola, you wouldn't be such a dumb innocent. What's more, I warned her tonight not to come here so much."

The blood stung up into Lucian's cheeks. For a moment he was too angry, too revolted by Hattie's vulgarity to offer a retort. Then, instead of replying, he strode with his long, swaying step across the kitchen, opened the door and went out into the soft darkness. It had become a habit with him to escape this way from Hattie's castigation. Conflict with her was subtly dishonoring, even harder to bear than his own feeling of shame and cowardice as he strode over to Blacksnake.

Here, then, was an end to his and Karen's friendship. His last little contact with something sweet, something young, something that belonged infinitely to his own youth, was gone. An emotion of hitherto unexperienced loneliness overtook him. He fell to thinking of Karen and what she would do now for a sympathetic listener to her great plans. And suddenly it came to him that this break in their friendship was inevitable, that Karen was growing up and that people would never tolerate such a companionship, whatever Hattie might think of it. His indignation at the abiding order of things mounted as he continued to think of Karen and the pleasant years of knowing her as an unusual, stimulating child. All at once he found himself thinking of her as a person quite apart from himself, a person with whom he had only a slight acquaintance. He discovered himself dwelling with a queer surprise on her appearance, her manner, her voice, her radiant detachment.

When he started back home from the slope of Blacksnake, he felt confused and vaguely unhappy, though his mood had nothing whatever to do with his clash with Hattie.

And now a thing happened that was to define Hattie to Lucian as nothing else had; that was to stamp her with all her fanatical, almost sinister love of power.

It had been a point of great importance with Hattie that all the hand implements that were used in the quarry during the day should be returned to the Murker house in the evening. On a Saturday night, when darkness had come down suddenly with a blowing rain, Andy Anderson approached Hattie in the summer kitchen where, by the light of a lantern, she was paying the men their weekly wages.

"Where is your crowbar, Andy?" she asked him, seeing that he carried nothing.

Andy blushed. "I—I forgot it, ma'am," he stammered. "I had to get my coat where I left it—and I laid the crowbar down while I went fer't—and then I came back and I—I clean forgot it."

Hattie drew an impatient breath. "Well—I can't stand for carelessness," she declared. "Go back and get it before you get your pay."

Lucian, who happened to come in from the barns as Andy went out, sensed that something was wrong. He had caught a glimpse of the red, confused face of the boy. When he had closed the door he spoke to Hattie.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Just some more of this not caring about other people's property," she said. "I'm good and sick of it. As if we haven't lost enough!"

"Has Andy been losing something?"

"He left his crowbar in the quarry. I sent him back to get it before he gets one cent of pay."

Lucian started. "You don't mean to say you've sent him all the way back to Blacksnake on a night like this, Hattie?"

Hattie met his eyes and he was startled at her expression. "I'm tending to this, Luce," she said curtly.

To hide his anger, Luce passed abruptly into the other part of the house.

Later that evening, when they were seated at the supper table, Hattie said suddenly: "Funny that boy hasn't come back with the crowbar Ran home, like as not, rather than do what he was told. Well, there'll be no more work for him, if that's what he's done."

Lucian did not reply. He was thinking of Andy and the jar of blueberry jelly. Poor little Andy Anderson, who read advertisements in the back pages of the magazines! A few minutes later, Bert, who had gone across Blacksnake earlier in the day to a farm on the other side, burst through the door, white as paper.

"What's the matter, Bert?" Hattie demanded querulously as Bert stood dripping in the middle of the floor, closing and opening his mouth without uttering a syllable.

He turned half-way from them and began to wave behind him with his arm. "Over there—on Blacksnake," he gasped. "Down in the blastin' pit—somebody's layin' down in there. I near fell over him." He began to tremble uncontrollably.

Hattie got swiftly to her feet. "Bert!" Her voice came like a whip across the intervening space and her brother cringed. "Who was it? Tell me, this minute!"

"It was—that kid—that Andy Anderson," Bert stammered. "And he's deader'n a rabbit full o' buckshot!"

"Good heavens, Hattie!"

It was Luce's voice, shaken with horror. Hattie turned upon him, her white face suddenly scarlet, her hands clenched at her sides.

"Oh! So you blame me, do you?" she gasped, scarcely able to articulate. "I suppose you're tickled to death to think this happened, just so you could say it was my fault! You—you—oh, I could hate you!"

The color had ebbed from her face again, leaving it frozen. Luce drew back from her, his eyes narrowing. He pushed away from the table and got to his feet, ignoring Hattie.

"Hitch up Blackie, Bert," he said shortly, turning to Hattie's brother, who was still standing with his hands hanging limply before him, his face quivering. "I'll drive to Loyola."

Hattie, her breast rising and falling with agitation, suddenly flung out: "No! I'll go myself. I'm not going to have you make a fool of me in this, Luce Dorrit!"

She went quickly up-stairs. A moment later she appeared in her black outer garments.

"All right, Hattie," Luce said, nodding with a grim smile, "you go. Bert and I will go to Blacksnake. We can at least cover the body from the rain. Come on, Bert. Hitch up for Hattie first."

Irrelevantly he wondered to himself whether Andy had saved up enough money to pay for that correspondence course.

Impending drama hovers like a storm-cloud as the conflict between Luce and Hattie becomes more acute—with the elfin figure of Karen in the background—in Martha Ostenso's *instalment for* Next Month

